Britannica Curioſa:

OR,

A DESCRIPTION

OF THE

Island of GREAT BRITAIN.

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Britannica Curioſa:

OR,

A DESCRIPTION

OF THE MOST REMARKABLE

CURIOSITIES,

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL,

OF THE

ISLAND

OF

GREAT BRITAIN,

IN THE SEVERAL

COUNTIES, CITIES, TOWNS, VILLAGES, &c.

THE

Principal SEATS of the NOBILITY and GENTRY,

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, PLACES of RESORT and ENTERTAINMENT, &c. &c.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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Britannicæ Curiola:

OR A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE MOST VALUABLE

CURIOSITIES,

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL,

OF THE

ISLAND

OF

GREAT BRITAIN,

IN THE POSSESSION OF

CURIOSITIES,
NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL,
OF THE
ISLAND
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

Consists of the following six Counties, which the Judges trace in the following rotation, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Cornwall, and Somersetshire. *They begin at* Winchester *and end at* Bristol.

HAMPSHIRE

IS bounded on the west by Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, on the north by Berkshire, on the east by Surry and Sussex, and on the south by the English Channel. It extends, according to *Templeman's* Survey, sixty-four miles from north to south, and thirty-six from east to west, and contains one thousand four hundred and eighty-one square miles, in which are nine forests and twenty-nine parks. It

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is above a hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and has thirty-nine hundreds, one city, eighteen market-towns, two hundred and fifty-three pariſhes, above thirty-ſix thouſand houſes, and by the moſt modeſt computation, one hundred and eighty thouſand inhabitants. It elects twenty-ſix members of parliament, viz. two for the county, two for the city of Wincheſter, and two for each of the following corporations; viz.

Southampton,
Portſmouth, Newtown,
Yarmouth, Chriſtchurch,
Peterſfield, Lyminton,
Newport, Whitchurch,
Stockbridge, Andover.

The air of this County is moſt pure and piercing, eſpecially the downs, of which there is a Ridge that runs almoſt athwart it, and affords plenty of game. The ſoil is various, as to its fertility, the hilly parts being barren, like other downs, and fit only for ſheep; but the lower grounds are fruitful in corn and herbage. It produces great quantities of all manner of grain, particularly wheat and barley; with which it ſupplies the flouriſhing markets of Farnham, Baſingſtoke, and Reading; and their teams of horſes, many of which are fit for the beſt coach in the kingdom, ſhew the wealth of the farmer. The arable ground, though very ſtony, is fruitful, for the ſtones lie looſe upon the ſoil; and thoſe who are well ſkilled in agriculture affirm, that they keep it warm, and that therefore the taking them away, would do more hurt than good. This county is particularly famous for its honey, of which Dr. *Fuller* ſays, it has the beſt and worſt in England; the worſt on the heaths, the beſt in the champaign country; with which they make moſt excellent

excellent mead and metheglin. Hampſhire bacon is allowed by all to be the beſt in England, the ſwine being ſupplied with acorns in plenty, from the New Foreſt, and other woods, to which they are ſuffered to run at large, and the delicacy of their fleſh is attributed to their not being pent up in ſtyes. Kerſey and cloth are made here, and though not in ſo great plenty as in Wiltſhire, Somerſetſhire, and Gloceſterſhire, yet there is enough not only for home conſumption, but for a foreign trade. As its ſea-coaſts furniſh oyſters, lobſters, and other ſalt-water fiſh: its rivers, the Avon, the Anton, the Alre, the Teſt, the Stowre, and Itchin; and its rivulets abound in freſh fiſh, but eſpecially trout, as good as any of their kind; and indeed both for profit and pleaſure, there is not a more inviting county in Great Britain. Accordingly lands ſell dearer here than in Kent, Eſſex, and other counties, which are nearer to London. The gentry here delight much in fox-hunting, being tempted to it by their woods and downs, proper to breed and hunt their game; and the beſt fox-dogs are obſerved to be bred in this county. The convenient ports and harbours in this ſhire have brought a good foreign trade to it; and in the war with France, Portſmouth was a ſure market for any of its commodities, as it will always be on ſuch occaſions. The county from hence to Southampton lies low and flat, and is ſo full of creeks, and inlets of the ſea and rivers, that paſſengers to that town ferry over three times in eighteen miles, beſides going over Tichfield bridge. There is no county in England ſo well wooded as this; and though the vaſt conſumption of timber at Portſmouth, Southampton, Redbridge and Buſſelton, ſince the revolution in 1688, by building or rebuilding almoſt the whole navy, beſides abundance of large Merchant ſhips, has cleared it of more than is to be

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met with ſtanding in even ſome ſhires that cannot complain of the want of any, yet they have an immenſe quantity of well-grown timber ſtill left upon ſome eſtates in the ſouth part of this county; and in New Foreſt there are oaks of ſeveral hundred years growth, white with age, and periſhing with their withered tops in the air.

From *Farnham* in Berkſhire, the road enters *Hamſhire* at *Bentley Green*; five miles beyond which, and fifty from London, is,

Alton, a ſmall market-town, of no great note, yet has a manufactory of corded druggets, figured barragons, ſerge de nims, &c. The church is ſmall and mean, and the two principal inns are, the Swan and the White Hart. A ſmall rivulet, called the Way, which riſes about half a mile from this town, runs through it, and empties itſelf into Guildford river.

Alresford, the next town on this road, is ſixty miles from London; it ſtands on the banks of the river Alre, as it is called by *Camden*, though in the maps and by the country people it is called Itching. It was formerly a very conſiderable market town, and had not one perſon low enough to receive alms, before the fire which happened here on the firſt of May, 1710; the fire broke out in ſeveral places almoſt at the ſame time, by which the whole town, with the church and market-houſe were conſumed. Since which time the town is handſomely rebuilt, the neighhouring gentry contributing largely to the relief of the diſtreſſed inhabitants, by ſending in timber, &c. The preſent market-houſe is ſmall, and ſtands upon wooden pillars.

Here is a very large pond, or lake of water, kept up to an head by a ſtrong *Battre d'Eau*, or dam, which, it is ſaid, was made by the Romans; and is part of the great Roman highway, which leads

leads from Alton to Wincheſter, and chiefly between this town and the firſt mentioned.

Near this town are two noble ſeats; one at Grange, built by the late Sir Robert Henly, Knt. the ſecond at Chiltern Condove, built by Sir Robert Worſley, Bart.

From hence, paſſing over the downs, we come to the very ancient City of

Wincheſter, or Winton, ſixty-ſeven miles from London. It ſtands on the river Itchin, where it is joined by another ſmall river in the bottom, ſurrounded by hills of chalk, or whitiſh clay, and is ſuppoſed to have been built nine hundred years before Chriſt. It is the metropolis of the ancient Belgæ, the Venta Belgarum of the Romans, and called by the Britons *Caer-Gwent*, i. e. the white town; by the old Saxons *Wintanceaſter*, and by the Latin writers *Wintunus*.

Roman authors aſſert, that there were looms here for weaving of cloths for the Roman emperors and their army, and for making ſails, linen and other furniture. It is agreed on by all writers, that here was a religious monaſtery in the infancy of Chriſtianity.

On St. Catharine's hill, near this city, is a camp; and on the ſide of the weſt gate was a caſtle, where the Weſt Saxon Kings are ſuppoſed to have kept their court. The caſtle hall, in which the aſſizes are held, is ſupported by pillars of marble, and has a round table, pretended to be above twelve hundred years old, which has illegible Saxon characters, ſaid to be the names of the twenty-four knights, with whom King Arthur uſed to carouſe. But *Camden* looks upon the whole as fabulous, and thinks it to be of much later date.

In this city Egbert was crowned ſole monarch of England, one of its Biſhops, Swithin, who was canonized, was tutor to Prince Ethelwolf, that King's youngeſt

youngeſt ſon, and buried in the church-yard of the cathedral. In his time the city was deſtroyed by the Danes, where the monkiſh writers tell us of a ſingle combat that was fought between Guy Earl of Warwick and Colbrand, a Daniſh Giant. Edward the Confeſſor was alſo crowned in this city, at which time the then Biſhop Alwyn, was confined to the monaſtery here, and Queen Emma to the nunnery of Whorwell, in this county, being both charged with holding an impure commerce, of which the queen purged herſelf by the fiery ordeal. William the Conqueror ſometimes kept his court here. The Empreſs Maud being poſſeſſed of this city, was ſo cloſely beſieged in it by King Stephen, that ſhe was glad to eſcape in a coffin, after having cauſed a report to be ſpread of her death: but the city was plundered by the ſoldiers. Henry II. held a parliament here, where he was crowned with his Queen. King John, (to whoſe intereſt this place ſtood firm in all his wars with the Barons,) reſided here, and his ſon Henry III. was born here: in his time reſided here Henry the Lion, Duke of Bavaria, and his Ducheſs, Matilda, daughter of Henry II. and in 1209, their younger ſon, William Duke of Saxony was born here; from whom deſcended the illuſtrious houſe of Hanover, now happily eſtabliſhed on the throne of Great Britain. When the Barons roſe againſt Henry II. the caſtle here was ſeized by Simon de Montfort, the Earl of Leiceſter, the city was taken, and all the Jews in it were put to the ſword; but the Earl being ſoon after killed, King Henry came hither and held a Parliament. Soon after the murder of Edward I. his uncle, Edmund Plantagenet, was beheaded at the caſtle gate here. King Henry IV. was married here, and here Henry V. gave audience to ambaſſadors that came to him from France to ſue for peace; but they did it in ſuch inſolent terms, that he

he ſoon after invaded and conquered France. In 1486, Arthur, eldeſt ſon to Henry VII. was born in this city, and Queen Mary I. was married here to Philip King of Spain, in 1554. This city was beſieged and taken in 1643, by the Parliament's army, under Sir William Waller. King Charles II. and King James II. made ſeveral progreſſes into this city, eſpecially while the palace was building; and Queen Anne alſo viſited it ſoon after her marriage with Prince George of Denmark, on whom it it was ſettled as an appendage for life.

In the epiſcopal hiſtory of this city we read, that Denewulf ſucceeded St. Swithin in the Biſhopric of this city; he was originally only a keeper of Swine in Somerſetſhire; he ſheltered Alfred from the Danes, that King, when he recovered his dominions, having obſerved his great natural parts, cauſed him to ſtudy, though he was in years, and when he had got a competent ſtock of learning, promoted him to this See. Biſhop Henry de Blois took off from the croſs that was burnt in the monaſtery here, five hundred weight of ſilver, thirty marks of gold, three crowns, with ſo many thrones of gold, ſet with diamonds, which he put in his own treaſury; and took enough out of it to found and endow the fair hoſpital of St. Croſs, about a mile to the ſouth of this city, which is ſaid by miſtake in the *Magna Britannia*, to be founded by the Cardinal de Beaufort, above two hundred years after. Biſhop Godwin ſays, that ſomething had been erected on the ſame ſpot long before to ſome good uſe, by William Rufus, but the Danes deſtroyed it, and it lay in ruins till this Biſhop rebuilt it with two quadrangles, in the year 1132. William Edendon, Biſhop of this See, was ſo great a favourite of Edward III. that being elected to Canterbury he refuſed it, ſaying, "If *Canterbury* is the higher *rack*, *Wincheſter* is the better *manger*."

His ſucceſſor, William of Wickham, a village near this place, where he was born, ſued Biſhop Edonden's executors for dilapidations, and beſides money recovered of them, one thouſand five hundred and fifty-ſix head of black cattle, three thouſand eight hundred and ſeventy-ſix wethers, four thouſand ſeven hundred and ſeventeen ewes, three thouſand five hundred and twenty-one lambs, and one hundred and twenty-ſeven ſwine, all which ſtock it ſeems belonged at that time to the Biſhopric of Wincheſter. He procured a charter from King Edward III. to whom he was prime miniſter, by which this city was made a wool-ſtaple. In 1387, he laid the firſt ſtone of the college here, called St. Mary's, near the Biſhop's palace, and finiſhed it in 1393, which was the year that King Richard II. held a parliament here. It is recorded of this William of Wickham, that having been a poor boy, the King told him, when he applied to him for his biſhopric, "That he was neither a clergyman, nor a ſcholar;" and that he anſwered, "He would ſoon be the one, and as for the other, he would with the revenue of this biſhopric, make more ſcholars than all the Biſhops of England ever did; and he was as good as his word, for he built his college here, to fit youth for the Univerſity, after the manner of Eton and Weſtminſter Schools, ſo he built New College at Oxford to finiſh them. He alſo built ſeveral free-ſchools and hoſpitals, both in Hampſhire and Surry, which travellers may every where diſtinguiſh by this motto on his arms affixed to the ſtructures:

"Manners make the Man."

He likewiſe built the Caſtle of Windſor for King Edward, as before mentioned in our account of the county of Berkſhire.

Henry

Henry de Beaufort, ſon of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, was Biſhop of this See, in the reign of Henry V. He was uncle to that king, and Pope Martin V. made him a Cardinal, and general of the forces which he had raiſed at his own expence, to act againſt the Bohemians. This Biſhop built and endowed an hoſpital in this City, near to St. Croſs's, wherein were to be maintained a maſter, two chaplains, thirty-five poor men, and three women. He died in the year 1447, and lies buried in a fine tomb behind the altar of his church, towards the ſouth, on which he is repreſented in his cardinal robes and hat, and bearing the ſame arms as the preſent Duke of Beaufort. He was thrice Lord Chancellor, and ſo wealthy, that he was commonly called, "The rich Cardinal." He left legacies to almoſt all the cathedrals in England, but moſt to that of Wells. William of Wickham, Henry de Beaufort, and Will. Wainfleet, who ſucceeded him, ſat in this See almoſt an hundred and twenty years: a thing very rare for three Biſhops to hold one Biſhopric ſo long.

Biſhop Morley built the epiſcopal palace here, and expended two thouſand three hundred pounds in the building, but dying before it was finiſhed, he left five hundred pounds more to complete it; the following inſcription is over the door:

GEORGIUS MORLEY, *Epiſcopus*, has aedes propriis, impenſis de novo Struxit, 1684.

This Biſhop likewiſe erected and endowed, in the year 1672, a college in the cathedral church-yard, for ten miniſters widows. The old palace was deſtroyed by Sir William Waller, and his bigotted followers.

The cathedral was anciently called the *Ealden Minſter*, or Old Minſter, to diſtinguiſh it from the more

more modern one, *Newen Minſter*, the New Minſter, which laſt was founded by King Alfred; the monks of theſe two monaſteries quarrelling, thoſe of the new minſter, by licence of Henry I. built a large monaſtery at Hyde, which was burnt down by the treachery of the biſhop Henry de Blois, wherein that famous croſs before mentioned, the gift of Canute, was conſumed.

The cathedral is a large pile of building, plain and venerable. The tower, which is covered flat, is ſhort, and there is neither ſtatue nor niche, for one on the outſide. The north front is entirely hid by a very high wall. The dimenſions of the cathedral are thus ſet down by Mr. Willis, in his mitred Abbeys: Length of the whole from eaſt to weſt, five hundred and forty-five feet, including the Lady Chapel, at the eaſt end, which is fifty-four feet, whereof the choir comprehends an hundred and thirty-ſix feet in length, and forty in breadth. The body and ſide aiſles are eighty-ſeven feet broad: length of the great croſs aiſle about an hundred and eighty-ſix feet, and of the tower in the middle, in which hung eight large bells, about an hundred and fifty feet. The nave, or weſtern body of the church, extends above three hundred, and is reckoned the moſt ſpacious in England; and indeed the whole fabric would yield to few or none, were the great croſs aiſles vaulted over, in like manner with the reſt of the ſtructure; and were the great tower in the middle (which would bear a ſuperſtructure) raiſed a little higher, with ſome ornament at the top, to render it more auguſt.

Entering at the weſt door, under the middle aiſle, the ſpectator is ſtruck with the venerable majeſtic appearance of the whole. The choir, which is about three hundred feet from the door, is parted from the nave, and does not intercept the view to

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the eaſt end; the organ being fixed on one ſide the choir, under the middle aiſle of the north croſs, or tranſept. The roof, which is vaulted, is extremely beautiful, but the maſſy pillars on each ſide are rather diſguſtful to the eye, by their being too thick for the ſpaces of the arches: the incloſure of the tomb of William of Wickham, diſpleaſes likewiſe by its height and projection.

The entrance into the choir is by a noble flight of ſteps, the whole breadth of the middle aiſle. The ſcreen is a fine piece of architecture, of the Compoſite order. On each ſide of the entrance are two receſſes, enriched with entablatures and compaſs pediments; wherein are placed the ſtatues of King James and Charles the firſt, finely caſt in copper.

This ſcreen was deſigned by Inigo Jones, and exceedingly beautiful, but the joining Roman with Gothic architecture is rather a ſoleciſm. The croſs from north to ſouth is quite ſhut out of the choir by wooden partitions carried up a vaſt height; this, which is the ancienteſt part of the church, is by much the plaineſt, and the vaulting being left unfiniſhed, all the timbers of the roof are expoſed to view.

In this part the ſtile of building greatly varies from the eaſt and weſt part. The arches are turned ſemi-circular, and have a nearer reſemblance to one of the five orders. The ſtalls in the choir are of fine Gothic workmanſhip; to which the Biſhop's throne, erected at the expence of Biſhop Mew, would have been a great ornament had it not been Gothic, and of a piece with the reſt of the choir.

The ſtone ſcreen where the high altar is placed, is an exceeding fine and tender piece of Gothic work; but in the angles of the niches, where formerly were images, the raiſed pannels have been chipped away, to make room for fixing a parcel of ſorry urns,

urns and vaſes, which diſgrace this fine piece, and make it a mere botchery.

The altar erected by Biſhop Morley, is greatly praiſed by ſome, though there are others that find great fault with it, and think it not comparable to that in the great church of St. Alban's.

This church was for ſome ages the burial place of many Engliſh, Saxon and Norman Kings; whoſe remains, the impious ſoldiers, in the civil wars, threw againſt the painted glaſs. The reliques of ſome of theſe, at the repair of the church, were collected by Biſhop Fox; and being put together into ſix large wooden cheſts, lined with lead, were placed on the great wall in the choir, three on one ſide and three on the other; with an account of whoſe bones are in each cheſt, viz. Adulphus, Edredus, Edmunda, Canutus, and thoſe of Queen Emma. The inſcriptions on the firſt four are as follow, in ancient characters.

I.

Egbertus *Rex obijt Anno Domini* 835,
Hic Rex Egbertus *pauſat cum Rege* Kenulpho,
Nobis egregia munera uterque tulit.

II.

Adulphus *Rex obijt* 859.
Ringilſhi *in ciſta hac ſimul oſſa jacent &* Adulphi
Ipſus fundator, hic benefactor erat.

III.

Edredus *Rex obijt* 955,
Hoc pius in tumulo Rex Edredus *requieſcit,*
Qui has Britonum *terras rexerat egregie.*

Edmund

IV.

Edmund *Rex obiit A. D.*——
Quem theca hæc retinet Edmundum *ſuſpice, Chriſte,*
Qui vivente patre regia ſeptra tulit.

A great many perſons of rank are buried in this church, beſides the Saxon Kings mentioned above; particularly, here lies, as they tell us, under a grey marble, Lucius, the firſt Chriſtian King of this iſland, who died one hundred and eighty years after Chriſt; and, as is pretended, founded a church where the Cathedral now ſtands.

The tomb-ſtone of William Rufus is in the midſt of the choir; his bones are in a cheſt of wood, which ſtands on the top of the *Septum*, which parts the choir and the ſide ailes. His marble coffin having been opened in the civil wars, they found on his thumb a gold ring, adorned with a ruby.

A tomb-ſtone, on which is this inſcription; *Intus eſt cor* Nicolai, *olim* Wintonien. *Epiſ. cujus corpus eſt apud* Waverly.

A monument with this inſcription; *Intus eſt corpus* Richardi Wilhelmi *conqueſtoris filij & Beorniæ ducis.*

Biſhop Fox's monument, and Biſhop Gardener's, with his effigies as a ſkeleton on it: Biſhop Fox altered the roof of the choir, and was a great benefactor to the church; he lies buried under his chapel (which they call his Study) a little room behind the altar. Over the altar is this inſcription; *O ſacrum Convivium, in quo Chriſtus ſumitur!* The roof of the choir, over the altar, is beautified with the Hiſtory of the Paſſion, repreſented in carved work.

In the ſpace behind the choir are two ſtately monuments, one for Cardinal Beaufort, brother to King Henry IV. who founded the hoſpital of St. Croſs;

Croſs; another for Biſhop Wainfleet, founder of Magdalen College in the ſame Univerſity.

The monument of William of Wickham, mentioned above, founder of New-College in Oxford.

Of each of which monuments and the perſons, we ſhall give a few particulars.

The tomb of William of Wickham is very ſpacious, lofty, and magnificent, and was erected by his orders, in a little chapel in the body of the church thirteen years before his death. There are theſe verſes about it.

Wilhelmus victus Wykeham jacet hic nece victus;
Iſtius eccleſiae praeſul, reparavit eamque.
Largus erat, dapifer; probat hoc cum dicite pauper:
Conſiliis pariter regni fuerat bene dextez.
Hunc docet eſſe pium fundatio Collegiorum:
Oxoniae primum ſtat, Wintoniaeque ſecundum
Fugite, oratis, tumulum quocunque videtis,
Protantis meritis ut ſit ubi vita perennis.

That of Cardinal Beaufort, who was brother of King Henry VI. was exceedingly rich, and curiouſly wrought; and the deſign is beautiful; but we are to obſerve, that, in the time of Henry VI. Gothic architecture was brought to its greateſt perfection. He is dreſſed in his Cardinal's robes, and hat; and, if the figure, which repreſents him, be like, he muſt have been a very comely man. The tomb of Biſhop Wainfleet is on the other ſide of the middle aile, behind

behind the high altar, directly oppoſite to Beaufort's, and is built after that model, with very little variation; he is repreſented lying at length, with an heart in his hand. Magdalen College in Oxford, in regard to the memory of this Biſhop, keeps his monument in repair; and, a few years ago, beautified it. Biſhop Fox's monument is very noble; nor is Biſhop Gardiner's much inferior to it; but the populace in Queen Elizabeth's time, to ſhew their deteſtation of his memory, maimed and defaced the figure, which was made to repreſent him as lying in his coffin. But, at this diſtance of time, he is allowed to have been, though not a good man, and a cruel perſecutor, yet one of the moſt learned and able men of the age he lived in.

It may not be amiſs to ſay a word or two more of the famous William of Wickham, who built the body of the church weſtward from the choir, where his ſtatue is in a niche over the great window; and alſo of Biſhop Wainfleet.

The former was a courtier before a Biſhop; and though he had no large ſhare of learning, he was a great promoter of it; his natural genius was much beyond his acquired parts, and his ſkill in politics beyond his eccleſiaſtic knowledge. He is ſaid to have put his maſter, King Edward III. whoſe miniſter and Lord High Chancellor he was, upon the two great projects which made his reign ſo glorious; viz. 1. Upon ſetting up his claim to the crown of France, which brought on the war with France, in which that prince was three times victorious in battle. 2. Upon inſtituting the order of the Garter; in which he obtained the honour for the Biſhops of Wincheſter to be always prelates of the order, as an appendix to the Biſhoprick; and he himſelf was the firſt: The enſigns of that honour are joined with his epiſcopal ornaments, in the robing of his effigies on the monument deſcribed above. He build

Windſor Caſtle for the ſaid King, and fixed a wool-ſtaple at Wincheſter, where that trade is even now carried on by Meſſrs. Sellwood, Whately, and Co. with great ſucceſs.

To the great honour of this Biſhop, there are, beſides New-College, other foundations of his, as much to his fame as that of this church; but particularly the college in this city, which depends on New-College, Oxon, the Warden being appointed by that college, and is a truly noble foundation. The building conſiſts of two large courts, in which are the lodgings for the Warden, ten Fellows, ſeventy Scholars, three Chaplains, and ſixteen Choriſters, the Maſters, &c. and in the centre a very elegant chapel; beyond that, in the ſecond court, are the ſchools, with a large cloiſter beyond them, and ſome incloſures laid open for the diverſion of the ſcholars, particularly St. Katharine's Hill, near this city, which has the remains of a camp, and is celebrated by ſeveral authors educated at this college. There is alſo a great hall, where the ſcholars dine. In the chapel-window belonging to the college, is good painted glaſs of imagery. In the middle of the cloiſters is the library, a ſtrong ſtone building, well contrived to prevent fire.

The ſcholars have exhibitions after a certain time of continuance here, if they pleaſe to ſtudy, in New-College, Oxford, built, as I have obſerved, by the ſame noble benefactor.

The ſchool has fully anſwered the end of the founder, who was reſolved to erect an houſe for making the ages to come more learned than thoſe that went before; and many learned and great men have been educated here.

This Biſhop likewiſe repaired, at his own expence, the road from Wincheſter to his palace in Southwark.

With

With regard to Biſhop Wainfleet, it is delivered down to us, as an undoubted fact, that he propoſed to the heads of New-College, to enlarge their endowment to double what it was before, provided the members of that body would pray for his ſoul jointly with that of William of Wickham. But their veneration for the memory of their firſt founder was ſo great, that, upon conſidering the propoſal, they judged, that the complying with it would be derogatory to his honour; and therefore refuſed this offer. After this, Biſhop Wainfleet endowed Magdalen College; whoſe annual revenues ariſing by that endowment, and its augmentation ſince, amount to a great ſum.

Here is alſo Biſhop Langton's chapel of curious carved wood-work, and therein his tomb.

Lord Weſton's tomb, his ſtatue in braſs on it; Biſhop Edington's; Dean Maſon's, who was alſo a Knight.

Behind the altar, under a very fine monument, lies the Earl of Portland, Lord High-Treaſurer of England in the reign of King Charles I. His effigy is in copper armour, at full length, with his head raiſed on three cuſhions of the ſame; and is a very magnificent work.

The monument of Dr. Willis, Biſhop of this ſee in the reign of the late Queen Anne, is in the ſouth aile, a little above Wickham's; he is repreſented in his epiſcopal habit, upon a Sarcophagus. It is a very handſome deſign, and well executed.

In digging the foundation of an houſe near the college, in a ſtone coffin, was found a ſtone ſet in a gold ring, with this inſcription in very odd characters, ſuppoſed to be about the ſixth century: *Domine Comite, fidele meo:* i. e. *The Lord being my Guide and faithful Companion.*

Upon the wall behind the altar ſtood ſeveral ſtatues of Saxon Kings and Biſhops, who had been buried

buried in that part of the church, with theſe inſcriptions under them. Kenedelſus *Rex*, S. Bitinus, *Epc.* Egbertus *Rex*, Adulphus *Rex*, Eluredus *Rex*, *filius ejus*, Edwardus *Rex*, *ſen.* Kinewaldus *Rex*, Ethelſtanus *Rex*, *filius ejus*, SCA Maria, *Dominus* Jeſus, Edredus *Rex*, Edgarus *Rex*, Emma *Regina*, Alwidus *Epc.* Etheldredus *Rex*, SCS Edwardus *Rex*, *filius ejus*, Cnutus *Rex*, Hardecnutus *Rex*, *filius ejus*.

Under the aforementioned Saxon Kings is this diſtich:

Corpora Sanctorum ſunt hic in pace ſepulta,
Ex meritis quorum fulgent Miracula multa.

Here is likewiſe King Hardaknute's tomb, whereon is this diſtich:

Qui jacet hic regni Sceptra tulit Hardecnutus,
Emmæ ac Cnutonis natus & ipſe fuit.

On another tomb-ſtone are theſe verſes:

Corpus Ethelmari cujus nunc Cor tenet iſtud
Saxum, Pariſiis morte datur tumulo.

His heart was ſaid to be found in an ewer.

On a tomb-ſtone in the choir is this inſcription:

Præſulis egregij pauſant hic membra Richardi
Fociuns, *tui ſummi gaudia ſunto poli.*

Here is alſo the monument of William de Baſing, Prior of this church.

At the eaſt-end of this church is our Lady's Chapel (as it is there called), in which they have their morning ſix o'clock prayers. This chapel was built

built by two Priors, Silkſteed and Hunton; there are half rebus's for their names carved on the roof. Queen Mary's chair is ſtill preſerved here.

On either ſide of the entrance into the choir, are the ſtatues in braſs of King James I. and King Charles I. At the weſt-end of this church is a window, on the glaſs of which was painted the Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament; but at preſent the glaſs is in a very ſhattered condition, owing, as is ſaid, to the wantonneſs of idle children.

At the eaſt-end alſo is a window, on the glaſs of which in painting are repreſented three figures, which are ſaid to be deſigned for the Virgin Mary, her ſon Jeſus Chriſt, and God the Father. A true relick of popiſh idolatry!

Over the door of the ſchool ſtands a very good ſtatue of the founder, made by Mr. Cibber, whoſe workmanſhip are the two excellent figures over Bethlehem-gate, in London.

The clergy here live very elegantly in the cloſe belonging to the cathedral; where, beſides the Biſhop's Palace, mentioned above, are very good houſes, handſomely built, for the Prebendaries, Canons, and other dignitaries of this church. The Deanery is a very pleaſant dwelling, the gardens are large, and the river runs through them; but the floods in winter ſometimes much incommode them.

Here lived Conſtans, the monk, who was made Cæſar, and afterwards Emperor, by his father Conſtantine; and who uſurped the government in oppoſition to Honorius.

In the place where the ancient caſtle ſtood, the late King Charles II. began (under the direction of Sir Chriſtopher Wren) a very noble deſign of a royal palace, which, had he lived, and finiſhed it, would certainly have made that part of the country the reſort of the quality and gentry of all parts of the kingdom; for the country hereabouts far

exceeds

exceeds that of Newmarket heath for all kinds of ſport and diverſion.

The foundation was laid on the twenty-third of March, one thouſand ſix hundred and eighty-three, (in the digging for which they found a pavement of bricks and coins of Conſtantine the Great, and others). There was particularly intended a large cupola, thirty feet above the roof, which would have been ſeen a great way at ſea. The ſouth-ſide is two hundred and ſixteen feet, and the weſt three hundred and twenty-ſix; and the ſhell, when it was diſcontinued, is ſaid to have coſt twenty-five thouſand pounds; for the building was ſo far proſecuted, that it was carried up to the roof and covered.

The centre of this palace being exactly in a line with the centre of the weſt-end of the cathedral, the city was to have been laid open the breadth of the tranſept, or croſs of the cathedral, from north to ſouth, in a ſtreet about two hundred feet broad from the palace to the cathedral in a direct line; and on each ſide were to have been built houſes for the nobility, and perſons of rank; the ground for which, and for the parks, was actually procured. The parks were to be near ten miles in circumference, and were to end weſt upon the open Downs, in view of Stockbridge.

The principal floor is a noble range of apartments, twenty feet high.

This houſe, with a royal revenue, was afterwards ſettled by parliament, as an appendage upon Prince George of Denmark for his life, in caſe he had outlived the Queen; but his Royal Highneſs died before her Majeſty. And now all hope of ſeeing this deſign perfected, or the houſe finiſhed, is vaniſhed. And his late Majeſty King George I. made a preſent to the Duke of Bolton of the fine pillars of Italian marble, which were to have ſupported its ſtair-caſe; and were ſaid to be a preſent

to

to the King from the great Duke of Tuſcany. It was fitted up for a priſon for the French priſoners in the late wars, and contains no leſs than one hundred and ſixty rooms, in which, on June the fourteenth, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty-two were confined upwards of five thouſand captives.

There were formerly in this city no leſs than thirty-two pariſh churches, but at preſent only ſix. Near the eaſt gate is St. John's hoſpital, in the hall of which the mayor and bailiffs give their public entertainments. At one end is the picture of King Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely; and at the other, a large table of all the mayors and bailiffs of this city, from the year 1184, beſides a table of benefactions to this city, during the Saxon reigns, and ſince the Norman race, from Henry II. to Charles II. The building towards the north of the city, called *Hyde Houſe*, is the remains of the ancient monaſtery, ſtill preſerved as the reſidence and place of worſhip of ſome private Roman Catholic gentleman, who lives here unmoleſted and undiſturbed by any one, as they are particularly civil and obliging to their neighbours around them.

In the high ſtreet is a market croſs, having five ſteps around it, which, with the place about it ſerves at preſent for a fiſh market; there is alſo in the ſame ſtreet a large handſome town hall for the city, erected on Doric pillars, in a niche, in the front of which is the ſtatue of Queen Anne, with this inſcription, *Anno Pacifico, Anna Regina*, 1713. But the lower part of this building is diſgraced by being uſed as mean dwellings, for cook-ſhops, barbers, &c. A new fleſh-market has been built within theſe few years.

At the weſt end of the town is an obeliſk, with the following inſcription:

On

On the one ſide;

This monument is erected by a ſociety of natives, on the very ſpot of ground to which the markets were removed, and whoſe baſis is the very ſtone on which exchanges were made, whilſt the city lay under the ſcourge of the deſtroying peſtilence, in the year 1669.

Second ſide;

A ſociety originally eſtabliſhed for the relief of their fellow citizens, who happily ſurvived that dreadful viſitation, but were reduced by it to the utmoſt diſtreſs. Their firſt meeting was held Auguſt 26, of the ſucceeding year.

Third ſide;

Their ninetieth feaſt was celebrated with uncommon joy, Auguſt 23, 1759. A year auſpicious and glorious to theſe kingdoms, for plenty reſtored, and the peaceful enjoyment of all national bleſſings, and for the renown and triumphs of their victorious arms through all quarters of the globe.

THO. BRERETON, JOHN BARTON, } Stewards.
JOHN CHILDS, JOHN BARRETT, }

Before you enter the town on the eaſt, on this ſide river Itchin, is an high hill, called St. Giles's from an hoſpital, the remains of which are ſtill to be ſeen, and a church-yard ſeeming to have been a camp, beſides the marks of baſtions, and works of fortifications in the modern ſtile. Here Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland and Huntingdon was beheaded for a conſpiracy againſt William the Conqueror;

queror; his body was carried to Crowland, and ſaid to work miracles.

An infirmary has been eſtabliſhed in Wincheſter by voluntary ſubſcription, after the laudable example of thoſe of St. James's, Weſtminſter, and St. Georges's, Hyde-park Corner; and has met with great ſucceſs, owing to the zeal and pains of the late Dr. Alured Clarke.

The hoſpital called St. Croſs, on the ſouth of this city, in the road to Southampton, with its foundation we have before mentioned. The church is in the form of a croſs, and has a large ſquare tower. Every traveller that knocks at the door of this houſe, in his way, and aſks for it, claims the relief of a piece of white bread, and a cup of beer, which donation is continued to this day.

The city is governed by a mayor, recorder, ſix aldermen, and twelve burgeſſes, and returns two members to parliament.

From Wincheſter, the direct road continues to *Rumſey*, ſeventy-eight miles from London; it ſtands on the river Teſe, or Teſt, in a delightful ſituation, ſurrounded with woods, corn-fields, meadows and paſtures. It is a pretty large old town, governed by a mayor, recorder, ſix aldermen, and twelve burgeſſes, and is much inhabited by clothiers. The church is a large noble pile of building, in the ſame taſte and manner with the oldeſt part of Wincheſter cathedral; it is arched with ſtone in the form of a croſs, and has ſemicircular chapels in the upper angles.

This church has lately been repaired and beautified. On the outſide of the north croſs, are the marks of ſome cannon balls, which were fired to batter down the church in the civil wars. At the weſt end is a piece of an old wall, probably the remains of the nunnery built here by King Edgar, of which King Stephen's only daughter, Mary, was

afterwards Abbeſs, whom Matthew of Alſace, ſon to the Earl of Flanders, privately conveyed away and married; but was ſo terrified by the church, that after he had two children by her, he was obliged to let her return to it.

King Edward and his ſon Alfred were buried in the old church, and it gave birth to the great Mathematician, Sir William Petty. The town took its name from its being formerly peculiarly ſubject to the See of Rome.

From Rumſey, we croſs over part of New Foreſt, to *Ringwood*, but we ſhall firſt take notice of this large tract, a monument of William the Conqueror's devaſtation of a fine country, for thirty miles together. This large tract of land, which had many villages and towns in it, and no leſs than thirty-ſix mother churches that oppreſſive monarch converted to the uſe of wild beaſts and the ſport of his dogs. But in this very foreſt, where he had ſo cruelly diſpoſſeſſed his follow creatures of their habitations and eſtates, to gratify a favourite pleaſure, two of his ſons, Richard and William Rufus, both loſt their lives. The former is ſaid to have been poiſoned here by a peſtilential blaſt, and the latter, by an arrow which was ſhot by Sir Walter Tyrrel, at a deer, and killed him. It is likewiſe related, that Henry his grandſon, by his eldeſt ſon Robert, was caught by the head in the boughs of a tree, and hanged, like Abſalom, while he was purſuing his ſport. In King Charles the Second's time, the tree where the arrow glanced, was ordered to be pailed in, and the people pretend to ſhew it, but it is rather incredible that it ſhould be yet ſtanding after ſo many hundred years, the fact being near ſeven hundred years ago. There are nine walks in it, each of which has a keeper, under a lord-warden, beſides two rangers, and a bow-bearer. As this large tract lay many ages open and expoſed to invaſions

vaſions from foreigners, King Henry VIII. built ſome caſtles in it, and it has now ſeveral pretty towns and villages.

Ringwood is ninety-five miles and a half from London, and was a place of ſome eminence in the time of the Saxons, and is now a large thriving well built town, on the river Avon, in the ſouth-weſt part of the county; it ſtands in a valley, and the neighbouring meadows are frequently overflowed by the ſeveral ſtreams which the river here divides itſelf into. It was near this town that the Duke of Monmouth was taken by one Perkin, as he lay hid in a ditch covered with fern, in July 1685, after his defeat at Sedgemoor.

Returning to Alresford, and branching off to the left, we ſtrike into the main road to Southampton, in the way to which we paſs

Swathing, where is the ſeat of Thomas Ledummer, Eſq. now inhabited by Sir Edward Hawke. And near it is

Bellevue, a handſome ſeat belonging to Nathaniel Andre, Eſq.

Southampton, ſeventy-eight miles from London; is a very ancient town, ſituated between two large rivers, the Alre, or Itchin, on the eaſt, and the Teſe, or Anton, on the weſt, that here fall into that arm of the ſea, called Southampton Water, which runs up to it for ſome miles, and is ſo deep that ſhips have been built here of five hundred tons; of late few ſhips have been built here, but both rivers being navigable ſome way up the country, vaſt quantities of timber are brought down, eſpecially from New Foreſt, and fetched by the ſhipbuilders at Portſmouth dock.

After the Romans had yielded this town to the Saxons, it was taken and ſadly harraſſed by the Danes

Danes in 980, and it was here that their King, Canute, when he was flattered by his courtiers that he had power to check the tide, ſeated himſelf at low water on the banks of the river, with all his regal ornaments, and commanded the tide not to approach his foot-ſtool, but the tide approached, and obliged him to retreat, to the great mortification of his parafites, and he would never ſuffer the crown to be placed upon his head more, but cauſed it to be ſet on Chriſt's ſtatue, at Wincheſter. In the reign of Edward III. this town was plundered and burnt by the French, after they had ſlaughtered the men and raviſhed the women; but another preſently ſprung up, which was placed more conveniently, and fortified with double ditches, and ſtone walls, with battlements and watch towers; and as people flocked to it on account of trade and navigation, King Richard II. built a ſtrong caſtle on a high mount here, for the defence of the harbour. Its walls conſiſt of thoſe little white ſhells like honeycombs, that grow on the back of oyſters. It is a ſort of ſtone extremely hard, and ſeems to be gathered near the beach of the ſea, which encompaſſes near half the town. When King Henry V. made his firſt expedition into France, he muſtered his army here, and diſcovering that he was like to be betrayed by Richard Earl of Cambridge, the Lord Scroop, and Sir Thomas Grey, he cauſed them to be beheaded here, and they were buried in a place called the Chapel of God's Houſe, which was an hoſpital founded by Philippa, wife to Edward the third, for the maintenance of poor men and women and ſcholars, with a warden.

In this chapel may be read the following epitaph, on a monument erected by the late Lord Delawar.

Richard

Richard Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope of Maſham, Sir Thomas Gray of Northumberland, conſpired to murder King Henry V. in this town, as he was preparing to ſail with his army, againſt Charles VI. King of France; for which conſpiracy they were executed, and buried near this place, 1415.

King Henry the Seventh alſo founded a monaſtery of Franciſcan Friars here. There is a ſtreet in this town, th broadeſt in England, three quarters of a mile long, well paved and flagged on each ſide, and ends in a very fine key. Sir Thomas Cooke, Lord Mayor of London, was a Cuſtomer here in the reign of Henry VI. which ſhews that this was then a flouriſhing port, elſe ſo great a man would not have born that office; for, it is ſaid, that formery all the Canary brought to England, was obliged to be landed here firſt, which brought a great trade and treaſure to the town: and this is the more probable, from the many large vaults to all the houſes near the key, and in the high ſtreets; but the London merchants finding an inconvenience by the delay of their wines, before they came to their hands, gave money to the corporation for the privilege, and had their wines brought directly to London.

King Henry II. and King John incorporated this town, and King Henry VI. made it a County of itſelf.

In the walls of the town are the following gates. 1. *Bargate*, on the north, is large and well embattled; over it was was formerly in the upper part, *Domus Civica*, (now Guildhall) and under it was the town priſon. Without this gate are a great number of genteel houſes. There were anciently four

four towers on this wall, ſome of them now remaining. 2. *Eaſtgate* was probably built at the ſame time as the walls of the town, about one thouſand three hundred and thirty-eight. It is extremely remarkable for the ſingularity of its form, and not much leſs for the abſurdity of its conſtruction, conſidered as the gate of a fortified town; for the greateſt care was taken to give it ſufficient ſolidity, to reſiſt the efforts of an enemy: its projecting buttreſſes kindly extend themſelves, ſo as to form a ſafe lodgment for a conſiderable number of aſſailants, covers the ſight of the adjoining tower, and liable to no other annoyance than what might be given from the oillets, or loop-holes, and the machicolations of the gate; and yet this was erected for the defence of the town, ſoon after it had been burnt and plundered. Examined in a civil light, it is hardly leſs exceptionable, being narrow, dark, and inconvenient. There were, ſays *Leland*, ſix towers on the wall, between the eaſt and ſouth gates, and double ditches, as well as from the caſtle to Bargate. 3. *South-gate* ſtands rather ſouth eaſt; adjoining to it, is a building, now called the tower, mentioned by *Leland*, under the appellation of Caſtelet. On it, in his time, guns were mounted for the defence of the harbour. It is ſaid to have been built by King Henry VIII. in the year one thouſand five hundred and forty-two. At preſent it is converted into a priſon for felons formerly kept in the Bar-gate. Adjoining, is a ſmall platform, on which is a gun mounted on an uncommon carriage, ſaid to have been preſented to the town by King Henry VIII.

4. Juſt beyond is a fine gate, called Water-gate, having, on the outſide, a fine large and commodious quay for ſhips to unload their goods upon. Between this and the weſt-gate there were formerly three towers.

5. The

5. The weſt gate is very ſtrong, and has likewiſe near it a good quay. There are two other gates, which lead to the public rooms: one is called in old records the Poſtern, the other Beadles Gate.

In the ſouth part of the town is an hoſpital of great antiquity, called God's Houſe: it at preſent conſiſts of a Warden, four old men, and as many women, who are allowed two ſhillings a week beſides their lodging. Adjoining is the French church, dedicated to St. Julian the Biſhop; it was founded in the year 1567, in favour of the Walloon proteſtants; beſides theſe, there is St. John's Hoſpital, a free grammar ſchool, founded by Edward the VI. and a charity ſchool, for bringing up twenty boys, and qualifying them to go to ſea, in purſuance of the will of Richard Taunton, Eſq.

Here are ſix pariſh churches; viz. Holyrood, St. Michael, All Saints, St. Lawrence, St. John's, and St. Mary's. St. John's and St. Lawrence were united by an act of parliament, in the reign of King Charles II. and the former was taken down. Holyrood is the church where the Mayor and corporation attend divine ſervice: it has a handſome organ, and a few handſome monuments, one of which, to the memory of Miſs Stanley, merits particular attention: it was done by Ryſbrack. This lady is immortalized in Thomſon's works. There is another to the memory of Anne, daughter of Phillip Hobbey, Eſq. of Neath Abbey in Glamorganſhire.

St. Michael's church has a fine ſlender ſpire, erected for a land-mark for ſhips coming into the port, and greatly adds to the beauty of many proſpects in the neighbourhood of the town; the Mayor elect is always ſworn in at this church.

In the north chancel of this church lies buried Lord Wriotheſly, Lord High Chancellor, in the time of Henry VIII. the ſame who paſſed ſentence on Anna Bullen. His figure, in a reclining poſture,

poſture, remains almoſt entire, but the monument and the inſcription thereon are defaced.

St. Mary's having been deſtroyed by fire, was rebuilt in the modern taſte. In the church-yard is the following whimſical inſcription on the tomb-ſtone of the wife of Thomas Wallis, who died November the twenty-ſecond, 1734, aged fifty-nine years.

"Here lies Poor Joan,
"Not willingly wou'd lie alone,
"That have ſaved a little money
"To buy a head ſtone."

Southampton is greatly reſorted to, for the benefit of the air, the ſea-bathing, the mineral-water, &c. The public rooms are ſituated near the weſt quay, and command a delightful proſpect of the ſea and the New Foreſt, &c. The ball-room is very ſpacious, decorated with magnificent pier-glaſſes, and the muſic is judiciouſly, diſpoſed in the center. There are alſo convenient tea, card, and billiard rooms, and likewiſe very good offices. Captain Dawſon is maſter of the ceremonies, and has two balls each ſeaſon.

Contiguous to the rooms are a range of very convenient baths, where ladies and gentlemen may bathe at all times, in any depth of water, by means of falſe bottoms, which are raiſed or let down with a windlaſs.

Adjoining is the circulating library, conſiſting of a large and choice collection of books, in the Engliſh, French, and Italian languages. This is the morning rendezvous of ladies and gentlemen, who come to read the papers, which are taken in every day, and to form walking and ſailing parties. In the winter, this library is removed into the High-ſtreet, oppoſite Holyrood's church, and has a vaſt number

number of ſubſcribers among the inhabitants and neighbouring gentry.

In one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty-ſix, a play-houſe was erected on the plan of that at Covent Garden; where plays are acted three times a week, during the ſeaſon, by a better company than is uſually ſeen in the country. It is very commodious and ſufficiently ſpacious to hold a large audience.

There are paſſage boats and ſloops to and from Portſmouth, and the Iſle of Wight, almoſt every day, at the very moderate expence of ſix-pence each perſon. There are others more commodious, to be let to any part on reaſonable terms.

The inhabitants have a peculiar method of breaking the force of the waves here, by laying a bank of ſea ore. It is compoſed of long, ſlender, and ſtrong filaments, like pilled hemp, very tough and durable; which anſwers the purpoſe better than walls of ſtone, or natural cliffs.

In the neighbourhood of Southampton are many handſome ſeats of the nobility and gentry; particularly *Padwell*, or *Bevis Mount*, at preſent in the poſſeſſion of Sir John Mordaunt. It is ſituated about a mile from the town, on the banks of the river Itchin, and is a vaſt large pile of earth, which riſes in the form of a cone, from a large wide foundation of great extent and circumference. This mount is ſuppoſed to be an ancient fortification, thrown up by the Saxons, under the command of one Bevis, to oppoſe the paſſage of the Danes over the river, who lay encamped on the other ſide. Concerning this Sir Bevis, many fabulous accounts are related, but according to Selden, he had the title of Earl of Southampton, about the Norman invaſion, and lived at Duncton in Wiltſhire. Among the collection of old plays, preſerved by Mr. Garrick, is an old poetical legend, entitled, "*Syr Bevis, of Southampton.*" "*Imprinted at London, for Wil-*

liam Copland," in thirty-four ſheets quarto, without date.

This vaſt mound of earth is now converted into a wilderneſs, and the whole laid out with great taſte and judgment. At Arundel-Caſtle they ſhew a ſword of a vaſt magnitude, which they pretend belonged to Sir Bevis; and there are two gigantic pictures ſtill to be ſeen, one of Bevis, the other of Aſcupart, on each ſide of the Bargate, Southampton. The following couplet will give the reader a ſufficient hiſtory of this warrior, without relating the whole fable.

" Bevis conquered Aſcupart, and after ſlew the
" boar,
" And then he croſt beyond the ſea, to combat
" with the Moore."

At the back of this mount is Bevis hill, where is a moſt elegant houſe, built by Colonel Stibbert; every thing is entirely new and highly finiſhed in the moſt refined taſte; the ſhrubberies, through which ſerpenting walks lead you all round a beautiful lawn, are extremely elegant. What adds greatly to the beauty of this delightful place, is the river Itching, gliding at the bottom, and forming a kind of bay ſkirted, almoſt on all ſides with verdant fields and has hanging woods, with a fine view of the dock, at Chapel, where men of war are built; on the river are kept many yachts and pleaſuring boats.

About four miles north of Southampton, is *Stoneham*, the handſome ſeat and extenſive park of John Fleming, Eſq. The elegant ſummer-houſe adjacent to the road, called the Belvidier, commands a very rich and diverſified proſpect on every ſide. We cannot omit obſerving to our readers the enchanting

and

and varying proſpects the traveller enjoys paſſing over Stoneham Common.

A ſmall diſtance from the town of Southampton is the *Polygon*, which is a pleaſant ſituation, but not finiſhed according to the firſt plan, which was to build twelve houſes in a Polygonal form, with a garden on each ſide of the houſe, and a large baſon of water in the middle, ſo that the whole was exactly in the form of a wheel. But the ſcheme was too vaſt to be executed without the aſſiſtance of ſeveral people of fortune, and conſequently did not ſucceed.

About half a mile nearer Southampton, is the well-ſituated ſeat of James Amyatt, Eſq. About five miles farther on is the Manor of Beaulieu, formerly an abbey of Ciſtertian monks, founded by King John, in penance for ſtriking a monk of that order. The head of the houſe was a mitred abbot; it was endowed with full privilege of ſanctuary even for high treaſon. Perkin Warbeck, who perſonated the Duke of York in the reign of Henry VII. took ſanctuary there, and was not ſurrendered but on the King's promiſe to ſpare his life. Thoſe which were ſuppoſed to be the Abbot's apartments, are made the ſeat of the family when there. There are ſtill remaining the foundations of a wall, which encompaſſed the monaſtery of about a mile in circumference. The graves of ſome of the Abbots are yet diſtinguiſhable by ſtones over them, with inſcriptions in Saxon characters.

About two miles above the town of Southampton was a priory of black canons, called the Priory of St. Dioniſius. Little of this priory is now remaining; on its ſite is now a farm-houſe, at which were ſometime ago to be ſeen many ſtone coffins entire, then uſed for troughs and other domeſtic uſes.

At

At Bittern, one mile from St. Dennis, are the remains of a Roman cauſeway, the ancient Ikeland ſtreet.

On the eaſtern banks of the Southampton river, and about two miles below that town, is Netley Abbey, ſeated in a pleaſant ſituation, of which *Groſſe* gives the following account. "This abbey, according to Godwin and Leland was founded by Peter de Rupibus, who died in 1238, but both Dugdale and Tanner attribute it to Henry III.

"In the year 1700 it came into the poſſeſſion of Sir Bartlet Lucy, who ſold the materials of the chapel to one Taylor, a carpenter of Southampton, who took off the roof, which to that time was entire.

"*Browne Willis* ſuperſtitiouſly relates that this Taylor, while he was treating with Sir Bartlet Lucy for the materials, was often diſturbed with dreams, and even apparations. One night in particular he dreamt that a large ſtone fell upon him and killed him, and ſoon after his dream was realized, for the whole body of the window fell upon him and cruſhed him to death; it afterwards belonged to Henry Clift, Eſq. who ſold it to the late Mr. Dummer, in whoſe family it remains. Part of the chapel is ſtill ſtanding, which was built in the form of a croſs, and though greatly defaced, ſtill ſhews it was once an elegant building. There are likewiſe remains of the refectory and the kitchen. The whole is ſo overgrown with ivy, and interſperſed with trees, that it inſpires the moſt pleaſing melancholy.

"At ſome diſtance from the building there are viſible large mounds, formerly ſerving as heads to fiſh-ponds, and reſervoirs for water.

"A few paces to the northward, and nearer to the river, ſtands a ſmall ruined caſtle, which, by its conſtruction, ſeems of much later date than the abbey.

abbey. In the abbey is a hole on the right-hand, in what is called the Abbot's kitchen, which according to the preſent vulgar opinion, is deemed a ſubterraneous paſſage leading to this caſtle, but it was in all probability a vault. This kitchen ſeems to have been that made by the Marquiſs of Huntingdon."

There is a road from Southampton to

Lymington, though the direct road is through Rumſey. It is a ſmall but populous town, ninety-ſeven miles from London, an antient borough by preſcription governed by a mayor, aldermen, and twelve capital burgeſſes. The ſituation is pleaſant, on an eminence, from whence there is a fine proſpect of the Iſle of Wight. At the diſtance of about half a mile are the ſalt-works, which uſed to ſupply the greateſt part of the kingdom with that uſeful article, and the ſalt is ſaid to be the beſt in England, great quantities being uſed all along the coaſt, in curing the fiſh, which is annually ſent to the Streights. Here is a good dock where many merchant ſhips are held, and the ſea is navigable to the quay for veſſels of conſiderable burthen.

Weſt of Lymington, is

Chriſtchurch, which has nothing remarkable, except its being ſituated at the conflux of the Avon, with the Stour from Dorſetſhire. Here was a caſtle built by Richard de Rever, the Earl of Devonſhire, to whom King Henry I. gave this town in fee. It returns two members to parliament.

Croſſing the country to the eaſtern part of Hampſhire, we come to

Petersfield, a great thoroughfare town, in the road to Portſmouth: It is ſituated in a pleaſant fruitful ſoil, on the borders of Suſſex, fifty-five miles from London. King Charles II. made it a Barony, in favour of the Ducheſs of Portſmouth.

It is a borough by the ſtile of mayor and commonalty: who, though incorporated by Queen Elizabeth and other more ancient charters, ſupinely gave up all their privileges to be managed by the family of the Hamborrows, Lords of the Manor, at whoſe court the mayor is annually choſe.

Deviating a little from the main road, and branching off to the ſouth-weſt, we reach

Biſhops Waltham, which gives name to the adjacent foreſt. In 1723, there were a gang of deer-ſtealers, called *the Blacks of Waltham*, becauſe they blacked their faces when they robbed in the neighbouring foreſt; they were ſoon ſuppreſſed by a proclamation, and act of parliament.

At Waltham are the runs of the Biſhop of Wincheſter's houſe, which ſtands a ſmall diſtance weſt of the town of Waltham. It was formerly one of the houſes of the Biſhops of Wincheſter, and probably procured to the town the appellation of Biſhop's Waltham. Since ſometimes corruptly called *Buſh Waltham*. The ſite ſtill belongs to that See, and is held by the preſent tenant under a leaſe from the biſhop.*

Leland, in his Itinerary, ſays of this place, "Here the Biſhop of Wincheſter had a right ample, and goodly maner place, moted about, and a party brooke running hard by it.

"The maner-place hath been of many biſhops building, moſt part of the three partes of the baſe court was builded of bricke and timbre of late days, by Biſhop Langton. This biſhop appears in Godwin, died of the plague anno. 1500.

"The reſidew of the inner part of the houſe is al of ſtone." *Camden*, in whoſe time it was ſtanding, calls it a ſtately ſeat of the Biſhops of Wincheſter.

* Groſſe.

This

This houſe was demoliſhed during the troubles in the reign of King Charles I. at which time Walter Curle was Biſhop of Wincheſter, who ſuffered likewiſe in his private fortune, which was put under ſequeſtration, and he refuſing to take the covenant, was not ſuffered to compound.

Only part of the weſt front, conſiſting of the outer walls, ſome windows of the great hall, and adjoining apartments, overgrown with ivy, and a broken tower, are now ſtanding; but ſcattered pieces of buildings, and half buried fragments of croſs walls, extend over a conſiderable ſpace. From a careful inveſtigation of theſe, a gentleman, who lives in the neighbourhood has made out a ground plan, from which, and the traditions of ſome ancient inhabitants, the following conjectures of its ſtate when entire, are formed.

Its area was in figure a right angled parallelogram, the four ſides nearly fronting the four Cardinal points of the compaſs: its eaſt and weſt ſides meaſuring three hundred, and its north and ſouth an hundred and eighty feet.

It conſiſts of two courts, of which the outer or north court, was conſiderably the largeſt. The entrance was near the northernmoſt end of the weſt ſide, through a gate ſeventeen feet wide, having on the left ſide a porter's lodge. Adjoining to this lodge was the ſervants office, which formed the north ſide. On the weſt was the kitchen, ſcullery and brewhouſes. The eaſt was occupied by the barns and ſtables: and on the ſouth were offices and lodging rooms, with the gate leading to the ſecond court.

In the ſecond, or inner court, on the weſt ſide, was a great hall, lighted by five large Gothic windows: its length was ſixty feet, width twenty-ſeven, and height twenty-five feet.

Oppoſite, on the eaſt ſide of the court, was a chapel of the ſame dimenſions as the hall. The north

north ſide had probably a cloiſter, and over it lodging rooms, or a long gallery.

The ſouth ſide was ſeemingly the body of the houſe; the rooms, it is ſaid, were from twenty to twenty-two feet high. On the angles, made by the concurrence of this ſide with thoſe of the eaſt and weſt, were two ſquare towers; part only of one on the ſouth-weſt angle remaining, the other is entirely down. Each of its ſides meaſures ſeventeen feet within the walls. There is ſtill to be ſeen the fire place of the ground floor; alſo thoſe of the firſt and ſecond ſtory. The height of the rooms in this tower was about fourteen feet; all the outſide walls are ſix, and the inner walls four feet thick. Moſt of them have been pulled down, and carried away for the ſake of the materials.

On the weſt ſide ran a ditch twenty-five feet wide, between which and the wall was a walk. About forty feet weſt of the ditch is a large pond, which is ſaid to have been formerly half a mile long, and a furlong broad. To the eaſt of the houſe are large gardens, walled round with brick, and the remains of two lodges. Here was alſo a park, reported to have contained one thouſand acres, now converted into a farm. The brook mentioned by *Leland* is nameleſs; it riſes in the lanes a little above the town, and empties itſelf into the ſea at Berſledon Hamble.

Here died, September the 27th, 1404, aged eighty years, William of Wykeham, Biſhop of Wincheſter, ſo famous for his ſkill in architecture, as we have before mentioned in our account of Windſor Caſtle.

South of Biſhop's Waltham is *Tichfield*, a pleaſant little town, about ten miles from Southampton, with a bridge over the river Alre, and a good road below called Tichfield Bay, near the mouth of Southampton Bay, where it receives the Hamble.

Adjoining

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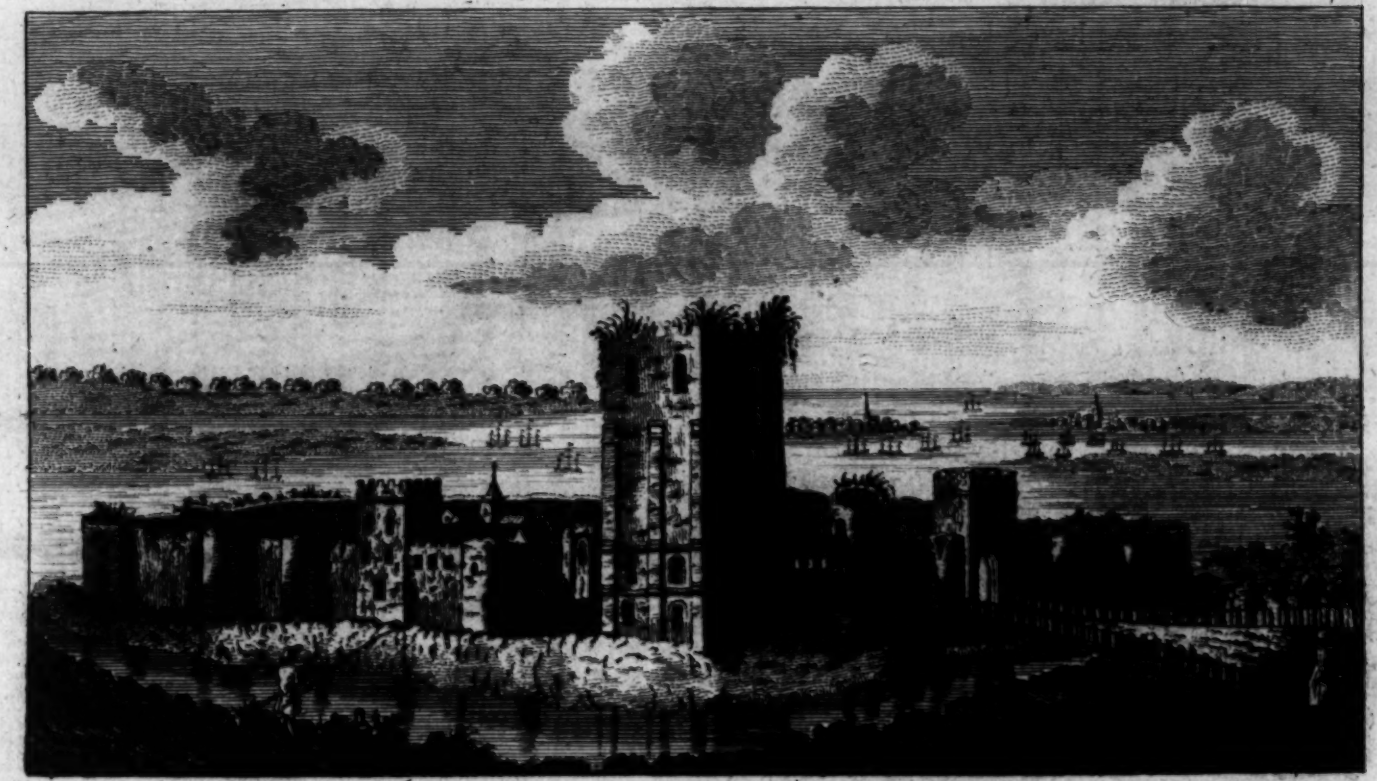


Porchester Castle Hampshire.

Adjoining to this town, is

Tichfield House, pleaſantly ſituated near the weſtern banks of the river, on the ſpot where formerly ſtood an abbey of the Præmonſtratenſian Canons, built in 1231, by Peter de Rupibus or de la Roche, Biſhop of Wincheſter, who obtained this manor of King Henry III. It is dedicated to the honour of the Virgin Mary: according to *Stowe*, this was the place where the marriage of King Henry VI. was ſolemnized with Margaret of Anjou, and at this houſe King Charles I. was concealed in his flight from Hampton Court. The building is at preſent much in ruins, very little of the antient manſion remaining at this preſent time.

Not far from Tichfield is *Porcheſter*, near Portſey Iſle, between Fareham and Portſmouth. In the reign of King Henry II. it gave name to a foreſt. In this village is

Porcheſter Caſtle, five miles north-weſt of Portſmouth. It was once a town of note, then called *Caer-Peris*. *Stowe*, from *Roule*, ſays it was built by Gurgunſtus, ſon of Beline, who lived three hundred and ſeventy-five years before Chriſt; it was, likewiſe, according to tradition, the place where Veſpaſian landed; it had then a famous harbour, but the ſea retiring, the inhabitants left the place, and removed to the iſland of Portſey. Both the founder and the time when this caſtle was built are unknown; but it is univerſally allowed to be of great antiquity.

The caſtle is a ſquare, whoſe internal ſide is four hundred and forty feet; its area contains four acres, four chains and ſeven perches.

The walls are ſix feet thick and about fifteen high, having in many places a paſſage round them, covered with a parapet. It has eighteen towers of

Porchester Castle Hampshire

various ſhapes and magnitudes, including thoſe of the keep, and is ſurrounded on the north, weſt, and ſouth ſides, by a ditch of different breadths, fifteen feet deep; on the eaſt it has been filled up by the ſea. The entrance is on the weſt ſide, through a gate, thirty feet deep and fourteen wide, under a ſquare tower. On the inſide, over the gate, are two projecting figures, ſomewhat reſembling Egyptian Sphinxes. In the eaſt wall directly oppoſite this gate, is another of like dimenſions. There are likewiſe two ſally-ports.

The keep encompaſſes a parallelogram of ſixty-five by an hundred and fifteen feet. It has four towers, three of them ſtanding on the outſide wall; one of which much larger than the reſt, forms the north-weſt angle of the ſquare; the fourth ſtands at the ſouth-eaſt corner of this building. Here are many rooms, ſeveral very large, and ſome arched with ſtone; among them, one which appears to have been a chapel. The entrance is through a gate, on the ſouth ſide, only eight feet wide. Several of theſe towers, as well as part of the walls, are now in ruins.

Towards the ſouth-eaſt part of the area of the ſquare, ſtands St. Mary's or the pariſh church of Porcheſter.

This church has manifeſt marks of great antiquity; and by a moulding on the ſouth ſide of the tower, formerly ſerving to cover the extremity of the roof. It appears it had once a ſouth aiſle, anſwering to that now ſtanding on the north, which compleated the form of the croſs. The eaſt end has been likewiſe rebuilt, as is viſible by a ſimilar circumſtance, which ſhews it was formerly of the ſame height as the weſt part of the body of the church. The arches over the doors and windows of the ancient part are all circular, and at the weſt end are richly decorated with thoſe indented orna-

ments

ments which characterize the ſtyle of Saxon architecture. It was beautified in the year 1710, by Queen Anne. In it is a curious font, and alſo the monument of Sir Thomas Cornwallis, Knt. Groom-porter to Queen Elizabeth, and King James the firſt.

In the laſt and two preceding wars it was rented by the government for the keeping of the Spaniſh and French priſoners. Of the latter, there were in the year 1761, upwards of four thouſand confined in this place. This occaſioned ſeveral temporary buildings and conveniencies to be erected; the pulling of theſe down, together with the breaches made by the priſoners, in attempting to eſcape, has not a little co-operated with Time in his depredations on this ancient ſtructure.

The *Iſland of Portſea* is about fourteen miles in compaſs, ſurrounded at high tide on all ſides by the ſea, but united to the continent at the northern extremity by *Port-bridge*, which was formerly defended by a fortreſs. In this iſland

Portſmouth is ſituated, ſeventy-three miles and a half from London. It is eſteemed the key of England, from its moſt regular fortification. The French burnt it in the reign of Richard II. but the town recovered ſo much in ſix years time, that the inhabitants fitted out ſome ſhips, with which they not only beat the French at ſea as they were returning to inſult theſe coaſts, but actually entered the Seine two years after, ſunk ſeveral ſhips there, and brought off a great booty of wine. Edward IV. began the fortifications here, which were augmented by Henry VII. and Queen Elizabeth ſo greatly improved them at a vaſt expence, that nothing was thought wanting to compleat them; but our modern engineers have far outdone thoſe in her time. In the civil wars this town was ſecured for the Parliament, and continued in that intereſt till the reſtoration, when Catharine the Infanta of Portugal

tugal arrived here, and was met by King Charles II. to conſumate their marriage.

In Portſmouth Haven a thouſand ſail of the biggeſt ſhips may ride ſecure: the mouth is not ſo broad as the Thames at Weſtminſter, and that ſecured on Goſport ſide by *Charles-fort*, *James-fort*, *Borough-fort*, and *Blockhouſe fort*, which has a platform of above twenty great guns level with the water. On the other ſide by Portſmouth ſtands South-ſea Caſtle, built by King Henry VIII. The government has within theſe few years bought and annually occupied, more ground for additional works, and no doubt it may be made impregnable, for a ſhallow water may be brought quite round it. The yards, the docks, the ſtore-houſes, where all the furniture is laid up in the exacteſt order (ſo that the workmen can find any implement in the dock) exceed imagination; as do the immenſe quantity of all ſorts of military and naval ſtores. The rope-houſe is eight hundred and ſeventy feet long, one continued room, almoſt a quarter of a mile. Some of the cables made here require an hundred men to work them; and their labour is ſo hard that they can work at them but four hours in a day.

The ſmalleſt number of men continually employed in the yard is a thouſand. Theſe in time of war are diſciplined and all formed into a regiment. The commiſſioner is colonel; the builder, lieutenant-colonel; the clerk of the cheque, major; and the reſt of the officers, captains, lieutenants, &c.

For the ſecurity of this port, beſides the advantages it derives from nature, there is alſo a good counterſcarp, double moat, with ravelins in the ditch, and double paliſadoes, and advanced works, to cover the place from any approach, where it might be practicable. On the land ſide the ſtrength has been greatly augmented within theſe late years, by fortifications raiſed about the docks and yards; and thoſe parts

parts made a particular ſtrength by themſelves; and they are indeed in ſome ſenſe independent one on another, ſo that they cannot be ſeparately attacked on that ſide, while they are both in the ſame hands.

The docks and yards reſemble a little town, there being particular rooms of dwellings built at the public charge, for all the principal officers of the place; eſpecially for the commiſſioner, the agent for the victualling, and ſuch like.

Camden ſays, that ſome of the garriſon in Elizabeth's reign, kept guard day and night at the town gates, and others, at the top of the church tower, where by ringing a bell they gave notice what force was advancing towards the town; and by waving of the colours from what quarter they came. This bell is ſtill tolled there, to give an account of the number of ſhips that enter the harbour.

Another capital convenience to the harbour of Portſmouth, is the ſafe and ſpacious road of Spithead, which lies between the continent and the Iſle of Wight. It is about twenty miles in length, and in ſome places no leſs than three in breadth; ſo that a thouſand ſhips may ride here with the greateſt eaſe and ſafety. It is defended from all winds blowing from the weſt to the ſouth-eaſt, by the high lands of the Iſle of Wight, and from the winds of the oppoſite quarter by the mid-land of Hampſhire, the town of Portſmouth fronting the middle of the road. The ſingular ſecurity for the ſhipping here has induced the ſailors to expreſs the eaſe and ſafety they enjoy, by calling it *the King's Bedchamber*.

The town of Portſmouth is governed by a mayor and aldermen, &c. and returns two members to parliament. The buſineſs of the navy is now greatly increaſed, and ſo much always done here, as renders it a populous and thriving place. This great increaſe of people and buſineſs has within

theſe

theſe few years, raiſed a ſuburb, or rather a new town, on the heathy ground adjoining, called the *Common*, as the old town could not contain the number of people that were continually flocking to it; this likewiſe occaſioned an act to be paſſed for erecting a chapel on the common, for divine ſervice, the pariſh-church being not capable of holding one third of the inhabitants.

July 3, 1760, at twelve in the morning a dreadful fire broke out, in the dock-yard of this place, in a fine pile of building that was filled with ſome of the beſt ſtores for his Majeſty's navy; in the lower part of which were pitch, tar, oil, and turpentine; in the upper, cables, ropes, ſails and canvaſs. The next ſtore-houſe was the ſpinning-houſe, and above it hemp. The next, where the bell ſtood, was a long lane, piled up with decayed ſtores; the next to that were the rope-makers laying walk, and the tarring walk, over which were ſails, canvaſs, and ropes; all which were conſumed. The beams, by the violence of the fire, flew in the air like ſo many paper ſerpents, and many of them fell in Goſport. It rained very hard all night. It is thought that the ſtores caught fire by the lightning, which was very terrible, the element appearing as all on a blaze. In the warehouſes conſumed, were repoſited a thouſand and fifty tons of hemp, five hundred tons of cordage, and about ſeven hundred ſails, beſides many hundred barrels of tar, oil, &c. Yet with all this devaſtation, amounting to a very great loſs, ſuch was the diligence exerted, and ſuch were the quantity of ſtores in the naval way at Chatham, and other magazines of this nature, that all was eaſily and very ſoon ſupplied, without any very ſenſible loſs by the public, though in the midſt of a very heavy and expenſive war.

Goſport,

Goſport, on the other ſide the creek, is a large town, with a good trade; here the ſailors wives live for the moſt part, and travellers chuſe to lodge, every thing being cheaper, and more convenient than at Portſmouth; and boats continually paſſing from one to another, it being like Southwark to London, only it has no bridge.

On the right of Portſmouth, in the road from Petersfield to Portſmouth, is

Southweek, the ſeat of the late Richard Norton, Eſq. who died in December 1732, and left his real eſtate of about ſix thouſand pounds per ann. and a perſonal eſtate, ſaid to be the value of ſixty thouſand pounds, to the poor hungry and thirſty, naked and ſtrangers, ſick, wounded and priſoners, to the end of the world, and appointed the parliament of Great Britain to be his executors; and in caſe of their refuſal, the Biſhops; and left his pictures, and other valuables to the King. But his will was afterwards ſet aſide on the ſcore of inſanity, ſtrong marks of which it carried on the face of it.

About three miles from Portſmouth, are

Hilſey Barracks, which will contain about two thouſand ſoldiers. And neart Havant is

Warblington, formerly a beautiful ſeat of the Earls of Saliſbury, and afterwards of the Cottons.

South of Warblington, are the two iſlands of *Thorney* and *Haling*, with each a pariſh church. The hills leading from Havant to Portſmouth, afford a delightful view of the ſea for miles together, on theſe are placed beacons, to give notice of invaſions in time of danger.

In the north-eaſt part of this county, is the direct road to Baſingſtoke, which paſſes through Staines and Bagſhot, and enters Hampſhire at Blackwater, at Hartley Row a road ſtrikes off to

Odiam or *Odiham*, a corporation town, formerly a free borough of the Biſhop of Wincheſter. It is recorde[d]

recorded in hiſtory for its royal palace and ſtrong caſtle, which in King John's time was defended for fifteen days by thirteen men only, againſt Lewis the Dauphin, and the Barons army. In the reign of Edward III. David King of Scots, was kept priſoner here. This was the birth-place of William Lilly, the famous Grammarian, and maſter of St. Paul's School. Here is a charity-ſchool for thirty boys, to which a tradeſman of this town gave the uſe of ſix hundred pounds.

Baſingſtoke, forty-ſix miles and a half from London, is an ancient town, populous, and carries on a conſiderable malt trade, &c. The corporation conſiſts of a mayor, aldermen, recorder, and other officers. There are three charity ſchools, in one of which twelve boys are taught, cloathed, and maintained by the Skinners company in London. This town is noted for a bloody battle which was fought in its neighbourhood in 871, between King Etheldred and the Danes, when the latter proved victorious.

On a hill on the north ſide of, and overlooking the town of Baſingſtoke, is

Holy Ghoſt Chapel. It was built in the beginning of the reign of Henry VII. by Sir William, afterwards Lord Sandes, who, with Richard Fox, Biſhop of Wincheſter, obtained a licence from that prince to found a free ſchool here, and thereupon to eſtabliſh a Guild by the name of the Brotherhood, or Guild of the Holy Ghoſt, which was by a perpetual ſucceſſion to continue for ever. To this Brotherhood an eſtate was given by Sir William Sandes, for the maintenance of a prieſt to perform divine ſervice in the chapel, and therein, likewiſe, to inſtruct youth in literature.

The chapel was, when entire, a beautiful building, elegantly finiſhed, as is ſtill viſible from its remains. *Loggan* deſcribing it ſays, the outſide of it

it was of free-ſtone curiouſly ornamented; neither was the inſide leſs beautiful. Upon the roof of it, as we are told by *Camden*, the hiſtory of the prophets, apoſtles, and diſciples of Chriſt was very artificially depicted; but through neglect of repairs it is now in ruins; part of the eaſt and ſouth walls only remain ſtanding, and an hexagonal turret to the ſouth-weſt, almoſt entire, which was formerly a ſtair-caſe. My Lord Sandes, the founder, is by *Camden*, ſaid to be buried in this chapel. If, as is highly probable, he had any monument erected, it is now hid by the rubbiſh.

There is a tradition that this chapel was covered with lead, which was taken off and converted into bullets for the ſiege of Baſing-houſe. This is contradicted by another, which ſays, that it was tiled, and that the tiles were remaining not many years ago. Beſides theſe, there are ſeveral other abſurd ſtories, ſuch as, that this chapel was formerly in ſo high repute, that many pilgrimages were made to it; and that once ſeven Saxon Kings were all worſhiping here at the ſame time.

Weſtward of, and adjoining to the ruins of this chapel, ſtands a building, though but in indifferent repair, conſiſting of one large regular room, about forty feet in length, and twenty-four in breadth. This is the only chapel and ſchool-room that of late years has been made uſe of. On this building is an inſcription, commemorating Biſhop Morley for procuring the re-opening of the ſchool, and the reſtitution.

This gate was moſt probably built at the ſame time as the walls of the town, that is, about the year 1338, being the twelfth of King Edward the third.

It is extremely remarkable for the ſingularity of its form, and not much leſs ſo for the abſurdity of its conſtruction, conſidered as the gate of a for-

tified town: for though great care was taken to give it ſufficient ſolidity to reſiſt the efforts of an enemy, its projecting buttreſſes kindly extend themſelves, ſo as to form a ſafe lodgment for a conſiderable number of aſſailants, covered from the ſight of the adjoining tower, and liable to no other annoyance than what might be given from the oillets, or loop-holes, and the machicolations of the gate, and yet this was erected for the defence of the town, ſoon after it had been burned and plundered. Examined in a civil light, it is hardly leſs exceptionable, being narrow, dark and inconvenient. It is ſaid the corporation propoſe taking it down.*

North of Baſingſtoke, on the borders of Berkſhire, is

Silcheſter, famous for its antiquity, being the ruins of the ancient city of *Vindoinea*, or *Vindonum*, ſaid to have been built by Conſtantius, the ſon of Conſtantine the Great, and that he ſowed corn in the tract of the walls, as an omen of their perpetuity. But now indeed the whole city is arable, and has only one farm-houſe and a church. The reverend and learned Mr. Bethem, late miniſter of this place, is buried under the north wall of the chancel, without-ſide; within is another monument of a perſon of quality. They were both drowned in Fleet-ditch.

Silcheſter is ſituated high, but covered from the eye by Pember Foreſt. Several of the Roman roads met at this place, and the walls of the ancient city are ſtill to be ſeen, more or leſs perfect, quite round; perhaps the moſt entire in the Roman empire. It is compoſed of flint and rag-ſtone, and round the wall was a broad ditch, now almoſt impaſſable, and full of ſprings.

* Groſſe.

Another

Another great curioſity worthy the attention of the traveller, is an amphitheatre five hundred feet north-eaſt of this city. The vulgar think this a caſtle, and this noble piece of antiquity has from time immemorial, been a yard for cattle and a watering pond, ſo that it is a wonder it has not been more defaced by their trampling.

Though the traveller is entertained with theſe curioſities at Silcheſter, he muſt not expect to meet with any accommodation within three miles of it, where is *Aldermaſton*, a pretty neat village, beautifully ſituated, and the neareſt place where lodging is to be found. North-weſt of Silcheſter, is

Kingdere, a pleaſant market town, ſituated fifty-ſix miles from London, and on the Oxford road from Baſingſtoke. It is noted for having been the ſeat of the Saxon monarchs, which its name imports.

From Baſingſtoke, is another road, which runs directly weſt, to

Whitchurch, which ſtands on the direct road to Saliſbury, fifty-eight miles from London. It is a ſmall town, but pleaſantly ſituated on the ſkirts of the foreſt of Chute. It is governed by a mayor, and returns two members to parliament. Near it at *Early Wallop*, the Earl of Portſmouth has a new built ſeat, and another at Hurſburn, both delightfully ſituated, and well furniſhed, with wood and water. From hence the direct road continues to

Andover, ſixty-five miles from London. It derives its name from the Saxon *Andeavaran*, i. e. a ferry or paſſage over the river, and comes out of the foreſt of Chute, on which it ſtands. The town is large, handſome, populous and well built; it is pleaſantly ſituated on the ſide of the Downs, which makes it as healthy as it is delightful. Here was anciently a college of Benedictine monks belonging to an abbey in France. The firſt charter

it

it had was from King John. It was incorporated by Queen Elizabeth, by the name of a bailiff, ſteward, recorder and other officers. Here is an hoſpital for ſix men, built and endowed by —— Pollen, Eſq. one of the repreſentatives for this borough, in ſeveral parliaments of King William. Here is likewiſe a free-ſchool, founded in 1569.

Near this town is a village called

Waybill, where the open Downs begin, commonly though not properly, called, *Saliſbury Plains*, at this village, which though almoſt deſerted by inhabitants, yet the greateſt fair for ſheep in the nation is kept, and principally of ewes, for ſtore ſheep, for the farmers in the neighbouring counties.

From Baſingſtoke, another road turns off to the ſouth weſt, to

Stockbridge, ſixty-ſeven miles from London. It is governed by a bailiff, conſtable and ſerjeant, and is a borough, noted for its corporation in electing members of parliament, two of which it returns.

We cannot here omit the memorable ſtratagem by which Sir Richard Steele carried his election for this borough, againſt a powerful oppoſition in the reign of Queen Anne. Having made a great entertainment for the burgeſſes and their wives, and after having been very gay and facetious among them, he took up a large apple, ſtuck it full of guineas, and declared it the prize of that man, whoſe wife ſhould be firſt brought to bed after that day nine months. This merry offer of ſo golden an apple, afforded a great deal of mirth, and was ſo well reliſhed, eſpecially by the good women, who could not reſiſt the temptation of a fruit, by which the firſt of their ſex fell, prevailed on their huſbands to vote for Sir Richard, and whom it is ſaid they actually commemorate to this day, and that they once made a ſtrong puſh to get a ſtanding order that no man ſhould be received as a candidate for their

their borough, who did not offer himſelf upon the ſame terms. Sir Richard, not long after, complimented the bailiff, by dedicating a treatiſe to him upon the importance of Dunkirk, (then not demoliſhed, as it ought to have been by the treaty of Utrecht) but for ſome expreſſions therein, which rather deſerved a reward, he was expelled the houſe.

Wallop, a little beyond Stockbridge, is the name of three villages, the *Upper*, *Middle* and *Nether*, which ſtand upon a river of the ſame name, that falls thereabouts into the Teſe. They gave name and title of Baron to Sir John Wallon in 1513; who fitted out ſome ſhips, and with eight hundred men burnt twenty-one towns in Normandy, and all the French ſhips in the ports of Naples, Tripoli, &c. in revenge for piracies committed by one of the Knights of Malta in the Britiſh ſeas.

Above Stockbridge, near Andover, is

Wherwell, where was formerly a nunnery, built by the Saxon Queen Aelfrith, the greateſt beauty of her age, to atone for the wicked vow ſhe had made to kill her ſon in law King Edward, and alſo for the murder committed by her huſband, King Edgar, on her former huſband, Ethelwold, that he might gain her for his wife, of whom that Earl had beguiled him. This belonged to the Lord Delawar, by exchange in the reign of Henry VIII. and was the ſeat of the late Sir John Fryar, Lord Mayor of London, who ſupported a charity-ſchool here.

Isle of Wight, HAMPSHIRE.

We ſhall here take notice of the Iſle of Wight, which lies oppoſite the ſouth part of Hampſhire. It was called by the Romans, *Vecta*, *Vactis* and *Vectesis*, by the Saxons *Wiht* and *Wihtland*; and by the

the Britons *Guith*. A ſmall, but rapid channel ſeparates it from the continent of Britain, to which it is ſuppoſed to have been formerly joined. This iſland, from eaſt to weſt, is of an eliptical, or oval form, twenty miles in length, twelve in the middle, where broadeſt, and ſixty in circumference; the ſides lying north and ſouth; but the ſea breaks in ſo far on the north ſide, as almoſt divides it into two parts; that on the weſt, called *Freſhwater*, and the eaſt part *Binbridge Iſle*. It has four market towns, of which three are parliamentary boroughs, viz. *Newport*, *Yarmouth* and *Newton*; and is encompaſſed with rocks, of which the moſt noted are the *Shingles* and the *Needles*, ſo called from the ſharpneſs, in the weſterly part. The *Brambles*, on the north; and at the eaſterly point the *Mixen*, ſo called from their filth, the Saxon word meaning a dung-hill. This advantageous ſituation renders it almoſt inacceſſible; and the well diſciplined militia, the caſtles, &c. are ſtrong protectors againſt the invaſions of an enemy.

The air is peculiarly healthy, the truth of which is confirmed by the inhabitants being generally long lived, vigorous, and able to undergo much labour; and from their not being a phyſician ſettled on the iſland. The land is admirably fertile, their proviſions good, and their game plenty. The ſurrounding ſea furniſhes them with abundance of fiſh; and the long ridge of hills which runs through the middle of the iſland, affords fine paſture for their ſheep, whoſe wool only yields pre-eminence to that of Lemſter and Coſwold. In ſhort, the numerous advantages this iſland poſſeſſes makes it a moſt agreeable and deſirable ſpot to reſide in, and the traveller is pleaſed with paſſing over a country delightfully varied with hills, dales, mountains, rocks, wood and water, in the utmoſt perfection.

The

The hiſtorical events of this iſland are too copious to relate them circumſtantially, we ſhall therefore briefly point out the moſt ſtriking. In the year 45 Veſpaſian ſubjected it to the Romans. Cerdic, the firſt King of the Weſt Saxons, was the firſt of that nation who ſubdued it, and gave it to two of his favourites, who put the inhabitants to the ſword, and peopled it with their followers, the Jutes and the Saxons. In the year 1012, King Etheldred was drove by Swain, King of Denmark into this Iſland, where, with a ſmall retinue he continued great part of the winter, and then ſailed to Normandy, to which he had ſent his Queen Emma, and his two ſons, Alfred and Edward, before him. This iſland was once erected into a kingdom by Henry VI. for he not only gave it to his favourite, Henry de Beauchamp, whom he had loaded with titles and honours, but he crowned him King of Wight, and of Jerſey and Guernſey, with his own hands. In the reign of King Henry VIII. two thouſand French landed here, but were repulſed with great loſs, which ſo exaſparated the French King, that he ſhipped an army, with which he was confident of reducing the whole iſland, but hearing he was like to be oppoſed by equal ſtrength, he gave over all attempts of the kind.

The government of this iſland, which is a poſt of great truſt and honour, is always lodged in a general, admiral, or ſome other perſon of the firſt rank; and under him are all the governors of the forts and caſtles of the iſland, where is commonly a whole regiment in garriſon, and ſometimes more. It is ſubject to the juriſdiction of the Biſhop of Wincheſter in eccleſiaſtical matters, and under the county of Southampton in civil affairs.

At Portſmouth or Southampton are boats which paſs over to the Iſle of Wight, and land at Cowes

or

or at Ride, on a fine dry coaſt, where cultivation riſes immediately from the water.

Cowes is the name of two pretty towns, one on the eaſt, the other on the weſt ſide of the river. The weſt is the chief ſea-port town in this iſland, and has a caſtle with a reſident governor, who is alſo deputy-governor of the Iſle of Wight.

About a mile or two from this town is *Gurnard's Bay*. From the hills adjoining is a very fine romantic view, ſpoken highly of by Mr. *Young*, "In front (he ſays) the view is bounded on the other ſide of the water by New Foreſt, with the diſtant hills beyond. The Dorſetſhire hills riſe in fine variety, in particular one large and two ſmall and irregular ones. To the left, the iſland projects in four promontories, which are diſtinctly ſeen one beyond another; the further is a hill in a dark ſhade; the next, higher grounds, varied in incloſures; nearer to one another, in which the corn-fields, cut by fine hedges, break boldly to the very water, the plough-men ſeem to tread the main. A piece of wild broken ground, forming a noble ſhore, ſeparates this land from another promontory almoſt at your feet, which is a fine ſlope of wood, that dips quite to the water; its head a cultivated field, the whole ſcene is complete; all within the eyes ken; the whole great, various and beautiful. Nor is the northern part of this iſland deſtitute of more rural views, though not in the whole equal to them in the ſouthern. From Cockleton farm in Northwood pariſh, a vale winds under a ſpreading hill, cut into incloſures, and finely fringed with wood, on which the views are truly pictureſque; the water is not much ſeen, but it is varied by an admirable out-line of hill and wood, through which it twice breaks: likewiſe from the junction of three lanes, that lead to Newport, Gurnard, and Ruge ſtreet, is ſeen a true painter's landſcape.

John

West Cowes Castle.

John Stevens, Esq. of West Cowes, has an agreeable seat on a rising ground near the sea, which commands a noble view of the channel, from Portsmouth quite to Lymington, and the mouth of the Southampton river. This scene is rendered delightfully pleasing, by the enlivening addition of a number of large ships, and small fishing-boats, &c. constantly moving on this beautiful expanse of water. Besides these, the home views are no less delightful, and you have several agreeable prospects, picturesque scenes, and bird's-eye landscapes, the whole forming a variety uncommonly entertaining.

Newport, which is seven miles from Cowes, is the principal town in the island. It is a very ancient borough by prescription, with the title of bailiffs and burgesses, but did not send members to parliament till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, since which it returns two.

It is a large populous town, governed by a mayor, aldermen, recorder, &c. which charter of incorporation was granted by king James I. It is agreeably situated on Cowes river, and vessels of small burden can come up to the key here. Here is a charity-school well endowed. The church is only a chapel of ease to Carisbrooke.

About a mile south of the town of Newport, on an eminence which overlooks the village of Carisbrooke, the castle of Carisbrooke is situated. Here was, it is said, a castle, or fort, built by the Britons, and repaired by the Romans, when this island was subdued by Vespasian, in the year 45, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. This was afterwards rebuilt by Wightgar, the Saxon, who, according to Stowe, was King of the island about the year 519: he called it *Wight-garisbourgh*, of which Carisbrooke is supposed to be a corrupted contraction. This building again falling to decay, either through length of time, or some other means, was

a ſecond time re-edified in the reign of King Henry I. by Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devonſhire; and *Camden* ſays, it was once more magnificently rebuilt by the governors of this iſland. He makes uſe of the expreſſion, "Lately;" which is by Biſhop Gibſon altered to that of "the laſt age." Some great repairs were done here by Queen Elizabeth. In a ſhield over the outer gate, there is the date 159, (the remaining figure is ſo overgrown with ivy, as to be rendered illegible) beneath this are the initials, E R. and under them the figures 40. Perhaps ſhe built this gate and the outer works, which have a more modern appearance than the other parts of this edifice.

The walls of the ancient part of the caſtle encloſe a ſpace, whoſe area is about an acre and an half; its ſhape nearly that of a right angled parallelogram, with the angles rounded off; the greateſt length is from eaſt to weſt. The entrance is on the weſt ſide, over a bridge, in a curtain, between two baſtions; then through a ſmall gate, over which is the inſcription before cited; from this, by a paſſage, having on each ſide an embattled wall, and under a very handſome machicolated gate, flanked, with two round towers, the old door, with its wicket opening into the caſtle yard, is ſtill remaining; it is formed of ſtrong lattice-work, having at each croſſing a piece of iron, kept down by a large nail.

On the right is a ſmall chapel, with a burying-ground, walled in; over the door is carved G. 2d. 1738, and at the eaſt end is a ſtone tablet, ſhewing that it was repaired during the government of Lord Lymmington: at preſent there is no ſervice in it. It is ſaid that there is a farm in the iſland, the tythes of which, amounting to twelve pounds per annum, belong to this chapel; the caſtle itſelf conſtituting the pariſh of St. Nicholas.

Farther

Farther on the left-hand, or north ſide, are ſeveral ruins of low buildings, ſaid to be thoſe where Charles the firſt was confined; and in one of them is ſhewn the window through which he attempted his eſcape. Beyond theſe are the barracks and governor's houſe, called the keep houſe; in which are many handſome rooms, with covered cielings. Ever ſince the laſt war, this has been converted into an hoſpital for ſick ſoldiers; the names of the wards being wrote in large letters over the different rooms. Indeed the goodneſs of the air, and the ſalubrity of its ſituation, makes it extremely well adapted for that purpoſe.

On the north eaſt angle, on a mount, raiſed conſiderably above the other buildings, ſtands the keep; it is an irregular polygon; the way to it is by an aſcent of ſeventy-two ſteps; and in it are nine more. From this place there is a moſt extenſive proſpect, the ſea being viſible to the north, eaſt, and ſouth, but hid on the weſt by a hill. Here was formerly a well, ſaid to be three hundred feet deep; but it is now filled up with rubbiſh. In the ſouth-eaſt angle ſtands the remains of a tower, called Mountjoy's tower; its walls are in ſome places eighteen feet thick; for the aſcending to the top of it there are likewiſe ſeveral ſteps. Theſe towers have the appearance of much greater antiquity than the other buildings of the caſtle. The ramparts between the towers are about twenty feet high, and eight thick: in both theſe dimenſions is included the parapet, which formerly ran all round the works: it is but two feet and a half thick.

The old caſtle is included within a more modern fortification; probably built by Queen Elizabeth; it is an irregular pentagon, faced with ſtone, and defended by five baſtions, on the outſide of which runs a deep ditch; the north curtain, perhaps on account

account of its length, has a break in the middle, to make a flank. Several guns are mounted on these works, which are said to be one mile and a half in circumference.*

From Cowes is another road to the right, which leads to

Newton, a little borough, at the end of a small creek. It is governed by a mayor and burgesses, and has sent members to parliament ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but it is the most inconsiderable of all the three boroughs.

Seven miles farther, by the sea-coast, is

Yarmouth, situated upon a creek, about a mile above the entrance of it. It is governed by a mayor, recorder, aldermen, bailiffs, and common-council. It is defended by a castle, and has a garrison. This town is called *South Yarmouth*, to distinguish it from *North Yarmouth*, in Norfolk. It sends two members to parliament.

In the south-west part of this island is

Appledore Combe Park; the country around this beautiful seat is uncommonly fine. From the hill great prospects are seen on every side; the surrounding hills wave in the noblest manner, and form in many places a striking outline to the sea; in the vales are many beautiful sweeps of inclosures, and several fine woods, all rich and distinctly seen. The *Needles*, which are vast rocks at the west point of this island, seven hundred feet perpendicularly high, bound the view one way in the boldest manner, and though fourteen miles off, rise so abruptly, that they appear but three or four.

All the way to *Steeple* the country is very beautiful, many fine views every where breaking to the eye. At Steeple there is a shore, and edging of

* Grose.

cultivation

cultivation, on a bold rocky ſea-coaſt, beneath vaſt hills, to the land, that have an appearance extremely ſtriking. The whole way as you advance, you ſee here and there little bird's-eye landſkips, a cottage with a hay-ſtack or two, under a few trees, and fine broken wild ground riſing about it. Theſe, and many other pictureſque views entertain the traveller in moving under the downs, among the incloſures which lead by Steeple. After advancing above two miles, let him go up the hill, and return to Steeple by the edge of the Downs. You there look down on the vale that ſkirts the ſea, in the moſt pleaſing manner; the coaſt forms an outline to the ſea amazingly fine; the corn-fields in ſome places ſeem to dip in the Ocean; in others, an humble vegetation forms the edging, hanging on the ſides of the hills.

The variety of the vale itſelf is great; the diverſity of the ſpots of ſhrubby grounds, broken with rocks, appearing among the rich incloſures, whoſe verdure ſurpaſſes the power of painting, gives a contraſt that ſtrikes the beholder. Single trees in one place, clumps in another; farms, cottages, and all the *riant* touches of a chearful landſcape, cut the little hills into diſtant pictureſque views, with an outline to the whole, as beautifully traced as fancy can conceive.

Mr. Stanley, governor of the iſland, has built a very elegant cottage, in a beautiful ſituation, beneath the downs: under one of the windows of the principal room, a ſpring, clear as cryſtal, riſes into a large ſhell of ſtone, which is always full, it comes in at one aperture, and flows out at another.*

We have nothing elſe left to remark in this iſland, except a very ſtrong caſtle at *Sandown*, or *Sanham*, which gives name to the Bay. There is another called *Shrapnore Caſtle*, where is alſo a garriſon. The Needles are the rocks on the weſtern ſide juſt oppoſite to Hurſt Caſtle, which runs out like a tongue

* Young.

tongue of land, ſo far into the ſea, that it is not above two miles over.

There are four other iſlands in the channel, over-againſt this iſland, viz. *Jerſey*, *Guernſey*, *Alderney*, and *Sark*, the old remains of the Duchy of Normandy: though theſe iſlands be much more remote from our coaſt, being ſituate pretty near France, and were once members of the Biſhopric of Coutance, in Normandy, yet as they were transferred from that dioceſe to Wincheſter, by the Pope's bull, in the year 1499, and as they were alſo annexed to this ſee by Queen Elizabeth, it is thought proper to treat of them under this ſhire. They lie, as it were, in a cluſter, in a great bay, called Mount St. Michael's, betwixt the Capes *La Hogue* in Normandy, and *Frebelle* in Bretagne. That which is farthett within the bay, and the largeſt, is,

JERSEY.

It lies about ſixteen leagues from Carteret, or Port Bail, in Normandy; and the buildings might be diſcerned from either coaſt. In the time of the Romans it was called *Cæſarea*, and its modern name is only a corruption of the old name *Jer*, being only a contraction of *Cæſar*, and *Ey*, an iſland, q. d. *Cæſar's Iſland*. It is not above twelve miles in length, and not much above ſix where broadeſt, which is at the two extremities. It is defended by rocks and quickſands, but their defence is dangerous to their navigation. Its north ſide from its lofty clifts is forty or fifty fathoms perpendicular from the ſea, but the ſouth is much lower, and almoſt level with the water.

The ſand, which is thrown up by the weſt wind, is of great hurt to the ſoil, which is otherwiſe good. Here is plenty of cattle, and the ground is well

well watered with brooks, &c. which drive a number of corn and fulling mills. A great quantity of cyder is made here. They abound in ſea-fowl, and land-fowl is in great plenty, eſpecially Soland geeſe, or barnacles, which come in very cold weather, and vulgarly ſuppoſed by the common people, to be produced from rotten wood, that has floated long in the ſea; but they are really birds of paſſage. The partridge here is an extreme beautiful bird; it has red feet, eyes like a pheaſant, and feathers of various colours: the fleſh is not more delicate than the Engliſh partridge, and it is a ſpecies common enough in the ſouthern countries. The fiſh there is much cheaper than in England. Beſides ſtore of carp and eel in gentlemen's fiſh-ponds, there are fiſh peculiar to this iſland, as the *Ormer*, (a contraction of *Oreille de Mer*) or *Auris Marina*, ſo called from its ſhape like a man's ear, though it is twice as big. It is a ſhell fiſh that has a ſolid lump of white pulp, very delicious. The ſhell on the inſide is of the colour and luſtre of mother of pearl, and has been uſed inſtead of it, for inlaid works. It has no under ſhell, but clings to the rock by the back, ſo that the ſhell covers the belly; it is found only at low water mark, at great ſpring tides. Beſides theſe, are many other ſorts, and the *Lancon*, or little lance, from its ſhape; it is never found in the water, but in ſome moving ſand-bank, left dry by the ſea, when the ſand being ſtirred by an iron hook, the fiſh ſpring up, and are caught by handfuls: they are more eaſily taken, by their gliſtering above the ſand. In Cornwall it is called a Sand Eel.

The air here is healthy, and thoſe people that are temperate live to a great age, but the ague ſometimes takes the poor peaſant by the back, after his toil in harveſt.

The manners of the inhabitants partake of the Engliſh and the French, but a broken French is the

the language of the pulpit and the bar. Here are twelve pariſhes, ſo laid out, that all have a communication more or leſs with the ſea, and theſe are divided into fifty-two *Vintaines*, ſo called from the number of twenty houſes, which each is ſuppoſed to have contained formerly; juſt as in England, ten houſes made a tithing.

The buildings of this iſland, which are generally of ſtone, are ſtrong and ſubſtantial, being for the moſt part a mixture of the hard and brittle rag-ſtone, the common ſtone of the iſland, and another ſort that comes from a rich quarry, on a hill called *Montmado*, where there is excellent ſtone, riſing in great blocks, and capable of being cut and ſhaped in regular ſquares, like that of Portland. Some very rich people have their houſes faced wholly with *Montmado* ſtone, which is of a reddiſh white, or with a bluiſh white ſtone, that comes from the French iſland *Chauze*, which are both of a very fine grain, and wrought with the point of a hammer, almoſt as ſleek as poliſhed marble. They are ſupplied with lime from France and England, and from the latter only with blue ſlate to cover their churches, &c. but this comes dear, and very often thatch ſupplies the place of it.

The governor of this Iſland is commonly a perſon of ſome rank; the civil government is adminiſtered by a bailiff, aſſiſted by twelve jurats. As he repreſents the King's perſon, by whom he is choſe in court, he has his ſeat raiſed there above the governors, in token of his independency, though every where out of court the governor precedes. The mace borne before the bailiff and magiſtrates at the convention, has this motto:

—— Tali haud omnes dignatur honore.

i. e.

Not all are with ſuch honours grac'd.

And

And under it a Latin inſcription, of which the following is a tranſlation.

" Charles the Second, the moſt ſerene King of " Great Britain, France and Ireland, has reſolved " that his royal favour towards the Iſle of Jerſey, " (in which he twice met with a place of refuge, " while he was excluded from the reſt of his domi- " nions) ſhould be conſecrated to poſterity by this " truly royal monument: and commanded that " hence forward it ſhould be borne before the " baillies, in perpetual memory of the loyalty, " preſerved both to his moſt auguſt father Charles " I. and to his Majeſty, during the rage of the " civil wars, by the moſt excellent men, Sir Phi- " lip and Sir George de Carteret, Knights, Baillies, " and Chief Governors of this Iſland."

Here are divers monuments of the druidical temples, &c. which are prodigious great flat rag-ſtones, raiſed three or four feet from the ground, and ſuſtained by others of leſs bulk. The natives call them *Poquelays*, and they are the altars on which the victims, often human, were ſacrificed. There are two particular monuments of Romiſh ſuperſtition; the firſt is called *La Chapelle de Notre Dame des pas*, from the Virgin Mary, who is ſaid to have left the print of her feet on the very ſpot of the rock on which the chapel is erected, even after her body was mouldered into duſt. The ſecond is termed *Haguebie:* it is a chapel over a tomb, built, as they ſay, by the diſconſolate widow of the Norman Lord de Hambie, who fell here by treachery, that ſhe might have the melancholy pleaſure of ſeeing her lord's burial-place from her window in Normandy, and to procure maſſes for his ſoul. The chapel was afterwards lengthened towards the eaſt, by one who had been in pilgrimage to Jeruſalem; and a place was dug under the altar to repreſent Chriſt's ſepulchre. We read of but one

perſon in this iſland who ſuffered martyrdom by the Pagans, and that was Helerius, afterwards canonized and called St. Helier, from whence a town in this iſland takes its name. He lived in a little ſolitary cell, or hermitage, which is ſtill to be ſeen in a rock hard by Elizabeth caſtle: and a Norman nobleman, deſcended from one of the murderers, founded an abbey afterwards in remembrance of him, which ſtood on the ſame ſpot where is now the lower ward of Elizabeth Caſtle. Mr. *Camden*, wrongly ſuppoſed the chief town of this iſland took its name from St. Hilary, who he ſays was baniſhed and died here.

GUERNSEY.

From Jerſey to Guernſey is ſaid to be ſeven leagues. It is called by Antonius, *Sarnica*, and runs from eaſt to weſt in form of a harp. It is thirteen miles and an half from ſouth-weſt to north-eaſt, and twelve and a half where broadeſt, eaſt and weſt. The air is healthy, and the inhabitants live to a great age. The ſoil is ſaid to be of the ſame nature with that of Crete, or Ireland, where no venomous creature will live. It is naturally more rich and fertile than that of Jerſey, though it does not yield ſo much, owing to the inhabitants neglecting the culture of it for the ſake of commerce. It abounds with fiſh; and in the north-weſt part of it is a lake, about a mile in compaſs, which is ſtored with the beſt and biggeſt of carps. This iſland is well fortified by nature, with a ridge of rocks, one of which called *Smyris*, has hard ſharp ſtones, called emeralds, uſed by lapidaries to poliſh their glaſs.

Nothing very particular occurred here that we read of in hiſtory till the reign of the popiſh Queen Mary, in which perſecution, not content with having

vented its fury from one end of England to the other, it ſtained the waters even of the Britiſh Channel, with the blood of three perſons of this iſland, the ſubjects of one of the moſt tragical ſtories, and one of the moſt dreadful inſtances of cruelty and injuſtice as no hiſtory, even of the moſt barbarous nations, can parallel. The perſons were, Catharine Gauches, the mother, Gulielmina Gilbert, her daughter, Perotine Maſſey, her other daughter, (the wife of a miniſter that had fled from perſecution) and an infant that was Perotine's ſon; ſuch was the malice of the enemies of this good family, for their adherence to the reformed religion, after many of their neighbours had relapſed into popery, that they accuſed them in the firſt place of having concealed a ſtolen ſilver cup, which Perotine ſtopt when it was offered her as a pledge, to reſtore it to the right owner. Being cleared of this fact, they were charged with hereſy, and committed priſoners to the caſtle, and afterwards condemned by the dean and clergy; but the magiſtrates who would not accept of this condemnation, had them re-examined before themſelves and the dean and clergy. The women inſiſted upon their innocence, and demanded their liberty, declaring, they were good ſubjects, and obeyed the Queen's ordinances. Notwithſtanding this, the magiſtrates purſuant to the former judgment, condemned them to be burnt. The poor women appealed to Philip and Mary, and their council; but could obtain no redreſs, and were delivered over to the executioners, who bound them to three ſtakes, the mother in the middle, between the two daughters. They were firſt ſtrangled, but the rope breaking before they were quite dead, the miſerable creatures fell into the fire; and Perotine Maſſey being big with child, the babe forced its way through the burning womb of the mother, and came at once into the world and the fire;

fire; being ſnatched from the flames, and laid on the graſs, it was caried to the provoſt, who carried it to the bailly, and the latter commanded it to be burnt with the aſhes of its mother; which was done accordingly. After the death of Queen Mary, upon the petition of the brother of the martyred widow, to Queen Elizabeth's commiſſioners, puniſhment was ſentenced on theſe offenders, but they were afterwards pardoned by that merciful Queen.

ALDERNEY.

This iſland is a dependance of Guernſey, which has but one harbour to the ſouth, called *Crabbie*, which is a good diſtance from the town, and only capable of ſmall veſſels. It is by much the neareſt of all theſe iſlands to Normandy, and thirty leagues from the neareſt part of England. The narrow ſea which runs between the two ſhores, is called by the French, *Le Ras de Blanchart*, and by us the *Race of Alderney*. It is a dangerous paſſage, eſpecially in ſtormy weather, when the two currents, which are very ſtrong, meet both in a contrary motion; otherwiſe it is ſafe enough, and has depth of water for the biggeſt ſhips. The range of rocks called the *Caſquets*, from that principal rock which advances its head above all the reſt, are dreadful to mariners: upon the top of this rock is a ſpring of excellent freſh water, that is very comfortable to the whole iſland, but eſpecially to the fiſhermen, and looks into the channel. Here the ſons of King Henry I. were caſt away in their paſſage to Normandy.

SARKE or SERKE.

In Latin Sergia, is a ſmall iſland, another dependence on Guernſey. It was anciently of note for a convent

a convent of St. Maglorious, the Chriſtian Briton, who is ſaid to have planted Chriſtianity in theſe iſles, about the year 565. The French poſſeſſed themſelves of this iſle in 1549, planted colonies, built forts, and kept it for a while; but it was again retaken by the Engliſh. This is a very pretty iſland, and bears excellent crops of corn, &c. but the beſt account that has yet been given of this iſland is in a very ſcarce treatiſe, in the Harleian library, intitled, *News from the Channel, or the Diſcovery and perfect Deſcription of the Iſle of Serke, appertaining to the Engliſh Crown, &c.* in a letter from an Engliſhman who lived here ſome time to his friend in London. It is preſumed that the following extract will not be diſagreeable to our readers, though it is dated ſo long ago as 1673.

"It is not above five miles in length, and three where broadeſt, conſequently can be no temptation to the ambition of any Prince to take it; yet nature, as if ſhe had ſtored up ſome extraordinary treaſure here, ſeems to have been very ſolicitous to render it impregnable, by the vaſt rocks and mighty cliffs all round it, whoſe craggy tops, braving the clouds, bid defiance to all that dream of forcing an entrance; there are only two paſſages or aſcents to it. The firſt, where all goods and commodities are received, is that mentioned above, called La Soguion, where, for a large ſpace, through a ſolid rock, a cart way is cut down to the ſea, with two ſtrong gates for its defence, where moſt of the ſtores are kept for navigation, and two pieces of ordnance always planted above to prevent ſurpriſe. The other is called La Frickeree, where only paſſengers can land, who are obliged to climb up only one at a time, by certain ſteps cut in the aſcent to a vaſt height, and not without danger.

"The

"The method by which our countrymen made themſelves maſters of this place, ſo ſtrongly fortified by nature, was a ſtratagem exceeding moſt we ſhall meet with in the Greek and Roman hiſtories, and equalled by few of thoſe in the Low Country wars, or more modern expeditions. In the reign of our matchleſs Maiden Queen, this iſland being wholly poſſeſſed by the French (of which nation are moſt of the inhabitants of this day, as well as of Jerſey and Guernſey), a ſea captain (whoſe name I at preſent remember not, though it is pity it ſhould ever be forgot), apprehending that its neighbourhood, if it continued in the French hands, might one time or other be of ill conſequence to Jerſey and Guernſey, the only remaining trophies of our French conqueſts, ſolicited the Queen for a commiſſion to reduce it to her obedience. Her Majeſty told him the place was ſo ſmall, the attempt ſo hazardous, that ſhe feared the loſs of men about it would be more damage than its taking would be of advantage; for you muſt note, at that time the paſſage down at La Soguion was not made, nor did it appear half ſo acceſſible as it does now. But our captain replied, that if her Majeſty would give him command and neceſſaries, he durſt aſſure her he would ſettle the Engliſh colours there without the loſs of a man. The Queen yielding to his importunity, he put to ſea with one hundred reſolute men, and after cruiſing awhile up and down, came and lay before this iſland in quality of a merchantman homeward bound, and ſending in his boat with ſeveral taking commodities, three or four of his crew, were ſuffered to land, with whom they traded for a day or two with much amity; and then they told the iſlanders, "that having been a long trading voyage to the Streights, their maſter, who died lately, had engaged them not to throw his corpſe overboard, but to inter it with Chriſtian burial in the very place where

where they ſhould firſt touch ground; therefore they deſired the Chriſtian favour of them, that they might have liberty to lay him in their church-yard, and that a few of them might be permitted to come aſhore without any arms to perform the ceremony. The credulous people conſenting, our captain, and about twenty of his ſtouteſt men, with a coffin, and much ſeeming ſolemnity, got aſhore, the natives aſſiſting them to get their Trojan horſe up the precipice; but no ſooner were they arrived at the church, than clapping to the door, as if they had ſome private devotion to celebrate, at which the inhabitants might not be preſent, they broke open their coffin, filled, inſtead of a dead man, with inſtruments of death, and arming themſelves, in an inſtant killed the ſmall French guard there, that offered to reſiſt, fetched more of their company at the landing place, and in leſs than five hours time, without the loſs of a man made themſelves maſter of the whole iſland, which has ever ſince boaſted the honour of being part of the dominions of the Engliſh crown.

"But ſince nothing is more neceſſary to the life of men than thoſe four elements, of which he, together with the reſt of the univerſe is originally compoſed, I ſhall, in the next place, obſerve how we are therewith accommodated.

"Our air, conſidering the narrowneſs of the place, and how it is encompaſſed with the ocean, is much better than can be expected, our heaven ſerene, and our ſky generally free from that naſty diſhclout of fogs and clouds which in your marſhes and city too, are wont to muffle up the ſun's glorious face. In brief, it is ſo agreeable to nature, that, although I know not one phyſician in the iſland, (and perhaps we live the longer for their abſence!) yet, to meet here a hearty old man of four-ſcore, is nothing rare or infrequent. Our water, I confeſs,

is

is ſometimes not very ready; and yet we have ſix fine ſprings generally running, whoſe water purified by paſſing under ground, and by being drawn ſo nigh, through nature's alembick, bubbles up ſo free from any ſmack of brackiſhneſs, that it may compare with your Lamb's Conduit, and is, for ought I know, as miraculous for curing ſore eyes as Crowder's Well. Our earth, or ſoil, is for the moſt part hot and ſandy, yet fruitful enough to afford all neceſſaries for its inhabitants, excellent for bearing all kind of roots, as parſnips, carrots, turnips, &c. and very well ſtored with apple-trees, which yield a cyder not inferior to your Herefordſhire red-ſtreak. Corn we have of moſt ſorts, but not in any extraordinary quantity; our paſture is but ſhort, yet exceeding ſweet; and therefore we have rare mutton but no great plenty of beef, and cows only enough to ſupply us with milk and butter; for our cheeſe we generally have from England.

"Our firing is, for moſt part furzes, and ſometimes turf; and as no timber grows here, we ſhift with old apple-trees for our houſes, or furniſh ourſelves as well as we can with deal.

"For belly timber our three ſtaple commodities are fiſh; fowl and rabbits; of the firſt a little induſtry will purchaſe an hundred ſorts, particularly a large one we call a vrack fiſh, which we ſplit, and nailing it to our walls, dry it in the ſun, for part of our winter proviſions; as alſo a large ſhell-fiſh taken plentifully at low tides, called an ormond, that ſticks to the rocks, from which we beat them off with an iron hook; it is much bigger than an oyſter, and like that good either freſh or pickled, but infinitely more pleaſant to the gueſts, ſo that an epicure would think his palate in paradiſe, if he might but always gormandize on ſuch delicious ambroſia, to borrow Aretine's phraſe, upon eating a lamprey; as for fowls your city cannot be better furniſhed with woodcocks or widgeons, beſides the abundance

abundance of duck, mallard, teal, and other wild fowl, and the cliff pigeons, with which, at ſome ſeaſons, almoſt the whole iſland is covered: of conies, we have every where exceeding plenty, and yet, leſt we ſhould want, nature has provided us with a warren in an iſland (Jethow) at a ſmall diſtance; which is about half a mile every where over, and inhabited by nothing elſe. Here the governor has a deer park, where he feeds his cattle, and breeds both rabbits and pheaſants. Here we commonly go a ferreting, and bring away ſuch abundance, that it has been confidently told me, ſome families here have made fifteen or twenty pounds a year only of their ſkins. We have one excellent diſh here, and that is bacon, colworts, mackarel and gooſe-berries, all boiled together, all to pieces, which our mode is to eat, not with the ceremony of a ſpoon, but the more courtly way of a great piece of bread, furiouſly plying between your mouth and the kettle.

" As to our political government, we have in the firſt place, for our defence, a captain and forty ſoldiers, who continually keep guard, and are maintained by contribution of the inhabitants. Then we have a court of Judicature, conſiſting of a Judge, (at preſent one honeſt fiſherman) a provoſt, his ſon; another who can write and read the obligation of a bond, ſerving as a clerk or recorder, with five other ſage burgeſſes, that are juſtices, who, every Tueſday, and without any tedious formalities, intricate demurrers, ſpecial verdicts, wire-drawn arguments, chargeable injunctions, multiplied motions, or endleſs writs of error, briefly determine all cauſes, *ſecundum æquum, et bonum*, according to their mother wit, and grave diſcretion, except in caſes of life and death, when the offenders are immediately ſent away for trial and puniſhment to Guernſey.

"The trade here extends no farther than to Briſtol, and ſome of the weſt ports; and the chief, if not the only, manufacture of the iſland, is knitting of ſtockings, gloves, caps, and waiſtcoats, in which the men, women and children are employed; and theſe they trade with to the ports of England, and return with neceſſaries, for which purpoſe they have ſeveral ſmall veſſels. You ſhall find thirty or forty of them together, knitting and ſinging in a barn. I am going to drink your health in a black-jack of French wine, which, paying no cuſtom, is as plentiful and as cheap here as in France.

Your's, &c.

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

WILTSHIRE.

THIS County is bounded on the weſt with Somerſetſhire, on the eaſt by Berkſhire and Hampſhire, on the north with Glouceſterſhire, and on the ſouth with Dorſetſhire and part of Hampſhire. It is thirty-nine miles in length, thirty in breadth, and an hundred and forty in circumference; in which laſt dimenſion it exceeds all the other inland counties. It contains twenty-nine hundreds, twenty-three market towns, three hundred and four pariſhes, about twenty-eight thouſand houſes, eight hundred and ſeventy-ſix thouſand ſouls, and ſends thirty-four members to parliament, viz. two for the ſhire, and two each for,

New Sarum, or Saliſbury,	Chippenham,
Wilton,	Malmſbury,
Downton,	Cricklade,
Hindon,	Great Bedwin,
Heyteſbury,	Ludgerſhall,
Weſtbury,	Old Sarum,
Colne,	Wooten Baſſet,
Devizes,	Marlborough.

The air is very ſweet and healthy, and mild enough in the valley, even in the winter, though it is ſharp on the hills.

The

The northern part, called North Wiltſhire, is full of pleaſant riſings, and watered with clear ſtreams. It was once overſpread with woods, which are now in a manner quite deſtroyed. The ſoil of this part of the country being clay, is conſequently troubleſome ſometimes to travellers, but here is a great variety of delightful proſpects to make them amends. Dr. Fuller ſays, he heard a wiſe man ſay of Wiltſhire, "That an ox left to himſelf, would of all England, chuſe to live in the north of this county; a ſheep in the ſouth part of it; and a man in the middle between both, as partaking of the pleaſure of the plain, and the plenty of the deep country." The ſoil of the vales is very fruitful, and affords a great quantity of as good cheeſe as any in England; and though that of the hills is in ſome places chalky and barren enough, yet its cheapneſs makes it beneficial to the neighbouring farmers. On the downs, betwixt Sandy Lane and Marlborough, and between the Devizes and Saliſbury, one hundred acres have been rented at a groat an acre per annum; but the numerous flocks of ſheep fed there, turn much more to the profit of the proprietors. One cannot, without a ſort of rapture, repreſent the extreme pleaſure of ſeeing them ſpread the lonely plains, in a ſummer's evening. The honeſt ſhepherds carefully attending their charge, and the pretty ſhepherdeſſes accompanying them, give a lovely and lively image of the innocence and happineſs of the firſt ſylvan age of the world. The abundance of wool, which thoſe ſheep produce, invited the inhabitants to fall very much into the clothing trade; and the beſt broad cloths, both white and dyed in England, are made in the weſt and north parts of this county, and indeed in the ſouth and eaſt parts too, but not in ſuch quantities.

Fuel is not very plenty in this county, which has no coal-pits, nor indeed much wood; it is productive,

ductive, however, of all ſorts of grains, eſpecially wheat, and diſtinguiſhed by its fine teams of horſes for the plough; yet, as fertile as the ſoil is, in ſome places, the champaign ground extends itſelf far and wide, and gives great diverſion to ſportſmen. The middle of this ſhire is for the moſt part plain and level.

The inhabitants were anciently ſo renowned for their valour, that Johannes Sariſburienſis tells us, in his Polycraticon, that the natives of Wiltſhire, together with thoſe of Cornwall and Dorſetſhire, by their bravery in matters of arms, challenged to themſelves the honour of being the reſerve of our Engliſh armies. They are now generally a rough, hardy, blunt people, and ſpeak a broad dialect more grating than even that of their neighbours in Somerſetſhire; and this dialect prevails too much among the gentry, where their language is not refined by town converſation.

Its rivers are the Iſis, Kennet, the Upper and Lower Avon, Willy Bourne, and Nadder. Mr. *Camden*, and other writers, ſeem to be miſtaken with regard to the Iſis, which according to them, does not take the name of Thameſis, till after it has watered this county; though it plainly appears, that this river was always called Thames, or Temis, before it ever came near Tame.

We ſhall enter this county at *Highworth*, in the northern part of this ſhire. It is ſixty-nine miles from London, and lies in the direct road from Farringdon to Malmeſbury. Its name is taken from its ſituation on a hill. Here is a good market for cattle and other proviſions. To the right of this town, is

Cricklade, or *Crekelade*, eighty-three miles from London; the name is derived from the Britiſh word *Kerigg-gwlade*, i. e. a ſtrong country. It was formerly a town of very great note, and contains a number of houſes: it is ſeated upon the Iſis, at the influx

influx of the rivulets *Chun* and *Key*, which run into the Thames. Here is a free-ſchool handſomely endowed with forty pounds a year, by Robert Jenner, Eſq.

Malmeſbury is ſituated on a hill, about ninety-five miles from London. Its antient name was Maidulphbury (of which the preſent name is contracted), from Maidulphus, an Iriſh Scot, a great ſcholar, who lived as a hermit in a wood, under the hill; and afterwards ſetting up a ſchool, devoted himſelf, with his ſcholars, to a monaſtic life, and built a little monaſtery here about the year 640. Adhelm, one of his ſcholars, was the tutelar ſaint of King Athelſtan, who for his ſake granted large immunities to the town, and enriched the monaſtery. This abbot likewiſe turned the little monaſtery into a ſtately abbey, and is particularly mentioned as the firſt Saxon that ever wrote in Latin; his memory is ſtill kept by the name of an adjacent meadow, called Adhelm's Mead; and juſt before the reformation they had ſeveral other memorials of him; viz. His Pſalter, the robe wherein he ſaid maſs, and a great bell in the abbey ſteeple, called Adhelm's bell. King Athelſtan was buried under the high altar of the abbey church.

This town, which lies on the Avon, is partly encompaſſed by that river, and another brook which runs into it. It formerly had walls, and a large ſtrong caſtle, which was razed afterwards to enlarge the abbey, the greateſt in Wiltſhire. It was incorporated by Edward, King of the Weſt Saxons, about the year 916, and again in 939, by his ſon Athelſtan. By charter of William III. it conſiſts of an Alderman, who is choſen annually, twelve capital Burgeſſes, &c. In the reign of Henry VIII. one William Stump bought the ſcite of the abbey, with all its demeſnes, for fifteen hundred pounds; but a great part of it is ſtill remaining, and is uſed as the pariſh church. In the ſame reign we read that

that one Thomas Stump, one of the greateſt Clothiers in England, ſaved it from being demoliſhed, by the payment of a good ſum of money; and that he was ſo rich, and employed ſo many people in his trade, that King Henry VIII. and his hungry retinue, coming to his houſe unexpected, after they had been hunting in Bradon Foreſt, he regaled them plentifully with what he had provided for his ſervants dinner, whoſe meal was therefore changed to a ſupper. The famous hiſtorian, William of Malmeſbury, was born here; his paternal name was Somerſet; and the noted Thomas Hobbes, who wrote the Leviathan, was born at Weſtport within the liberties of this town.

Marlborough, or *Merleburg*, is ſituated on the eaſt ſide of the county, in the direct road to Bath. It is about ſeventy-ſix miles from the metropolis, and takes its name from its hills of chalk, anciently called *Marl*. It was the Roman ſtation, called *Canutium*. We do not read of any thing remarkable that occurred here, till the reign of Richard I. when that prince was taken priſoner in his return from the Holy Land, and his brother John thinking he would never again ſet foot in England, ſeized the caſtle here, along with ſome others; but on Richard's return he reduced them to his obedience again. In the year 1267, a parliament was held, when thoſe laws were made which ſtill retain the name of Marlborough ſtatutes. It gave title of Earl in the reign of Charles I. but that family being extinct, the title was revived by William III. who gave it to John Lord Churchill, who was afterwards created Duke, and immortalized his name in the reign of Queen Anne, which he rendered glorious by his torrent of victories in ten ſucceſſive years.

The town is an antient borough by preſcription, and is governed by a mayor, aldermen, and burgeſſes.

geſſes. It is well built, and ſends two members to parliament. It conſiſts chiefly of one broad and ſtrait ſtreet. To the ſouth are ſome reliques of a priory; the gate-houſe ſtill remaining. On the north, the chapel of another religious houſe ſtill remains, now turned into a dwelling-houſe. The late Earl of Hertford's ſeat here, afterwards Duke of Somerſet, was converted into an inn, after his lordſhip's deceaſe, which letts at an hundred pounds per annum, and the furniture being lett with it, it is become one of the moſt magnificent houſes of entertainment in England. It was the ſite of the Roman caſtrum, many Roman coins having been diſcovered here in digging the foundations; and and towards the river, without the garden walls, one angle of it very manifeſtly remains; and the rampart and ditch entire. It is cut off from the preſent caſtle by the road which goes over the ditch, which is now about twenty feet wide, in ſome parts. The mount ſo much noted, was the keep of the caſtle; and was made into a pretty ſpiral walk, on the top of which is an octagonal ſummer-houſe, from whence you have a pleaſant view over the town and country. The river Kennet, made navigable ſome years ago by act of parliament, riſes juſt by this town, from whence running to Hungerford and Newbury, it becomes a large ſtream, and paſſing by Reading, falls into the Thames near this town. There is great plenty of cray-fiſh in this river.

On Marlborough Downs are abundance of very large ſtones, which appear to be of the ſame kind with thoſe of Stone-henge, and ſome larger. The country people call them the *Grey Wethers*, from ſome reſemblance they bear at a diſtance to ſheep. Theſe ſtones on a more nice inſpection, are found to be a ſort of white marble; they are looſe, detached from any rock, and Dr. *Stukeley* is of opinion,

hion, they have lain there ever ſince the creation, being ſolid parts thrown out to the ſurface of the fluid globe, when its rotation was firſt impreſſed.

Near theſe downs, at *Abury*, is another collection of huge ſtones, ſuppoſed to be the ſtupendous remains of a druidical temple. They are of the like nature with thoſe of Stonehenge, and brought together for the ſame religious purpoſe, as Dr. *Stukeley* makes no queſtion.

At *Froxfield*, a village about ſeven miles diſtant from Marlborough, is a handſome, well-endowed alms-houſe, founded by Sarah, Ducheſs Dowager of Somerſet, relict of John, the laſt Duke of the elder branch of the noble family of Seymours, deſcended from the great Duke of Somerſet, Protector of the King and Kingdom, during the minority of King Edward VI. This lady bequeathed by her Will, above two thouſand pounds for the building and furniture of theſe alms-houſe, and demiſed ſeveral manors, meſſages and farms, for the maintenance of thirty poor widows, not having twenty pounds per annum to ſubſiſt upon; one half of which are widows of clergymen, and the other of laymen; giving a preference to thoſe of the laſt, who live on the manors ſo deviſed by her. She left in her will particular directions for the form, dimenſions and ſite of the ſtructure; and for the manner of electing, ruling and providing for the widows; which her executors, eſpecially Sir William Gregory, who chiefly took upon him the execution of the truſt, punctually obeyed.

The building is neat and ſtrong, in the form of a quadrangle, having a front and a court before it, facing the road. It contains thirty ground rooms, and as many chambers, one of each ſort being allowed to every widow, for her apartment, with an

area, or bed in a garden, on the north part of the building, incloſed with a brick wall.

In the midſt of the quadrangle is built an handſome and convenient chapel, furniſhed with a communion table, pulpit, deſk, pews, and books for the uſe of the widows; wherein the chaplain, whoſe ſtipend is thirty pounds a year, is to read prayers every day, and to preach on Sundays; and for his further encouragement, is to be preſented, on a vacancy, to the rectory of Kemiſh in the ſame county, which the Ducheſs appropriated to that uſe. Beſides the yearly penſion in money, which is now about eight guineas, ſhe hath alſo ordered a cloth gown, with a certain quantity of wood, every winter, to each of the widows; and when the eſtate, which ſhe has given to the ſaid alms-houſes, (many of which are now demiſed upon leaſes for lives) ſhall fall in, and ſhall produce a clear yearly income of more than four hundred pounds, ſhe hath appointed additional lodgings to be built for the reception of twenty more widows, who are to be placed on the ſame eſtabliſhment, elected and provided for in the ſame manner as the thirty former; and then all the rents and profits of the ſaid eſtates, (the ſalary for the chaplain, and a ſteward being firſt deducted) ſhall be diſtributed in equal ſhares and proportions, among the fifty widows.

The produce of all the eſtates deviſed to this, and other charitable uſes, upon the determination of the leaſes granted, will, according to the beſt information I could get, amount to little leſs than one thouſand per annum.

The ſame charitable lady, in order to make proviſion for the helpleſs young, as well as the deſtitute old, has alſo bequeathed a conſiderable yearly ſum, for the apprenticing of ten or twelve childred: in which a preference is to be given to ſuch as were born in her manors.

On

On the top of a chalky-hill near Marlborough, is *Savennahs* Foreſt, which belonged to the late Earl of Aileſbury, and is almoſt the only privileged ground of hunting of that denomination, poſſeſſed by a ſubject. It is in circumference about twelve miles, plentifully ſtocked with deer of a large ſize, and rendered very pleaſant and delightful by the many walks and viſtas lately cut, and levelled through the ſeveral coppices and woods with which it abounds. Eight of theſe viſtas meet like ſo many rays of a ſtar, in a point near the middle of the foreſt, where his lordſhip prepared and cleared the ground, for erecting an octagon tower, whoſe ſides were to be correſpondent with the viſtas, through one of which we have a view of the ſeat (now belonging to his nephew Lord Bruce) at about two miles diſtance, called Tottenham, from a park of that name, in which it is ſituate contiguous to the foreſt.

It is a ſtately edifice, erected on the ſame ſpot of ground, where ſtood an antient palace, deſtroyed by fire, of the Marquis of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerſet, ſo juſtly celebrated for his ſteady adherence and powerful aſſiſtance to the royal cauſe, during the whole courſe of the civil wars, from whom the Earl of Aileſbury was deſcended by his mother the Lady Elizabeth, ſiſter and neice of the two laſt Dukes of Somerſet, of the elder line.

We cannot give a greater encomium of the grandeur and magnificence of the ſtructure, than by obſerving that it was begun, carried on and finiſhed, after the model, and under the direction of our modern Vitruvius, the late Earl of Burlington, who to the ſtrength and convenience of the Engliſh architecture, has added the elegance and politeneſs of the Italian taſte.

The houſe has four towers and four fronts, each of them diverſly beautified and adorned; to which

are

are now added four wings, whereing are rooms of ſtate, a noble and capacious room for a library, containing a judicious and large collection of ſeveral thouſand books in all languages, but eſpecially the modern.

The beauty and delightfulneſs of the buildings are much augmented by the large canals, the ſpacious and well planted walks which ſurround it; one of which leading to the London road, extends two miles in length.

About the ſame diſtance from hence, on the oppoſite ſide, are to be ſeen the remains of a large houſe, called *Wolf-hall*, the ſeat of Sir John Seymour, father of the unfortunate Protector; of which no more is ſtanding than ſuffices for a farm-houſe. Here King Henry VIII. as tradition goes, celebrated his nuptials with the Lady Jane Seymour, and kept his wedding-dinner in a very large barn, hung with tapeſtry on the occaſion: for confirmation of which, they ſhew you, in the walls thereof, ſome tenter-hooks, with ſmall pieces of tapeſtry faſtened to them: and between this place and Tottenham, there is a walk, with old trees on each ſide, ſtill known by the name of King Henry's Walk.

A little to the eaſt of this foreſt is, a borough town, called *Great Bedwin*, which ſends two members to parliament, and which Dr. *Stukely* takes to be the *Leucomagus* of *Ravennas*. It is an old corporation, and gave birth to the famous Dr. *T. Willis*, the ornament of Engliſh Phyſicians. *Caſtle Copſe*, half a mile from the town, ſouth-eaſt, was probably the Roman Caſtle; and *Haviſdike*, a camp of that people.

The church is large and capacious, in which are ſome ancient monuments; particularly one of a Knight Templer, called Adam of Scott, from a manor of that name in the pariſh, with an inſcription not legible; and another of the above mentioned

ed Sir John Seymour, father of the Protector, wherein we have an account of the names of all his children, with their ſeveral inter-marriages and deaths. The church is very ſtrongly built with flint, and a cement near as hard as themſelves, in form of a croſs; in the centre of which is erected an high tower, containing a good ring of ſix muſical bells.

Not far from hence is a ſmall hill, of eaſy aſcent, on the ſummit of which was erected, (as hiſtorians inform us) a fortified place, the reſidence of Ciſſa, a Viceroy of one of the South Saxon Kings, from whom it derives its denomination of *Chiſburgh*, or *Cyſbury*, who alſo built *Chicheſter* for the reſort of his people, as he did this for the repoſe of himſelf. It ſeems to have been ſtrongly fortified, being ſurrounded with a double ditch, or moat, of conſiderable depth and breadth, and full of water: ſince which time there has been a religious houſe here, the chapel of which is ſtill remaining, but converted into a barn.

From Marlborough to *Colne* is thirteen miles. This little town is ſituate on a ſtony hill, by the ſide of a little river, and ſuppoſed to have riſen out of the ruins of the ancient Roman colony, on the other ſide of the river near Studley; where Roman coins are often found. In the year 977 a great convocation was held here, about the celibacy of the clergy, at which the king, nobility and biſhops were preſent. In that debate, while a Scotch prieſt was pleading very powerfully for the prieſts, the beams and the whole timber work of the aſſembly room broke on a ſudden, and fell to the ground, by which moſt of the ſecular prieſts were killed and buried under the ruins; but the ſeat of Dunſtan, the chief advocate for the monks, remained firm. This accident (or perhaps deſign) was artfully interpreted a declaration of heaven in their favour

favour, and thereupon the ſecular prieſts in Dunſtan's province were every where turned out, and monks put in their room. Here was anciently a priory of black canons.

Near Colne is a very handſome ſeat called *Beauwood*, belonging to the Earl of Shelburne; and at *Studley* is the fine ſeat of —— Brown, Eſq.

Weſtward of Colne, on this road, is

Chippenham, commonly called *Chipnam*, ninety-four miles from London. It is an ancient, large and populous borough town, ſituate on the river Avon, over which it has a bridge of ſixteen arches. It was one of the chief towns in the kingdom of the Weſt Saxons, admired by Alfred, who had a palace here. It is ſuppoſed to have had a market from its firſt foundation, according to the import of the Saxon name *Cyppan*, i. e. Cheapening. The church is magnificent, and here is a charity-ſchool which was opened in 1713, for twenty-four boys. In the neighbourhood is Weſt Mead, noted for frequent horſe-races.

At Beckington a road ſtrikes off to the

Devizes, or the *Vies*, about eighty-nine miles from London. It is thought to have taken its name from its being anciently divided betwixt the King, and the Biſhop of Saliſbury. It is ſaid to have been once a ſtation of the Romans, becauſe on Roundway-hill, which overlooks the town; there is a ſquare camp, with a ſingle trench, and alſo becauſe Roman coins, and ſeveral pots without coins have been dug up in the neighbourhood, eſpecially one very large urn full of thoſe coins, beſides a number of little braſs ſtatues of the heathen deities was dug up by one William Cadby, a gardener, in the year 1714; they were found in a cavity, incloſed with Roman bricks. The Venus is of an excellent deſign, and the Veſtal Virgin, as they call it, a fragment of Corinthian braſs, and of very curious workmanſhip;

workmanſhip; Vulcan is as lame as if made at a forge; beſides theſe ſtatues and coins, there was a braſs Roman key, which my Lord Winchelſea bought; the ſame nobleman has a braſs probos, on the reverſe, *Victoria Germ.* with a trophy.

Here was once a noble caſtle, which was greatly improved, at a vaſt expence, by Roger, the rich Biſhop of Sarum, this held out a ſiege againſt King Stephen, who came in perſon to reduce it for the ſake of plunder. The Biſhop of Ely refuſing to ſurrender upon the King's ſummons, he cauſed a gallows to be ſet up, and threatened to hang Roger, the Biſhop's ſon, whom he had in his cuſtody, if the place was not yielded to him immediately: accordingly the halter was put about the young man's neck, and the Biſhop of Saliſbury, whom the King had alſo his priſoner, earneſtly deſired his nephew of Ely to comply, proteſting he would neither eat nor drink till the caſtle was delivered up; the execution of the lad was upon this reſpited; but Ely ſuffered his uncle to faſt three days, which threw him into a quartan ague, whereof he died. The caſtle being ſurrendered, forty thouſand marks of ſilver were found in it, beſides gold, plate and jewels. In the late civil wars it was taken by the parliament, and all the fortifications were demoliſhed.

The town, which is very large, conſiſts chiefly of two long parallel ſtreets; the houſes built moſtly of timber, but of a very good model. It was incorporated by King Charles the firſt, and conſiſts of a mayor, recorder, eleven maſters, and thirty-ſix common-council. Here are three churches, the choir of St. Mary's is of a very old model, as are the ſteeple, choir, and both wings of St. John's; to which additions have been made, and a new wide window, with pointed arches, in room of the ancient

ancient narrow ſemicircular ones. There is a pretty plain, called the *Green*, juſt out of the town, where is another handſome church and ſteeple, ſuburbs to the old town.

A little diſtance from the Devizes, is

Lavington, a very indifferent market town. Near which is

Biſhops Connings, a village croſſed by the Wansdyke, of which we ſhall ſpeak hereafter. It deſerves mention for the compliment paid by Mr. George Ferreby, its miniſter, to Queen Anne, as ſhe returned this way from Bath; being well ſkilled in muſic he compoſed a ſong, in four parts, while that Queen ſtaid at Bath, and taught ſeveral young men of his pariſh to ſing, and alſo to play a leſſon or two upon wind inſtruments, in order to ſurprize her Majeſty with a Sylvan entertainment on her return. Accordingly on the 11th of June, 1613, the Queen and her train paſſing over the Downs, by Wanſdyke, were met by Mr. Ferreby, dreſſed like an old bard, and attended by his ſcholars, in the habit of ſhepherds. The Queen making a ſtand with her retinue at their approach, the maſter and his ſcholars ſtruck up a tune on their wind inſtruments, played ſeveral leſſons, and then ſung thus:

"Shine, oh, thou ſacred ſhepherd's ſtar,
"On ſilly ſhepherd ſwains, &c."

The bard concluded the whole with an epilogue, to the great delight of her Majeſty and her court. It muſt be owned, that the ſcene where this was acted is wonderfully adapted for ſuch a performance, as the ſhepherds and their flocks of ſheep are perpetually wandering over theſe downs.

Trowbridge is an ancient market town, called by *Leland*, *Throbridge*, it is ninety-eight miles and a half

half from London, and has a ſtone bridge over the river Were, at the weſt end of the town. Here was anciently a caſtle of ſeven towers, the ruins of which, Mr. *Camden* ſays, were to be ſeen in his time, but at preſent there are no remains of it to be diſcovered. A little to the north-weſt, is

Bradford, an ancient market town, and has a bridge over the Avon; it was anciently called *Bradenford*, i. e. Broadford. It is moſt built of ſtone, and is ſituated on the ſide of a hill. A bloody battle was fought here between *Kenelwachius*, King of the Weſt Saxons, and his kinſman *Cuthred*. A monaſtery is ſaid to have been built here by *Aldhelm*, which was deſtroyed by the Danes. This town has been famous many years for its Broad Cloths.

We ſhall now purſue another road which we laſt left at Andover, and enter this county at *Harodon-Hill*, not far from which is

Ambreſbury, or *Ambleſbury*, ſeventy-nine miles from London, in the great road to Barnſtaple; it is a very ancient town, ſituated on the eaſt ſide of the river Avon: it is ſaid to have taken its name from *Ambroſius*, who founded a monaſtery here, and filled it with three hundred monks, to pray for the ſouls of two hundred and ſeventy-one noble Britons that were maſſacred in cold blood here by the treacherous Hengiſt, the Saxon, he having invited them, with their King Vortigern, to meet him without arms, and on the aſſurance of a ſafeguard, to treat of a league of amity. The perfidious Saxon ſaved only the King, whom he obliged to give him near a third of his kingdom eaſtward, before he would ſet him at liberty. This monaſtery was converted into a nunnery by Queen Elfreda, in repentance for the murder of her ſon in law King Edward; and Eleanor, conſort to King Henry the Third, re-

tired and died here. In the year 1285, Mary, the ſecond daughter of King Edward, and thirteen noblemens' daughters, induced by the Queen's example, took the veil here together.

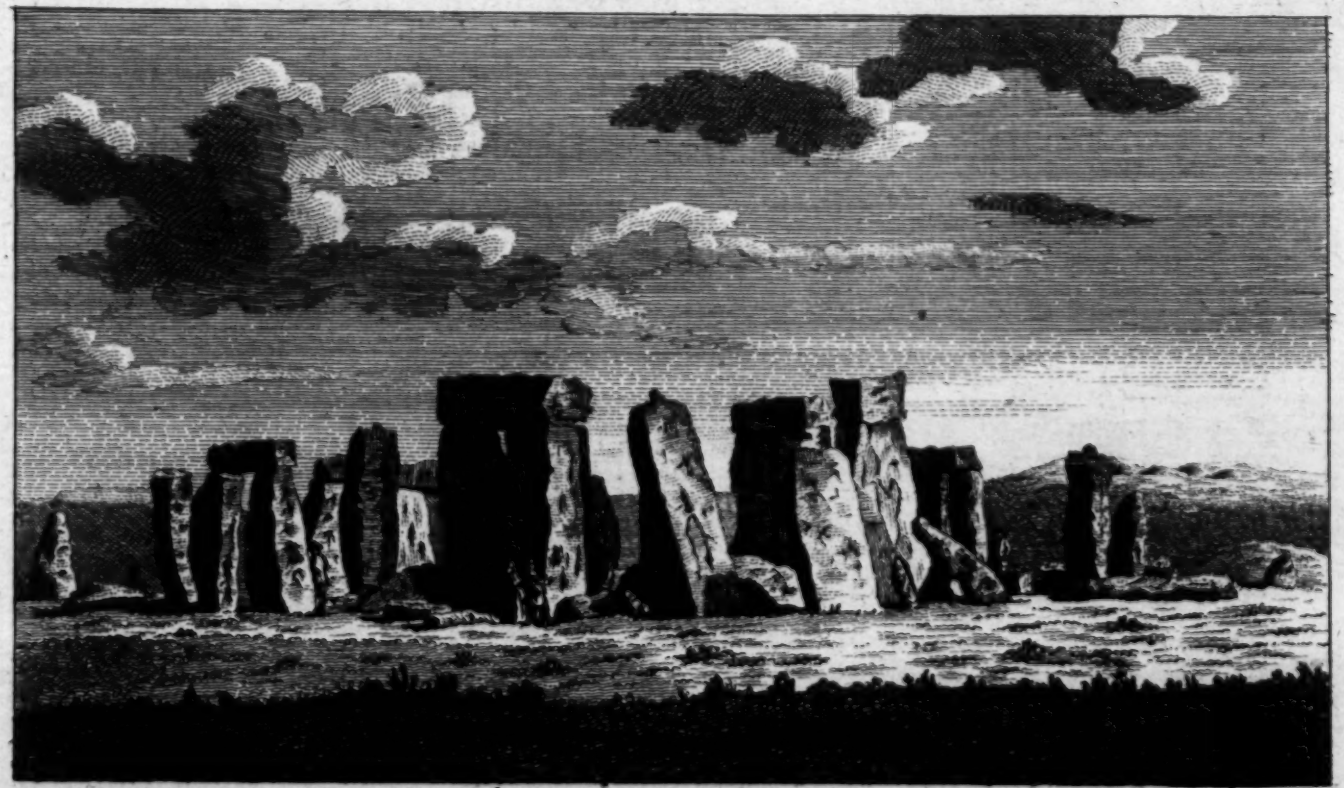
The river here is remarkable for a little fiſh called a Loach, which travellers and ſportſmen who reſort hither much for the ſake of hunting, put into a glaſs of ſack, and ſwallow alive.

The Duke of Queensborough has a ſeat here, built by Inigo Jones. Great improvements have been made in the gardens, the Duke having incloſed and planted a large ſteep hill, at the foot of which, and alſo through the greateſt part of the garden, the river Avon winds in a very beautiful manner. On the bridge over this river is a room built after the manner of the Chineſe.

Ambreſbury gives name to its hundred, in which is a village called *North Tedworth*, which has been much talked of for its Dæmon, a ſtory which Mr. Glanville has not failed to enlarge in his treatiſe of Witches, &c. The houſe ſaid to be haunted belonged to Mr. Mompeſſon, a gentleman of a very good extraction in the eaſt parts. This Dæmon was ſo troubleſome to the family that King Charles II. hearing of the ſtory, ſent two gentlemen hither to enquire into the truth of it, but they had not the ſatisfaction that Mr. Glanville met with in the ſame inquiry; however, it gave occaſion to the celebrated author of the Spectator to turn the tragedy into that applauded comedy of The Drummer, or the Haunted Houſe.

Three miles weſt of Ambreſbury, on the left of the road, is

Stonehenge, one of the moſt remarkable remains of antiquity in this kingdom, concerning which ſo much has been ſaid by different learned antiquarians; ſo ſtupendous a monument of antiquity, therefore, muſt not be haſtily paſſed over, without giving



Stone Henge Wiltshire

giving the reader the moſt probable account of it, for which we are indebted to Dr. *Stukeley*'s piece, intitled, *Stonehenge, a Temple reſtored to the Britiſh Druids.*

The Wiltſhire downs, or Saliſbury plains, as this gentleman obſerves, is one of the moſt delightful ſpots in Britan; and Stonehenge has attracted the admiration of all ages. Mr. *Camden* himſelf ſays of it, That he was grieved, that the founders of it could not be traced out: but Dr. *Stukely* has very happily made it more probable, that it was a temple of the Britiſh Druids, and the chief (the cathedral as it may be called) of all their temples in this iſland.

The ſtones of which it was compoſed, are not factitious, for that would have been a greater wonder, than to bring them together to the place where they are; but undoubtedly were brought fifteen or ſixteen miles off, prodigious as they are, from thoſe called the Grey Wethers, near Abury, or Marlborough downs, all the greater ſtones, except the altar, being of that ſort; for that being deſigned to reſiſt fire, is of a ſmall harder kind: it is a compoſition of cryſtals, of red, green and white colours, cemented by nature with opaque granules, of flinty or ſtony matter. The ſtone at the upper end of the cell, which is fallen down and broken in half, the Doctor tells, weighs above forty tons, and would require above a hundred and forty oxen to draw it: judge then what a ſtupendous labour it was to bring together ſo many miles ſuch a number as were uſed here: and this has induced many inconſiderate people to imagine, that the founders had an art of making ſtone, which has been loſt ſo many ages.

The preſent name is Saxon, though the work is beyond all compariſon older, ſignifying an hanging rod

rod or pole, i. e. a gallows, from the hanging parts, architraves, or rather impoſts, as pendulous rocks are ſtill to be ſeen in Yorkſhire, called Henges, but the ancient name was moſt probably the Ambres; for which our learned author, to whom we refer, gives very ſatisfactory reaſons; and hence the adjacent town of *Ambreſbury*, which I have taken notice of, takes its name.

Stonehenge ſtands not upon the ſummit of a hill, but near it; however, at half a mile diſtance the appearance is awful; but as you come up the avenue in the north-eaſt of it, which ſide is moſt perfect, the greatneſs of the contour fills the eye in an aſtoniſhing manner. It is incloſed in a circular ditch, which having paſſed, we aſcend thirty-five yards before we come at the work.

When you enter the building, whether on foot or horſeback, and caſt your eyes around upon the yawning ruins, you are ſtruck into a reverie, which no one can deſcribe, and they only can be ſenſible of, who feel it. Other buildings fall by piece-meal, but here a ſingle ſtone is a ruin. Yet there is as much undemoliſhed, as enables us ſufficiently to recover its form, when in its moſt perfect ſtate. When we advance farther, the dark part of the ponderous impoſts over our heads, the chaſms of ſky between the jambs of the cell, the odd conſtruction of the whole, and greatneſs of every part, ſurprize. If you look upon the perfect part, you fancy intire quarries mounted up into the air; if upon the rude havock below, you ſee, as it were, the bowels of a mountain turned inſide out.

The whole work, being of a circular form, is about one hundred and eight feet in diameter, from out to out. The intention of the founders was this: The whole circle was to conſiſt of thirty ſtones, each

ſtone

ſtone to be four * cubits broad, each interval two cubits; thirty times four cubits is twice ſixty; thirty times two cubits is ſixty; ſo that thrice ſixty cubits complete a circle, whoſe diameter is ſixty. A ſtone being four cubits broad, and two thick, is double the interval, which is a ſquare of two cubits. Change the places between the ſtones and their intervals, and it will make a good ground-plot for a circular portico of Greek or Roman Work; though theſe bodies of ſtone, which are in the nature of impoſts or cornices, never had, or were intended to have, any moulding upon them, like Greek or Roman work; they are wrought perfectly plain, and ſuitable to the ſtones that ſupport them; and the chiſſeling of the upright ſtones is only above-ground; for the four or five feet in length below-ground is left in the original natural form. The upright ſtones are made very judiciouſly to diminiſh a little way; ſo that at top they are but three cubits and a half broad, and ſo much nearer, as to ſuffer their impoſts to meet a little over the heads of the uprights, both within-ſide and without; by which means the uprights are leſs liable to fall or ſwerve.

It is to be feared, ſome indiſcreet people have been digging about the great entrance, with ridiculous hopes of finding treaſure; and ſo have looſened the chalky foundation; for the upper edge of the impoſt overhangs no leſs than two feet ſeven inches, which is very conſiderable in an height of eighteen. The whole breadth at the foundation is but two feet and a half; and this noble front is now chiefly kept up by the maſonry of the mortice, and tenon of the impoſts.

* This cubit is the old Hebrew, Phænician, or Egyptian cubit, and what the founders of Stonehenge went by, and amounts to twenty inches four-fifths Engliſh meaſure.

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The contrivance of the founders in making mortices and tenons between the upright ſtones and the impoſts, is admirable; but ſo contrary to any practice of the Romans, that it alone overſets their claim to the work. Theſe tenons and mortices of this outer circle are round, and fit one another very aptly. They are ten inches and one half in diameter, and reſemble half an egg, rather an hemiſphere; and ſo effectually keep both uprights and impoſts from luxation, that they muſt have been thrown down with great difficulty and labour. The whole height of upright and impoſt is ten cubits and a half; the upright, nine; the impoſt over the grand entrance is, in its middle length, eleven feet ten inches, and ſo is larger than the reſt; and it is alſo a little broader, meaſuring on the inſide.

Of the outer circle of Stonehenge, which, in its perfection, conſiſted of ſixty ſtones, thirty uprights, and thirty impoſts, there are ſeventeen uprights left ſtanding, eleven of which remain contiguous by the grand entrance; five impoſts upon them. One upright, at the back of the temple, leans upon a ſtone of the inner circle. There are ſix more lying upon the ground, whole, or in pieces; ſo that twenty-four out of thirty are ſtill viſible at the place. There is but one impoſt more in its proper place, and but two lying upon the ground; ſo that twenty-two are carried off. Hence our author infers, this temple was not defaced, when Chriſtianity prevailed; but that ſome rude hands carried the ſtones away for other uſes. So much for the larger circle of ſtones with impoſts.

As to the leſſer circle, which never had any impoſts, it is ſomewhat more than eight feet from the inſide of the outward one, and conſiſts of forty leſſer ſtones; forming with the outward circles, as it were, a circular portico, a moſt beautiful work, and of a pretty effect; they are flat parallelograms,

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as thoſe of the outward circle; and their general and deſigned proportion is two cubits, or two and a half, as ſuitable ſtones were found. They are a cubit thick, and four and an half high, which is more than ſeven feet; this was their ſtated proportion, being every way the half of the upper uprights. Theſe ſtones are of a harder compoſition than the reſt, the better to reſiſt violence, as they are leſſer; and they have ſufficient faſtenings in the ground. There are but nineteen of the forty left; but ten of them are ſtanding *in ſitu*, five in one place contiguous, three in another, two in another.

The walk between theſe two circles, which is three hundred feet in circumference, is very noble, and very delightful.

The Adytum, or cell, into which we may ſuppoſe none but the upper order of Druids were to enter, is compoſed of certain compages of ſtones, which our author calls trilithons, becauſe made each of two upright ſtones, with an impoſt at top, and there are manifeſtly five of theſe remaining; three of which are intire, two are ruined, in ſome meaſure; but the ſtones remain *in ſitu*. It is a magnificent niche, twenty-ſeven cubits long, and as much broad, meaſuring in the wideſt place. The ſtones that compoſe it are really ſtupendous; their height, breadth, and thickneſs, are enormous: and to ſee ſo many of them placed together, in a nice and critical figure, with exactneſs; to conſider, as it were, not a pillar of one ſtone, but a whole wall, a ſide, an end of a temple, of one ſtone; to view them curiouſly; creates ſuch a motion in the mind, as words cannot expreſs. One very remarkable particular in the conſtitution of this Adytum has eſpaced all obſervers before our author, which is this: As this part is compoſed of trilithons ſet two and two on each ſide, and one right before, they

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riſe in height and beauty of the ſtones, from the lower-end of the Adytum to the upper end; that is, the two hithermoſt trilithons correſponding, or thoſe next the grand entrance, on the right-hand, and on the left, are exceeded in height by the two next in order; and thoſe are exceeded by that behind the altar, in the upper end of this choir; and their heights reſpectively are thirteen cubits, fourteen cubits, fifteen cubits.

The impoſts of theſe are all of the ſame height, and ten cubits may be ſuppoſed their medium meaſure in length. The artifice of the tenons and mortices of theſe trilithons, and their impoſts, what conformity they bear to that of the outer circle, is exceeding pretty, every thing being done very geometrically, and as would beſt anſwer every purpoſe, from plain and ſimple principles; and it is wonderful, that, in the management of ſuch prodigious ſtones as theſe are, fixed in the ground, and rammed in like poſts, there is not more variation in the height, diſtance, &c.

Of theſe greater ſtones of the Adytum, as is obſerved before, there are none wanting, being all on the ſpot, ten uprights, and five cornices. The Trilithon firſt on the left-hand is intire *in ſitu* but vaſtly decayed, eſpecially the cornice, in which ſuch deep holes are corroded, that, in ſome places, the daws make their neſts in them. The next Trilithon on the left is intire, compoſed of three moſt beautiful ſtones. The cornice, happening to be of a very durable Engliſh marble, has not been much impaired by the weather. Our author took a walk on the top of it; but thought it a frightful ſituation. The trilithon of the upper-end was an extraordinary beauty; but probably, through the indiſcretion of ſomebody digging between them and the altar, the noble impoſt is diſlodged from its airy ſeat, and fallen

fallen upon the altar, where its huge bulk lies unfractured. The two uprights that supported it, are the moſt delicate ſtones of the whole work. They were, our author thinks, above thirty feet long, and well chiſſeled, finely tapered, and proportioned in their dimenſions. That ſouthward is broken in two, lying upon the altar: The other ſtill ſtands intire; but leans upon one of the ſtones of the inward oval; the root-end, or unhewn part of both, is raiſed ſomewhat above-ground. The trilithon towards the weſt is intire, except that ſome of the end of the impoſt is fallen clean off, and all the upper edge is very much diminiſhed by time. The laſt trilithon, on the right-hand of the entrance into the Adytum, has ſuffered much. The outer upright, being the jamb of the entrance, is ſtill ſtanding; the other upright and impoſt are both fallen forwards into the Adytum, and broken each into three pieces, as ſuppoſed, from digging near it. That which is ſtanding has a cavity in it, in which two or three perſons may ſit warm from the weather.

Stonehenge is compoſed of two circles, and two ovals, reſpectively concentric. The ſtones that form theſe ovals riſe in height, as nearer the upper end of the Adytum; and their mediate meaſure is four cubits and four palms. They are of a much harder kind than the larger ſtones in the leſſer circle; the founders, no doubt, intending, that their leſſer bulk ſhould be compenſated by ſolidity. Of theſe there are only ſix remaining upright: the ſtumps of two are left on the ſouth ſide by the altar; one lies behind the altar, dug up, or thrown down by the fall of the upright there. One or two were probably thrown down by the fall of the upright of the firſt trilithon on the right-hand; a ſtump of another remains by the upright there ſtill ſtanding.

The whole number of ſtones may be thus computed. The great oval conſiſts of ten uprights; the inner, with the altar, of twenty; the great circle of thirty; the inner of forty, which are an hundred upright ſtones; five impoſts of the great oval; thirty of the great circle; the two ſtones on the bank of the area; the ſtone lying within the entrance of the area, and that ſtanding without: there ſeems to be another lying on the ground, by the vallum of the court, directly oppoſite to the entrance of the avenue; all added together, make juſt a hundred and forty ſtones, the number of which, Stonehenge, a whole temple, is compoſed. Behold the ſolution of the mighty problem! the magical ſpell which has ſo long perplexed the vulgar, is broken! They think it an ominous thing to count the true number of the ſtones, and whoever does ſo, ſhall *certainly* die after it!

As to the altar, it is laid toward the upper end of the Adytum, at preſent flat on the ground, and ſqueezed into it, as it were, by the weight of the ruins upon it. It is a kind of blue coarſe marble, ſuch as comes from Derbyſhire, and laid upon tombs in our churches and church-yards. Our author believes its breadth is two cubits and three palms; and that its firſt intended length was ten cubits, equal to the breadth of the trilithon, before which it lies. But it is very difficult to come at its true length. It is twenty inches thick, a juſt cubit, and has been ſquared. It lies between the two centres, that of the compaſſes, and that of the ſtring; leaving a convenient ſpace quite round it, no doubt as much as was neceſſary for this miniſtration.

The heads of oxen, deer, and other beaſts, have been found upon digging in and about Stonehenge, undoubted reliques of ſacrifices, together with wood-aſhes. Mr. *Camden* ſays, mens bones have been

been found hereabouts; he means in the adjacent barrows; and ſuch our author ſaw thrown out by the rabbits, which have been brought hither of late years; and, by their burrowing, threaten theſe noble ruins, as the greedy plough more and more invades the neighbouring plain.

But eternally, as he obſerves, is to be lamented the loſs of that tablet of tin, which was found at this place in the time of Henry VIII. inſcribed with many letters; but in ſo ſtrange a character, that neither Sir Thomas Elliot, a learned antiquary, nor Mr. Lilly, firſt high maſter of St. Paul's ſchool, could make any thing out of it; and which, no doubt, was a memorial of the founders, written by the Druids; and, had it been preſerved till now, would have been an invaluable curioſity.

In the year 1635, as they were ploughing by the barrows about Normanton-ditch, they found ſo large a quantity of excellent pewter, as, at a low price, they ſold for five pounds. There are ſeveral of theſe ditches, being very narrow, which run acroſs the downs, which perhaps are boundaries of hundreds, pariſhes, &c. Theſe pewter plates might, very poſſibly, have been tablets, with inſcriptions; but, falling into ſuch rude hands, they could no more diſcern the writing than interpret it. No doubt, ſays Dr. *Stukely*, this was ſome of the old Britiſh Stannum, which the Tyrian Hercules, ſurnamed Melcarthus, firſt brought *ex Caſſiteride Inſula*, or *Britain*: which Hercules lived in Abraham's time, or ſoon after.

Mr. *Webb* tells us, the Duke of Buckingham, dug about Stone-henge, perhaps much to the prejudice of the work. Mr. *Webb* alſo did the like, and found what he imagined was the corner of a Thuribulum.

Mr.

Mr. *Haywood*, late owner of Stone-henge, likewiſe dug about it, and found heads of oxen, and other beaſts bones, and nothing elſe.

Dr. *Stukely* himſelf, in 1723, dug on the inſide of the altar, about the middle, four feet along the edge of the ſtone, ſix feet forwards towards the middle of the Adytum: at a foot deep he came to the ſolid chalk, mixed with flints, which had never been ſtirred. The altar was exactly a cubit thick, *i. e.* twenty inches four fifths, but broken in two or three pieces by the ponderous maſſes of the impoſts, and one upright ſtone of that trilithon, which ſtood at the upper end of the Adytum, being fallen upon it. Hence appears the commodiouſneſs of the foundation for this large work! They dug holes in the ſolid chalk, which would of itſelf keep up the ſtones as firm as if a wall was built round them; and no doubt but they rammed up the interſtices with flints. But, he ſays, he had too much regard to the work, to dig any where near the ſtones. He took up an ox's tooth above-ground, without the Adytum, on the right-hand of the lowermoſt trilithon north-ward.

The time our author aſſigns for the building of Stone-henge, is not long after Cambyſes's invaſion of Egypt; when he committed ſuch horrid outrages there, and made ſuch diſmal havock with the prieſts and inhabitants in general, that they diſperſed themſelves to all parts of the world; ſome as far as the Eaſt Indies; and ſome, it is not queſtioned, as far weſtward into Britain; and introduced ſome of their learning, arts, and religion among the Druids; and perhaps had an hand in this ſtupendous work, the only one where the ſtones are chiſſeled; all other works of theirs being of rude ſtones, untouched of the tool, exactly after the Patriarchal and Jewiſh mode, and therefore older than this; and this conjecture is the more probable,

probable, becauſe, at the time mentioned, the Phœnician trade was at its height, which afforded a readier conveyance hither. This was before the ſecond tempie at Jeruſalem was built; before the Grecians had any hiſtory.

For further particulars of this ſtupendous work, and other curious matters relating and adjacent to it, (ſuch as its antiquity before the time of the Belgæ, the Romans, the Saxons, and Danes; of the Vanſdike; of Veſpaſian's camp at Ambreſbury; the introduction of the Druids into Britain, which he puts about Abraham's time; its ancient name, [the Ambres]; the water vaſes of Stone-henge; the avenues to it; the *Curſus*); we muſt refer our readers to the work itſelf, having already exceeded the bounds to which the nature of our deſign confines us, but this we may add, that doubtleſs they had ſome method in former days, in foreign countries, as well as here, to move heavier weights than we now find practicable. How elſe did Solomon's workmen build the battlement or additional wall, to ſupport the precipice of Mount Moriah, on which the temple was erected? which was all built of Parian marble, each ſtone being forty cubits long, fourteen broad, and eight cubits thick. And ſo much for this celebrated temple of Stone-henge.

About ſix miles north-weſt of this place, at a ſmall village called *Shrawton*, near *Longleat*, the noble ſeat of Lord Weymouth, is a curious piece of ſculpture in alabaſter, which had been dug in one of the adjacent barrows in Saliſbury plain. It is of an oval form, about two feet in length, and one in the broadeſt part of the diameter. In the middle is repreſented a woman, habited as a Queen, with her globe, ſceptre, crown, and mantle of ſtate. In a compartment over her head are three figures, evidently repreſenting the three perſons of the Holy Trinity.

Trinity. Round the ſides are angels intermixed with ſome of the apoſtles. The exquiſite workmanſhip of the figure of the woman (who ſeems intended for the Virgin Mary) the ſtrong as well as tender expreſſion in her features, and the elegance of her drapery, ſhew it to be the work of a very ſkilful hand.

We ſhall now proceed to give ſome account of the famous barrows on theſe downs; and we ſhall borow from the ſame learned author the following curious particulars relating to them.

The tops of all the hills, or rather eaſy elevations, round Stone-henge, are, in a manner, covered with theſe barrows, which make an agreeable appearance, adorning the bare downs with their figures. This ring of barrows, however, reaches no farther, than till you loſe ſight of the temple, as we now make no doubt to call Stone-henge, or thereabouts. Many, from the great number of theſe ſepulchral tumuli here, injudiciouſly conclude, that there have been great battles upon the plain, and that the ſlain are buried there; but they are really no other than family burying-places ſet near this temple, for the ſame reaſon as we bury in church-yards and conſecrated grounds.

We may readily count fifty at a time in ſight from the place, eſpecially in the evening, when the ſloping rays of the ſun ſhine on the ground beyond them. They are moſt of them of a very elegant bell-like form, and done with great nicety; in general they are always upon elevated ground, and in ſight of the temple, as we have ſaid; for they all regard it, and are aſſuredly the ſingle ſepulchres of Kings and great perſonages, buried, during a conſiderable ſpace of time, and in peace. There are many groups of them together, as if family burying-places, and the variety in them ſeems to indicate ſome pre-eminence in the perſons interred. Moſt of

of them have little ditches around; in many is a circular ditch, ſixty cubits in diameter, with a very ſmall tumulus in the centre. Sixty, or even an hundred cubits is a very common diameter in the large barrows. Often they are ſet in rows, and equi-diſtant, ſo as to produce a regular and pretty appearance, and with ſome particular regard to the parts of the temple, the avenues, or the curſus. Upon every range of hills, quite round Stone-henge, are ſucceſſive groups of barrows for ſome miles; and even that named King-barrow, by Lord Pembroke's park wall at Wilton, which our author calls the tomb of Carvilius, is ſet within view of Stone-henge.

In 1722, the late Lord Pembroke opened a barrow, in order to find the poſition of the body obſerved in thoſe early days. He pitched upon one of the double barrows, where two are incloſed in one ditch. He made a ſection from the top to the bottom; an intire ſegment from centre to circumference. The compoſition was good earth quite thro', except a coat of chalk of about two feet thick covering it quite over, under the turf. Hence it appears, that the method of making the barrows was, to dig up the turf for a great ſpace round, till the barrow was brought to its intended bulk. Then, with the chalk dug out of the environing ditch, they powdered it all over; and the notion of ſanctity annexed to them, forbad people trampling on them, till perfectly ſettled, and turfed over; whence the neatneſs of their form to this day. At the top, or centre of this barrow, not above three feet under the ſurface, my lord found the ſkeleton of the interred, perfect, of a reaſonable ſize, the head lying northward towards Stone-henge.

The year following, by my lord's order, Dr. *Stukely* began upon another double barrow. He began upon the leſſer, and made a large cut on the top,

top, from eaſt to weſt. After the turf, he came to the layer of chalk, as before; then fine garden mould. About three feet below the ſurface, a layer of flints, humouring the convexity of the barrow, which are gathered from the ſurface of the downs in ſome places, eſpecially where it has been ploughed. This, being about a foot thick, reſted on a layer of ſoft mould, another foot; in which was incloſed an urn full of bones. The urn was of unbaked clay, of a dark reddiſh colour, and crumbled into pieces. It had been rudely wrought with ſmall mouldings round the verge, and other circular channels on the outſide, with ſeveral indentions between, made with a pointed tool. The bones had been burnt, and crouded all together in a little heap, not ſo much as a hat-crown would contain; the collar-bone, and one ſide of the under-jaw, remaining very intire. It appears to have been a girl of about fourteen years old, by the bulk and the great quantity of female ornaments mixed with the bones; as great numbers of glaſs beads of all ſorts, and of divers colours, moſt yellow, one black; many ſingle, and many in long pieces, notched between, ſo as to reſemble a ſtring of beads; and theſe were generally of a blue colour. There were many of amber, of all ſhapes and ſizes, flat ſquares, long ſquares, round, oblong, little and great; likewiſe many of earth, of different ſhapes, magnitude, and colour; ſome little and white, many large and flattiſh, like a button, others like a pully; but all had holes to run a ſtring through, either through their diameter or ſides; many of the button ſort ſeemed to have been covered with metal, there being a rim worked in them, wherein to turn the edge of the covering. One of theſe was covered with a thin film of pure gold. Theſe were the young lady's ornaments, and had all undergone fire; ſo that what would eaſily conſume fell to pieces,

pieces, as ſoon as handled; much of the amber burnt half through. This perſon was an heroine; for we found the head of her javelin in braſs. At the bottom are two holes for the pin that faſtened it to the ſtaff; beſides, there was a ſharp bodkin, round at one end, ſquare at the other, where it went into the handle. Our author preſerved whatever is permanent of theſe trinkets; but recompoſed the aſhes of the illuſtrious defunct, and covered them with earth, leaving viſible marks at top of the barrow having been opened (to diſſuade any other from again diſturbing them); and this was his practice in all the reſt.

He then opened the next barrow to it, incloſed in the ſame ditch, which he ſuppoſed the huſband, or father of this lady. At fourteen inches deep, the mould being mixed with chalk, he came to the intire ſkeleton of a man, the ſkull and all the bones exceedingly rotten, and periſhed, through length of time; though this was a barrow of the lateſt ſort, as he conjectured. The body lay north and ſouth, the head to the north, as that Lord *Pembroke* opened.

Next he went weſtward to a group of barrows, whence Stone-henge bears eaſt-north-eaſt. Here is a large barrow, ditched about, but of an ancient make. On that ſide next Stone-henge are ten leſſer, ſmall, and, as it were, crouded together. South of the great one is another barrow, larger than thoſe of the group, but not equalling the firſt; it ſhould ſeem that a man and his wife were buried in the two larger, and that the reſt were of their children or dependents. One of the ſmall ones, twenty cubits in diameter, he cut through with a pit nine feet in diameter, to the ſurface of the natural chalk, in the centre of the barrow, where was a little hole cut. A child's body, as it ſeems, had been burnt here, and covered up in that hole; but, through

length of time, conſumed. From three feet deep he found much wood-aſhes, ſoft, and black as ink, ſome little bits of an urn, and black and red earth, very rotten; ſome ſmall lumps of earth, red as vermillion; ſome flints burnt through; towards the bottom, a great quantity of aſhes, and burnt bones. From this place he counted an hundred and twenty-eight barrows in ſight.

Going from hence more ſoutherly, is a circular diſh-like cavity, ſixty cubits in diameter, dug in the chalk, like a barrow reverſed. It is near a great barrow, the leaſt of the ſouth-weſtern group. This cavity is ſeven feet deep in the middle, extremely well turned, and out of it, no doubt, the adjacent barrow is dug. The uſe of it ſeems to have been a place for ſacrificing and feaſting in memory of the dead, as was the ancient cuſtom. It is all over-grown with that pretty ſhrub *Erica vulgaris*, then in flower, and ſmelling like honey. He made a large croſs ſection in its centre, upon the cardinal points, and found nothing but a bit of red earthen pot.

He then dug up one of thoſe he calls Druids Barrows, a ſmall tumulus incloſed in a large circular ditch. Stone-henge bears hence north-eaſt. He made a croſs ſection ten feet each way, three feet broad over its centre upon the cardinal points; at length he found a ſquariſh hole cut in the ſolid chalk in the centre of the tumulus; it was three feet and a half, *i. e.* two cubits long, and near two feet broad, *i. e.* one cubit, pointing to Stone-henge directly. It was a cubit and a half deep from the ſurface. This was the *Domus exilis Plutonia*, covered with artificial earth, not above a foot thick from the ſurface. In this little grave he found all the burnt bones of a man, but no ſigns of an urn. The bank of the circular ditch is on the outſide, and is twelve cubits broad. The ditch is ſix cubits broad

broad (the Druids ſtaff); the area is ſeventy cubits in diameter. The whole an hundred.

He opened another of theſe of like dimenſions, next to that Lord Pembroke firſt opened, ſouth of Stone-henge; and found a burnt body in an hole in the chalk as before.

In ſome other barrows he opened, were found large burnt bones of horſes and dogs, together with human; alſo of other animals, as ſeemed of fowl, hares, boars, deer, goats, or the like; and, in a great and very flat old faſhioned barrow, weſt from Stone-henge, among ſuch matters, he found bits of red and blue marble, chippings of the ſtones of the temple; ſo that probably the interred was one of the builders. *Homer* tells us of Achilles ſlaying horſes and dogs at the funeral of his friend Patroclus.

Lord Pembroke told the Doctor of a braſs ſword dug up in a barrow here; which was ſent to Oxford. In that very old barrow near Little Ambreſbury, was found a very large braſs weapon, of twenty pounds weight, like a pole-ax, ſaid to be given to Colonel Wyndham. In the great long barrow, fartheſt north from Stone-henge, which our author ſuppoſes to be an Archdruid's, was found one of thoſe braſs inſtruments called Celts, thirteen inches long, which, he thinks, belonged to the Druids, wherewith they cut off the miſleto. Mr. Stallard of Ambreſbury gave it to Lord Burlington. It was repoſited in Sir Hans Sloan's cabinet, and moſt probably removed, with the other rarities of that famous collector, to the Britiſh Muſeum. They dug a cell in a barrow eaſt of Ambreſbury, and it was inhabited for ſome time; there they ſaw all the bones of an horſe. We find evidently, adds the Doctor, theſe ancient nations had the cuſtom of burning their dead bodies, probably before the name of Rome. So *Lacrymatories* we read of in ſcripture,

ſcripture, ancienter than Greek or Roman times, Pſalm lvi, 8.

Since the time mentioned by the Doctor, there have been pieces of ſpears, and other inſtruments of war, dug up in ſome of the tumuli near Ambreſbury; which are in the poſſeſſion of the Duke of Queenſborough, who has already planted four of the largeſt tumuli with firs; and, ſince he bought the manor of Stone-henge, has been preparing to embelliſh all the others within the manor with ever-green trees, which will not only beautify the country, but alſo become land-marks for travellers, who are often at a loſs to find their way over theſe large plains, if they are not accuſtomed to the roads. His Grace has alſo made ridings over the downs from Ambreſbury, round by Stone-henge, which are planted with clumps of ever-green trees, and are a great beauty to thoſe open downs.

Weſt of Stonehenge is

Heytesbury, or *Heightsbury*, ninety-four miles from London; it ſtands on the river Willy, and was ſome time the ſeat of the Empreſs Maud. It is a borough by preſcription, and has a collegiate church, with four prebendaries, and a free-ſchool, and is governed by a bailiff and burgeſſes.

At Heyteſbury is a fine ſeat, late of the family of Aſhe, but now of Lieutenant General A'Court, who has taken the name of Aſhe.

Warminſter, ninety-ſeven miles from London, is a very ancient town, ſuppoſed by Mr. *Camden*, to be the *Verluccio* of *Antoninus*. Its preſent name, he ſays, is a compound of the old Saxon *Minſtren*, i.e. a monaſtery, and *Were*, but there having been no coins found here, or other remains of the Romans, other authors place it with greater probability at Weſtbury, as that town is ſituated on the river Were; *Camden* alſo mentions its being famous in his time, for

for its great corn-market, and adds, "It is ſcarce credible, what quantities of corn are daily carried hither, and preſently ſold." It has ſtill a flouriſhing market, and carries on a conſiderable trade in wool and cloth. The town is populous and has a number of good inns, &c. The river Derwent runs through this place

Near Warminſter is the famous foreſt of Selwood, called by the ancient Britons *Coedmaur*, i. e. *Great Wood*, from its being fifteen miles in length, and very thick of Wood.

On the eaſt ſide of the town are the Downs, on which are two camps, the one called Battlebury thought to be Daniſh, from its double works, and the other Scrahbury, which is a ſquare fortification, with only a ſingle trench.

On the weſt ſide of the town is *Clay-hill*, ſo high that it is ſeen many miles round; it is ſteep on every ſide, with a hillock on the top, which, at a diſtance, looks like the crown of a hat. Annually on Palm Sunday, and ſeldom elſe, the young people of the adjacent places, reſort here in great numbers, whoſe chief diverſion is to ſee one another ſlip and tumble to the bottom.

A little ſouth of Warminſter, is

Longleat, which manor-houſe, though it had been more than once damaged by fire before Mr. *Camden* wrote, (as it has been more than once ſince) he calls *a well contrived and ſplendid houſe*. It was begun in the year 1567, by Sir John Thynne, who had a fortune of two thouſand pounds a year, but he did not live to perfect it, though it was thirteen years from the foundation of it to his death. The houſe and gardens were very much improved by Sir James Thynne, who magnificently entertained King Charles II. here in 1663, and dying without iſſue, was ſucceeded in his eſtate by his brother, Thomas Thynne, that was betrothed to the heireſs of the

Earl

Earl of Northumberland, but was murdered, as we have before mentioned in our account of his monument in Weſtminſter Abbey. This is the gentleman who was commonly called, *Tom of Ten Thouſand*, from his great eſtate; the famous weſtern Muſe, Mrs. Singer, has often exerciſed her uncommon talents of poetry and painting, at this houſe.

Deſcending ſtill further to the ſouth, we come to *Maiden Bradly*; it ſtands on the borders of Somerſetſhire, and had formerly a priory of Canons, founded by Manſer Biſſel, Sewer to King Stephen, which was ſuppoſed to have been converted afterwards into an hoſpital for lepers. Here is a handſome ſeat belonging to the Duke of Somerſet; and a few miles beyond, to the left, is

Stourton, the beautiful ſeat of Henry Hoare, Eſq.

We ſhall now take notice of

Salisbury, ſeventy nine miles and a half from London. It is ſituated in the ſouth-eaſt angle of the county, and is a large well built and pleaſant place, watered by three of the principal rivers in Wiltſhire, viz. the Nadder, the Willy, and the Avon, which run through the ſtreets. This city, of not much more than five hundred years ſtanding, owes its riſe to its church, the foundation of which was laid by Randulph, the Pope's Legate, who placed one ſtone for his maſter; a ſecond for the King, and a third for William Longeſpée, Earl of Saliſbury.

The cathedral was begun anno 1219, by Biſhop Poore, who alſo built Harnham-Bridge; the work was continued by Robert Bingham, and William of York; and finiſhed by Giles de Bridport, Biſhop of this See; all in the ſpace of forty-two years. According to an account delivered in to King Henry III. it coſt forty thouſand marks, which does not amount to near twenty-ſeven thouſand pounds. It is built in the

the form of a croſs. Above the roof, which is an hundred and ſixteen feet to the top, riſes the tower and ſpire, the fineſt and higheſt in England; being from the ground to the top of the weather-cock, an hundred and thirty-five yards; and yet the walls ſo exceeding thin, that at the upper part of the ſpire, upon a view made by the late Sir Chriſtopher Wren, the wall was found to be leſs than five inches thick; upon which a conſultation was had, whether the ſpire, or at leaſt the upper part of it, ſhould be taken down, it being ſuppoſed to have received ſome damage from the great ſtorm in the year 1703, but it was reſolved in the negative; and Sir Chriſtopher ordered it to be ſtrengthened with bands of iron plates, which have effectually ſecured it; and I have heard ſome of the beſt architects ſay, it is ſtronger now than when it was firſt built.

The tower has ſixteen lights, four on each ſide. Its ornaments are rich, and yet judiciouſly adapted to the whole body of the building. But the beauty of it is hurt by a thing very eaſily to be remedied; which is this: The glaſs in the ſeveral windows being very old, has contracted ſuch a ruſt, that it is ſcarcely to be diſtinguiſhed from the ſtone walls; conſequently, it appears as if there were no lights at all in the tower, but only receſſes in the ſtones; whereas, were the windows glazed with ſquares, and kept clean (which might be done) they would be plainly viſible at a diſtance; and not only ſo, but from all the adjacent hills, you would ſee the light quite through the tower each way; which would have a very fine effect.

They tell us here long ſtories of the great art uſed in laying the firſt foundation of this church, the ground being marſhy and wet, occaſioned by the channels of the rivers, that it was laid upon piles, according to ſome; and upon wool-packs according to others; but this is not to be believed by

thoſe

thoſe who know, that the whole country is one rock of ſtone, even from the top of the higheſt hills, to the bottom of the deepeſt rivers. And the foundation of wool-packs is, no doubt, allegorical, and has reſpect to the woollen trade.

There are no vaults in the church, nor cellars in the whole city, by reaſon of ſprings; very frequently the water riſes up in the graves that are dug in the church, and is ſometimes two feet high in the chapter-houſe. Whether this is owing to ſprings, or to penning up the river Avon, and the currents in the ſtreets, is uncertain; but the foundation of the church muſt be greatly impaired, and, in time, ruined by it. And, if it proceeds from the oozing of water from the ſeveral adjacent ſtreams, it is imagined, that digging a deep trench round the church-yard, and taking off ſo much of the ſurface, as to make a declivity each way to the trench, would, at leaſt, keep the church dry, eſpecially if the water drained into it was conſtantly thrown out by an engine. And this would be an expence very well beſtowed, did it contribute in any degree, to preſerve the building.

In the outſide of the church there is a beautiful ſimplicity and elegance; but the weſt end though crouded with ornamental work, is not well deſigned; nor does the church deſerve to be ſo much admired within as without: though its inſide is certainly hurt by the paltry old painting in and over the choir, and the white-waſhing lately done, wherein they, very ſtupidly, have every where drawn black lines, to imitate joints of ſtone.

It is the opinion of many, that this building is light and ſlender to a fault; as, on the contrary, the new part of the cathedral of Wincheſter is too heavy and crouded: for though a building be ſtrong, yet, if it have not the appearance of ſtrength, it is as great a defect in its beauty, as being over clumſy.

To

To give an inſtance of this; let any one view the arcade round Covent Garden, and the ruſtic arcade of the front of the Royal-Exchange, and he will be convinced, that piers or pillars may be too ſlender, as well as too thick. But one would imagine, that the builder of Saliſbury Cathedral had been making experiments, to ſee what he could do, rather than what he ought to have done; for, it is plain, his reaſon for building ſo ſlight, could not proceed from any apprehenſion of the foundation failing; becauſe, if ſo, he would not have thought of carrying up a ſteeple ſuch a vaſt height.

The north-weſt of the four pillars, which ſupport the ſteeple, having bent towards the middle, was the reaſon, I ſuppoſe, of erecting the two lower arches, interſecting the great ailes of the croſs from north to ſouth, to preſerve the perpendicular level of that, and the other three pillars, as much as poſſible. But this is done in the Gothic manner, with ſo much beauty, that, were there no need of them, one would ſcarcely wiſh them away. How they let this building into the main pillars, and how they ventured to dig for a foundation, is worth the examination of architects.

The ſteeple, beſides theſe arches, is likewiſe propt by ſtone ſupports, carried away diagonally croſs the open arcades, above the arches of the ſide ailes, and alſo croſs the windows of the middle aile; and ſeem to have been done about two hundred years ago.

The ordinary boaſt of this building is contained in the following verſes:

As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in one church we ſee:
As many marble pillars there appear,
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year:
As many gates, as moons one year do view:
Strange tale to tell, yet not more ſtrange than true!

If this be really ſo, and we are to ſuppoſe that the deſigner had it in view when he formed his plan, it was a conſideration ſo trifling and childiſh, that it calls for cenſure rather than approbation. *Convenience* for the intended purpoſe, *Strength*, and then *Beauty*, are the three things to be conſidered in all buildings; and happy is his genius, who ſucceeds in them all. Would any perſon therefore, except a fantaſtical monk, cramp and hurt his plan, which unavoidably muſt be the caſe, for ſuch a ridiculous end as this?—Surely, no; we ought rather to impute this diſcovery to ſome cunning obſerver, who has found out what the architect never thought of.

The organ in the church is fixed over the entrance of the choir. It is very large, being twenty feet broad, and forty feet high, to the top of its ornaments. It has fifty ſtops, which are eighteen more than what are in the organ of St. Paul's; but the ſweetneſs of the tone of St. Paul's organ is far beyond that of Saliſbury, though the laſt is a very good inſtrument.

The church has been lately repaired by the contributions of the Biſhop and Prebendaries, ſet on foot by Biſhop Sherlock; who, it ſeems, thought that the dignitaries ought to ſupport what ſupported them; and that all they got by the church, was not deſigned merely to make or enrich their families.

Some of the windows of the church, which eſcaped the fury of the zealots in 1641, are well painted.

There are ſome very fine monuments in this church; particularly in that they call the Virgin Mary's Chapel; behind the altar, is a noble monument for a late Duke and Ducheſs of Somerſet, with their portraits at full length. The late ingenious and excellent Ducheſs of Somerſet, of the Piercy family,

family, alſo her daughter, the Marchioneſs of Caermarthen, and a ſecond ſon of her grace, both by Duke Charles Seymour, are likewiſe interred here; as he himſelf is.

The figure of one *Bennet* is repreſented here, who, endeavouring to imitate our Saviour in faſting forty days and forty nights, carried his point ſo far, that, being reduced to a ſkeleton, he fell a victim to his preſumptuous and enthuſiaſtic folly at the end of ſeventeen days.

There are many ancient monuments in this church; to wit, Biſhop Poore's, who firſt began the building of it; Biſhop Bingham's; William of York's; a braſs plate in the wall for Dean Gourdon, a Scot; Biſhop Audley's tomb; Biſhop Salcot's; Biſhop Bridport's; Dr. Sydenham's; a fair well-wrought monument of free-ſtone for Sir Thomas Gorges and his Lady, adorned with figures of the regular ſolids. A tomb for the Lord Hungerford, who was hanged and degraded, and had a toad put into his coat of arms; an iron twiſted wire hangs up near his tomb, ſignifying an halter. The like for the Lord Stourton, whoſe tomb is alſo here on the other ſide of the Chapel of our Lady; a monument of that family, with ſix holes on one ſide, and ſix on the other, alluding, as his coat of arms, to ſix wells, three within his park, and three without; the Lord Cheney's tomb; Biſhop Beauchamp's; William Longſpeare, Earl of Saliſbury, and of Roſmar, in Normandy, a natural ſon of Henry II. by Roſamond Clifford, and ſurnamed Longſpear; a ſtately rich monument of the little Earl of Hertford; Dr. Wilton's, with a rebus on it, Will and Tun; Biſhop Capon's; a monument for Sir Richard Mompeſſon and his Lady, which is a gaudy one; Biſhop Jewell, content with a grave-ſtone; Biſhop Uvall; Biſhop Cheſt, were alſo buried here: Here is likewiſe a monument to the beneficent Dr. Seth Ward,

Ward, Biſhop of this See, who founded, amongſt other benefactions, in Hertfordſhire, an handſome college for the widows of ten miniſters, allowing to each fifteen pounds per annum; and which has been ſince obliged to Dr. Gilbert, late Biſhop of this See.

The cloiſter is one hundred and ſixty feet ſquare, the inner cloiſter thirty feet wide, with ten arches on each ſide, the top vaulted, and covered with lead. Over the eaſt-walk of the cloiſter is a ſpacious library; but not over-well ſtocked with books. The chapter-houſe is octagon, and of fifty feet in diameter; the roof bearing all upon one ſmall marble pillar in the centre, which ſeems ſo feeble, that it is hardly to be imagined it can be a ſufficient ſupport to it. It hath fifty-two ſtalls in it for the fifty-two Prebendaries of this church.

Beſides the cathedral there are three other churches. The market place, in which is a fine town-houſe, is a ſquare ſo ſpacious, that three or four battalions of foot may be muſtered in it; it is well ſupplied with neceſſaries, and by its manufactures, markets, fairs, boarding-ſchools, aſſizes, ſeſſions, and eſpecially its church, Saliſbury may be looked upon as flouriſhing a city as moſt in the kingdom, that depends entirely upon a home trade.

It was incorporated by King Henry III. who made it a county of itſelf. The corporation conſiſts of a Mayor, High Steward, Recorder, twenty-four Aldermen, &c. There are two free ſchools; the one called the Town Free School, under the direction of the Mayor and Corporation; the other in the Cloſe under the direction of the Dean and Chapter.

In 1736-7 an act paſſed for the better repairing and paving the highway, ſtreets, &c. within this city, and for enlightening the ſtreets, lanes and alleys, and for the better regulating the watch.

The

The corporation of this city purchaſed a fine portrait of Queen Anne, and placed it in the Council-Chamber. It was drawn by the late celebrated Mr. Dahl, and formerly belonged to the Society of Members of Parliament, called the October Club, who ſet it up in the great room belonging to the Bell, afterwards the Crown Tavern in Weſtminſter, where they uſed to meet till the death of that Queen.

Old Sarum, from the ruins whereof aroſe the new, ſtands almoſt a mile from it to the north, and is ſo ancient, that it was a fortreſs of the old Britons, afterwards a Roman ſtation, and the ancient *Sarbiodinum*, which is derived from a Saxon name, ſignifying a dry ſituation on a hill. The Saxon King Kenric had it anno 553, and a great council of the Saxons was aſſembled here by King Edgar, anno 960. It was plundered and burnt by Swain, the year after the Daniſh maſſacre; but in 1078, it ſo flouriſhed, that the Biſhop's See was removed hither from Sherborn, and the ſecond of its Biſhops built a cathedral here; ſince which it has been the reſidence of many of our Kings. King Stephen having a quarrel with the Biſhop, ſeized the caſtle and garriſoned it. The citizens were much vexed with the inſolence of the ſoldiers, and this together with the ſcarcity of water and bleakneſs of the air, made them reſolve to transfer their habitations to the vale below them, where they were ſure of being better accommodated with both, and by degrees Old Sarum was deſerted; yet the ruins have ſtill an auguſt look, and it is repreſented in parliament. The manor was purchaſed by the late Governor Pitt, who brought the famous large diamond from the Eaſt-Indies, which was bought by the French King, and is worn as the button to his hat.

Biſhop *Godwin* relates, that the ſteeple of its church was ſet on fire by lightening the very day after

after its conſecration; but repaired by Biſhop Oſmond, the prelate that compoſed that form of ſervice called *Secundum uſum Sarum*, which began in the year 1076, upon this occaſion. Thurſton, the Abbot of Glaſtonbury, who was brought from the abbey of Caen in Normandy, by the above Biſhop Oſmond, and preferred by him to this rich abbey, had a quarrel with his monks, and would force them to change their old ſervice for a new one, compoſed by a monk of Normandy. The friars of Glaſtonbury refuſing, the abbot armed his ſervants, fell upon the monks in the choir, and drove them to the high altar, where they defended themſelves with the forms and candleſticks, in which fray two or three men were killed; whereupon when the King was informed, he ſent the Abbot back to Caen, and the monks were diſperſed into other monaſteries.

The ſtanzas of the following poem, which was a favourite of Dr. Ward, Biſhop of that See, to whom it was dedicated, being as hiſtorical as they are ſimple and humorous, are not thought undeſerving of a place in this work, eſpecially as they relate to our preſent ſubject. The author was Dr. *Pope*, who wrote in *The Old Man's Wiſh*, and lived with Biſhop Ward.

I.

Oh, Saliſbury people, give ear to my ſong,
And attention unto my new ditty;
For it is in the praiſe of your river Avon,
Of your Biſhop, your church, and your city.

II.

And you, Mayor and Aldermen all on a row,
Who govern'd that wat'ry mead,
Firſt liſten awhile upon your tiptoe;
Then carry this home and read.

The

The place where New Sarum was built, was called the *Biſhops Meadow*; and that where the cathedral now ſtands, was named *Merryfield*, according to former hiſtorians. Of Old Sarum, he ſays, in his ſecond part:

I.

Old Sarum was built on a dry barren hill,
A great many years ago,
'Twas a Roman town, of ſtrength and renown,
As its ſtately ruins ſhew.

II.

Therein was a caſtle for men of arms,
And a cloyſter for men of the gown,
There were friars and monks, and liars and punks,
Though not any whoſe names are come down.

III.

The ſoldiers and church-men did not long agree,
For the ſurly men with the hilt on,
Made ſport at the gate with the prieſts that came late,
From ſhriving the nuns of Wilton.

In the following ſtanzas, the author is ſpeaking of Biſhop Poore, who, after he had obtained leave of the Pope and the King, to remove his church, could not pitch upon a place for it to his mind, though he had conſulted with the Abbeſs. If the the poet was in the right, there was a cloſe correſpondence between the church of Sarum, and the nunnery of Wilton; and if he was not in the right, one would think he durſt not talk ſo much of it, before good Biſhop Ward.

One

I.

One time as the prelate lay on his down bed,
Recruiting his ſpirits with reſt,
There appear'd, as 'tis ſaid, a beautiful maid,
With her own dear babe at her breaſt.

II.

To him thus ſhe ſpoke, (the day was ſcarce broke,
And his eyes yet to ſlumber did yield);
"Go build me a church without any delay,
"Go build it in MERRY *Field.*"

III.

He wakes and he rings: up ran monks and friars,
At the ſound of his little bell;
"I muſt know (ſaid he) where *Merry-field* is;"
But the devil a bit could they tell.

IV.

Full early he roſe, on a morning grey,
To meditate and to walk;
And by chance over heard a ſoldier on guard,
As he thus to his comrade did talk.

V.

"I will lay on my ſide of my good Eughen bow,
"That I ſhoot clean over the lorn,
"As far as that cow in yon *Merry field*,
"Which grazes under the thorn."

VI.

Then the Biſhop cry'd out, Where is *Merry-field?*
For his mind was ſtill on his vow.
The ſoldier reply'd, by the river ſide,
Where you ſee that brindled cow.

Upon

VII.

Upon this he declared his pious intent,
And about the indulgences ran,
And brought in the people, to build a good ſteeple,
And thus the cathedral began.

Though Dr. *Pope*, (ſays a late author) is a little merry with the collegians here, perhaps without any reaſon, without he found it in the Saliſbury monuments, to which he refers; yet certain it is, that the prieſts there were very uneaſy in the neighbourhood of the Earl's garriſon; for notwithſtanding it is ſometimes called the King's, it appears very plain, that this caſtle went with the Earldom in Henry the Second's time. Indeed in Edward the Third's reign, we find, that the Earls loſt the poſſeſſion of the caſtle, for in the year 1355, there was an appointment of a trial for the Caſtle of Old Sarum, by ſingle combat, between the Earl and the Biſhop, when the Earl, upon recommendatory letters from the King, agreed to ſurrender up all his right in the caſtle to the Biſhop and his ſucceſſors, for ever, upon the receipt of two thouſand five hundred marks. This was ninety-three years after the finiſhing of the cathedral of New Sarum.

Salisbury Plain, which extends for above twenty-five miles in length, and in ſome places thirty-five to forty in breadth, deſerves our peculiar attention. The number of croſs roads on theſe downs or plains, and ſo few houſes to take directions from, that the late Earl of Pembroke planted a tree at the end of every mile, from Saliſbury to Shafteſbury, for the travellers' guide. That part of it about the city is a chalky down, like Eaſt Kent. The other parts are noted for feeding numerous flocks of ſheep, and ſome of which contain from three to five thou-

ſand each. The method they have here of folding their ſheep makes the land extremely fertile, and bear very good wheat, as well as rye and barley. On theſe plains, beſides the famous monument of Stonehenge, already mentioned, there are a number of other remains of ancient encampments, fortifications, ſepulchres, &c. of the ancient inhabitants of this Kingdom.

In the environs of Saliſbury, are ſeveral fine ſeats of the nobility and others, which claim the attention of the curious traveller. On the eaſt ſide is a large beautiful park, the ancient ſeat of *Clarendon*, or *Clorendon*, ſo named from the memorable Roman camp, half a mile off the park, near the old Roman road, made or repaired by Conſtantius Chlorus, father of Conſtantine. It is a beautiful fortification, of a round form, upon a dry chalky hill. This place gave title of Earl to Sir Edward Hyde, author of the Hiſtory of the Civil Wars. Here King John built a palace, where ſeveral parliaments have been held. Part of the fabric is ſtill left, though they have for many years been pulling it down. The materials are chiefly of flint, but no way fortified, though it took up much ground. This palace is called the Manor, from it lies a ſubterraneous paſſage, called the *Queen's* Manor.

Farley, not far from Clarendon Park, gave birth to Sir Stephen Fox, who not only built a new church here, but alſo made it parochial, it being before that a chapel of eaſe to an adjoining pariſh: he likewiſe built and endowed an alms-houſe here, for ſix old men, and as many old women, with a maſter and a free-ſchool. The maſter is to be a clergyman, and to officiate in the church; which, including the ſchool, is a good maintenance.

Wilton, three miles weſt of Salisbury, and about eighty-ſix from London, is ſituated near the conflux of the Nadder, with the river Willy, from which

laſt

Wilton House Wiltshire

GRANT BR. MUS.

laſt it takes its its name, though formerly the ſhire town, and had twelve churches. It is now but an indifferent place. It is governed by a mayor, recorder, and other officers.

The manufacture for tapeſtry at Wilton, which was carried on under the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke, is a great benefit to the town; as it will be to the whole kingdom if encouraged as it deſerves.

Its ancient name was *Elladunum*. Its greateſt glory now, and one of the chief curioſities in this county, is *Wilton-houſe*, which is ſeated in a pleaſant vale, having the town on one ſide, and a ſpacious park on the other.

The building was begun in the reign of Henry VIII. The great quadrangle was finiſhed in the time of Edward VI, and the porch was deſigned by Hans Holbein. The hall ſide being burnt down ſome years ago, was rebuilt by the late Thomas Earl of Pembroke, then Lord High Admiral of England, in a very noble ahd ſumptuous manner. The ſtair-caſe, which is very large, was ordered, by the late Earl, to be painted in *clara obſcura*, by Van Riſquet. The other parts, which were rebuilt by the firſt Philip Earl of Pembroke, were all deſigned by the famous Inigo Jones, and finiſhed by him in the year 1640.

The canal before the houſe lies parallel with the road, and receives into it the whole river Willy, or at leaſt is able to do ſo; it may indeed be ſaid, that the river is made into a canal. When we come into the court-yards before the houſe, there are ſeveral pieces of antiquity to entertain the curious; as particularly a noble column of porphyry, with a marble ſtatue of Venus on the top of it; which, as they told me, is thirty-two feet high, and of excellent workmanſhip, and that it came from Candia, but formerly from Alexandria.

As

As the Earl of Pembroke above mentioned was a nobleman of great learning, and a maſter in antiquity, he took delight in collecting ſuch valuable pieces of painting and ſculpture, as made Wilton-houſe a perfect muſeum, or receptacle of rarities; and we meet with ſeveral things there, which are to be found no where elſe in the world. I ſhall particularize but a few; for a volume might be employed in a full deſcription of them; and indeed a volume is actually written on the ſubject.

The piece of our Saviour's waſhing his Diſciples feet, which they ſhew you in one of the firſt rooms you go into, is admirable. At the foot of the great ſtair-caſe is a Bacchus, as large as the life, done in fine Peloponneſian marble, carrying a young Bacchus on his arm, the young one eating grapes, and ſhewing by his countenance he is pleaſed with the taſte of them. One ought to ſtop every two ſteps of this ſtair-caſe, as we go up, to contemplate the vaſt variety of pictures that cover the walls, and of ſome of the beſt maſters of Europe; and yet this is but an introduction to what is beyond them.

The great geometrical ſtair-caſe is deſervedly admired; and was the firſt of this kind in England.

It is univerſally acknowledged, that the apartments called the ſaloon, and the great dining-room, are the nobleſt pieces of architecture that have been hitherto produced; the firſt is a cube of thirty feet; the other is a double cube of ſixty by thirty; and both of them thirty feet high.

When you are entered theſe grand apartments, ſuch variety ſtrikes upon you every way, that you ſcarce know to which hand to turn yourſelf firſt. On one ſide you ſee ſeveral rooms, filled with paintings, all ſo curious, and various, that it is with reluctance you leave them; and, looking another way, you are called off by a vaſt collection of buſts,

buſts, and pieces of the greateſt antiquity of the kind, both Greek and Roman. Among which are the entire collection of the Cardinals Mazarine and Richlieu, and the greateſt part of the Earl of Arundel's, with others purchaſed at different times.

In one end of the grand room is the celebrated family picture, by Vandyke, twenty feet long, and twelve feet high, containing thirteen figures, as big as the life; which rather appear as ſo many real perſons, than the production of art.

The picture over the chimney is Prince Charles, and his brothers the Dukes of York and Glouceſter. And over the doors, on each ſide of the capital picture, are two admirable portraits of King Charles I. and his Queen. The other pictures in this room are of the Pembroke family, drawn at full length. All by Vandyke.

It was at this houſe that Sir Philip Sidney wrote his Arcadia: and in the bottom pannels of the wainſcot of the ſalon, ſeveral incidents deſcribed in that romance, are repreſented in miniature; but the painting is not well done.

After this fine range of beauties is ſeen, we are far from being at an end of our ſurprize; there are three or four rooms ſtill upon the ſame floor, filled with wonder; nothing can be finer than the pictures in them.

In moſt of the apartments are marble chimney-pieces of the moſt exquiſite workmanſhip, all carved in Italy; with many curious ſtatues, baſſo-relievoes, and pictures of the moſt famous maſters. The loggio in the bowling-green (which has pillars beautifully ruſticated, and is enriched with niches and ſtatues); the grotto (the front of which is curiouſly carved without, as it is all marble within, and has black pillars of the Ionic order, with capitols of white marble, and four fine baſſo-relievos from Florence);

the

the ſtables, and other offices, are all beauties in their kind, which would tire deſcription.

The collections of head-pieces, coats of mail, and other armour, for both horſe and men, are alſo a curioſity. They ſhew thoſe of King Henry VIII. Edward VI. and of an Earl of Pembroke, nick-named *Black-Jack*, which he wore when he beſieged and took Boulogne in France, being the general who commanded in chief under the King, (which, however, hiſtory ſhews, is all a fable); they are very curious and emboſſed. Twelve other complete ſuits of armour, of extraordinary workmanſhip, are alſo there; the reſt, being about an hundred, are only for common horſemen.

The garden front is juſtly eſteemed one of the beſt pieces of the renowned Inigo Jones, and is an hundred and ninety-four feet long.

The gardens are on the ſouth of the houſe, and extend themſelves beyond the river; a branch of which runs through one part of them. Over this river was erected, by the father of the preſent Earl, one of the moſt beautiful bridges in England; on which is an open colonade of the Ionic order.

After you have paſſed this bridge, you aſcend a fine ſloping hill, the top of which is ſet off by a wild ſort of plantation.

On the ſummit of this hill his lordſhip built a ſummer room; and from hence you have a charming proſpect of the city of Sarum and the north ſide of its cathedral.

And ſtill ſouth of the gardens is the great park, which reaches beyond the vale: The view opens to the great down, which is properly called, by way of diſtinction, Salisbury-plain, and leads from the city of Salisbury to Shaftesbury. Here alſo his lordſhip had an Hare-warren, as it is called, though improperly. It has indeed been a ſanctuary for hares many years; but the gentlemen complain that it mars

mars their game; for that, as ſoon as they put up an hare for their ſport, if it be any where within two or three miles, away ſhe runs for the warren, and there is an end of their purſuit. On the other hand, it makes all the country-men turn poachers, and deſtroy the hares by what means they can. The father of the preſent Earl of Pembroke, who had a fine taſte in architecture, made a further improvement with regard to proſpect, at this noble houſe, throwing down the walls of the garden, and making, inſtead of them, ha-ha walls, which afford a boundleſs view all around the country from every quarter.

If his lordſhip had proceeded with the deſign, which, he once had ſome thoughts of proſecuting, that is, to erect a Stonehenge in miniature, as it was ſuppoſed to be in its perfection, according to Dr. *Stukely*, on the hill in his garden, which, as I have obſerved, over-looks the whole country round, and on which is an equeſtrian ſtatue of the Emperor Marcus Aurelianus, it would have added to the curioſities of Wilton, and been the admiration of foreigners as well as natives; for who, that ſees that ſtupendous piece of antiquity in its ruins, would not have been deſirous to behold it as it was in its ſuppoſed flouriſhing ſtate?

Upon the higheſt eminence, which overlooks Wilton, and the fertile valley at the union of the Nadder and Willy, is the noted place called King Barrow, before mentioned. This is certainly Celtic, ſays Dr. *Stukely*, and, with great probability, the very tomb of that Carvilius, who attacked Cæſar's ſea-camp, in order to divert his renowned enemy from his cloſe purſuit of Caſſibelan. This prince is ſuppoſed to have kept his royal reſidence at Carvilium, now Wilton, near which place King Edgar's Queen ſpent the latter part of her life in a religious

ligious retirement; and for that purpoſe built an houſe there.

From Salisbury, in the road to Southampton, you have a view of

Longford, the ſeat of the Lord Viſcount Folkſtone, now Earl of Radnor. It is ſituated in a pleaſant valley; the river Avon running through his Lordſhip's garden. The houſe, built in King James the Firſt's time, is in a triangular form, with round towers at each corner; in which are the dining-room, library and chapel. The rooms, though not large, are very pleaſant, chearful, and elegantly decorated in the modern taſte; and, though richly furniſhed, yet the decorations of the rooms, and the furniture, do not appear over gaudy; a fault one ſees in ſome other places. The gallery is very fine, and contains ſome admirable pictures of the beſt maſters. At each end of this gallery hang two landſcapes of Claud Lorrain; the one a riſing, the other a ſetting ſun; which are eſteemed two of the beſt pieces now in the kingdom, of that great maſter.

The pictures, furniture, and fitting up of this gallery, it is ſaid, coſt ten thouſand pounds.

The triangular form of this houſe is ſo ſingular, that there is but one more of the ſame form in England, and which was built by the ſame perſon, at about ſix miles diſtance.

Near the Earl of Radnor's, on the other ſide of the river, are ſeveral other handſome ſeats, viz. Lord Feverſham's, Sir George Vandeput's, &c. all finely ſituated on the riſing hills, ſo as to command a proſpect of the meadows, through which the river Avon ſerpentines.

On *Martin's Hall Hill*, is a vaſt ſtationary Roman camp. On two ſides the precipice is dreadfully ſteep. The Earl of Winchelſea has a braſs *Alexander Severus*, found here; on the reverſe *Jupiter*

Jupiter Fulminans. On the weſt ſide, at the top of the hill without the camp, is a round pit of good ſpring water, always full to the brim, in the drieſt ſummers, but never overflowing; which, at thoſe ſeaſons is of the greateſt ſervice to the country round; and thouſands of cattle are every day driven thither, from a conſiderable diſtance, to drink. The proſpect from this hill is exceeding fine.

Dunckton, or *Downton*, eighty-three miles from London, is pleaſantly ſituated on the river Avon, ſouth-eaſt of Saliſbury: it is an ancient borough by preſcription, and is governed by a mayor. The town is only noted for the birth of Sir Walter Raleigh's elder brother, the Dean of Wells, who Chillingworth ſaid was the beſt diſputant he ever met with.

Hindon, weſt of Salisbury, is ninety-ſix miles from London; the direct road to which is through Ambresbury, before mentioned. It is a ſmall old borough and market town, and ſends two members to parliament, and is governed by a bailiff and burgeſſes.

At *Fonthill*, near this town, the late William Beckford, Eſq. an Alderman, and twice Lord Mayor of the City of London, erected a fine ſeat, which was burnt down on February the 12th, 1755, when near finiſhed; but it is now rebuilt with greater magnificence. The loſs was computed at thirty thouſand pounds, only ſix of which were inſured.

It is ſaid, that when the news was brought to this gentleman, whoſe character is ſingular, he ſaid nothing, but took out his pocket-book, and being aſked his reaſon for it, he anſwered with a philoſophic indifference, "I am reckoning how much it will coſt me to rebuild my houſe."

Mere is ſituated in the ſouth-weſt angle of this county, and gives name to its hundred, of which it was once the principal town. Its name is derived from the old Saxon *Meare*, i. e. a boundary, or land-mark, it bordering both upon Dorſetſhire, and Somerſetſhire. Here was a caſtle in the time of King Henry the Third. Sir Francis Cotton, who flouriſhed in the reign of James the Firſt, and Charles the Firſt, was born here. Betwixt this place and Long-Leat, Crockerton and Warminſter, are five or ſix villages, which all take their names from the little river *Deverils*. Near it are the remains of an old Daniſh camp, at a place called *Whiteſhole-hill*.

Before we quit this ſhire, we muſt obſerve a wonderful ditch, thrown up acroſs it from eaſt to weſt, for many miles together, which the people in the neighbourhood call *Wanſdyke*; and have a groundleſs tradition, that the Devil made it on a Wedneſday, which in their brogue they call *Woneſday*. The Saxons indeed, termed it, *Woden's Dyke*, i. e. *Woden's*, or *Mercury's Ditch*. *Camden* ſuppoſes it to have been caſt up, as a boundary between the dominions of the Weſt Saxons and the Mercians; but others judge, from its ſituation, that it was made long before the Mercian kingdom was ſettled, viz. by Cerdic, the firſt King of the Weſt Saxons, and his ſon Kenric, againſt the excurſions of the Britans, from their garriſons at Bath, Glouceſter, and Cirenceſter. And *Malmſbrough* ſays, that in 590, the Saxons were routed by the Britons, not at *Wodenſburg*, but at *Wodensdyke*, which ſeems to intimate, that it was made before that time, and was then a boundary between the two people.

On the Dorſetſhire ſide, in this county, is *Wardour* or *Warder Caſtle*, which gives title to the Lord Arundel.

Arundel. In the late civil wars, the Lady Arundel, being attacked in this caſtle, by one thouſand three hundred of the parliament's army, held it out bravely for a week, with no more than twenty-five men, and ſurrendered it at laſt upon honourable terms, which were ſo far from being kept, that ſhe and her children were impriſoned, and her houſe and park damaged to the value of fifteen thouſand pounds.

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

DORSETSHIRE.

IS bounded on the north by Somerſetſhire and Wiltſhire; on the weſt, by Devonſhire and ſome part of Somerſetſhire; on the eaſt, by Hampſhire; and on the ſouth by the Engliſh Channel. It is fifty miles on the coaſt, but in the inland parts it is not more than forty miles in length, from eaſt to weſt, nor thirty-four where broadeſt. Its whole circumference is about an hundred and fifty miles; and the ſquare miles, according to Mr. Templeman's ſurvey, are about nine hundred and fifty-nine.

This county, which lies in the Dioceſe of Briſtol, (though it is a good diſtance from that city) contains the Deanries of Bridport, Dorcheſter, Whitchurch, Pimpern and Shafton; and the Archdeacon of Dorſet has the juriſdiction of the whole Dioceſe, in church matters.

Dorſetſhire, is allowed both by thoſe who have travelled through it, and thoſe who reſide in it, to be one of the pleaſanteſt counties in this kingdom; for the delightful proſpect of the ſea from the hills on one ſide, and the fruitful plains, tufted woods and winding rivers on the other, at once pleaſe the eye and flatter the fancy. Many of the ſucceſſors of Egbert, the Saxon King of England,

Enngland, choſe this ſhire for their reſidence and burial; and had vaſt large palaces in it, which taſte is ſtill kept up by ſome of the gentry here, whoſe houſes are like palaces. The air is ſomewhat ſharp on the hills, mild and pleaſant near the coaſt, and healthy in almoſt all the parts of it. The ſoil in the vallies is rich, both in paſture and arable; and here graze the black cattle, while the downs and hills feed an incredible number of ſheep, ſome of the largeſt that are driven to Smithfield market, whoſe fleſh and wool are very fine. It produces not only corn, but hemp and flax; and great quantities of cloth are made here, both woollen and linen. No ſhire can match its plenty of excellent ſtone in the quarries of Portland and Purbeck, in the laſt of which marble has been ſometimes dug; and from Blackmore Foreſt ſufficient timber might be brought to ſupply the whole county: and what conveniency this is to the inhabitants, appears from the elegance of the buildings, not only of the gentlemens' ſeats, but in their towns. Many kinds of earth, that are uſeful, are diſperſed up and down the county; particularly the beſt tobacco-pipe clay, which is dug about Pool and Wareham, and exported to London, Cheſter, &c. and in King Charles the Second's time fetched thirty ſhillings a ton at this city: for it is ſometimes uſed for ballaſt. This clay burns white, whereas moſt others are apt to turn red by fire.

Its principal rivers are, the Stour, the Frome, the Piddle, the Lyddon, the Duliſh, and the Allen, from whence they are ſupplied with plenty of all ſorts of river fiſh, as they are from the ports with all ſorts of ſea-fiſh; and the rocks on their coaſts abound with ſamphire and eringo. This county has ſuch numbers of ſwans, geeſe, ducks, &c. that it furniſhes other counties from their decoys

and

and fiſh-ponds; and ſportſmen ſeldom fail here of woodcocks, vigeons, pheaſants, partridges, field-fares, ſparhawks, and many other kinds of game. In ſhort, this county has been often ſtyled *the Garden of England*; and it is very likely that King Charles II. thought it ſuch, when returning through it from Plymouth, he ſaid to a noble Lord, "That he had never ſeen a finer country either in England or out of it." It is alſo of ſpecial note for its fine beer, which all the lovers of October prefer to all the Yorkſhire, Derbyſhire, and Nottinghamſhire Ale, and of which vaſt quantities of it are drank, every day, in the cities of London and Weſtminſter, and in other parts. This county gives title of Duke and Earl, as it did formerly of Earl alone, to the family of Cranfield Sackville.

This county ſends twenty members to parliament, whereof two are knights of the ſhire, and two for each of the following towns:

Dorcheſter,	Wareham,
Lime Regis,	Corfe Caſtle,
Bridport,	Pool,
Weymouth,	Shaftesbury.
Melcombe Regis,	

Joining the London road we laſt left at Ringwood, we ſhall enter this county at *Knaſton*, and continue our courſe towards *Poole*; but before we give an account of that town, we ſhall reſt a ſhort time at *Critchill*, to deſcribe a handſome and magnificent ſeat belonging to *Humphry Sturt*, Eſq.

"The chief beauty of this houſe, are the noble additions and improvements Mr. Sturt has made to the former edifice, built about twenty-three years ago; the new building nearly ſurrounding the old one, and forming a ſquare of an hundred and twenty-five feet, having four regular fronts: the two principal

principal ones are extremely light and elegant. In the centre of the ſouth front, fourteen ſteps lead to a very ſpacious portico of fifty-ſeven feet by twenty-ſix. The columns of the Ionic order, twenty-four feet high. In the eaſt front alſo, fourteen ſteps lead to a parade of forty-four feet in the centre; here you enter a hall thirty feet ſquare, and twenty-five high, which opens to the right into the great dining-room, of forty-five by thirty, and twenty high, with a cove of five; oppoſite the door is to be a glaſs which Mr. Sturt has procured from France, and the largeſt yet brought into England, being a ſingle plate ten feet long by five broad. On the other ſide, the hall opens into the drawing-room of the ſame dimenſions as the dining-room.

In the front of the entrance into the hall, (divided from it by double columns and pilaſters) is a ſecond hall, or veſtible, of twenty-three feet by twenty-two, opening in an arch to the principal ſtair-caſe.

The veſtible opens on one ſide into a bed-chamber, twenty-four feet by twenty, and thirteen high; that into a dreſſing-room thirty by eighteen, (which alſo opens into the area before the ſtair-caſe); here is Mr. Humphry Sturt, Jun. in a ſcene of rocks, with a large dog, by *Zaffany*; extremely well done. Alſo the two Miſs Sturts, by Miſs *Reed*; the attitudes are very eaſy and pleaſing, and the colours good, but the hands badly executed. A large piece of birds, good; the relief ſtrong. Two pieces of fiſh and dead game, ſame; fine, and naturally done. They are by an *Italian* maſter; but the idea of plucking his game for á diſagreeable, though a minute, expreſſion, was truly Dutch. Horſes, by *Seymour*; fine.

The

The dreſſing-room opens into the library, thirty-ſix feet by twenty-nine, and twenty high, with a cove of five.

The other ſide of the veſtible opens into a bed-chamber, twenty-four feet by twenty; that into a dreſſing-room, thirty by eighteen; at the end of which is a receſs, twelve feet deep, which opens into the common dining parlour, of thirty-ſix by twenty-four, and eighteen high, with a cove of ſix.

Over the portico is a rendezvous room of fifty-ſix feet by twenty-ſix, and eighteen high; and a gallery on the eaſt ſide of an hundred twenty feet, which leads to the bed-chambers.

The environs of the houſe are fine. It ſtands on the ſide of a hill, which falls into a winding vale that is partly floated, and is to be entirely ſo, in the midſt of a park nobly wooded. Finer timber is ſeldom to be viewed, and what is remarkable of all ſorts of trees; it is not only the oak and elm that are great, but aſh, walnut, hickory, and even cherry-trees grow to an uncommon ſize, and as the ground is finely waved into inequalities, theſe ſtately trees are exhibited in full perfection. The adjoining country is various and beautiful; and by the purpoſed enlargement of the park, will unite it to form, on the whole, a beautiful place.

But Critchill, conſiderable as it is, is not the only object that has poſſeſſed Mr. Strut's attention; the Iſle of *Brownſea*, or *Brankſey*, has been at the ſame time embelliſhed with every thing that can render it agreeable. This ſpot deſerves particular attention from all thoſe who amuſe themſelves with viewing the numerous marks of taſte and wealth that ornament their country. It is an iſland of about nine hundred acres of land, in the midſt of twenty thouſand of water, which is Poole Harbour; a more peculiar ſpot can hardly be conceived. The highlands of the Iſle of *Purbec*, and

other tracts about *Poole*, &c. ſurround this whole ſpace, and landlock it on every ſide. Can any thing be finer than ſuch an iſland ſo glorioufly ſituated!

The coaſts hang in very bold ſteeps; all which Mr. Strut has planted throughout the iſland, to the quantity of a million of trees of various ſorts, chiefly firs; ſo that the hills will all be wood, and the vales, lawn. One end of the iſland lies directly againſt the narrow mouth of the harbour; on this point he has built a beautiful edifice, which he calls *Brownſea Caſtle*, it is a quadrangular building, in that ſtile; riſing each ſtory in the centre, till it finiſhes at laſt in a flag; it is light, and admirably ſuited to the ſpot. It conſiſts of a hall, twenty-four feet ſquare; with a dining-room on one ſide, twenty-four by ſixteen; and a drawing-room on the other, of the ſame dimenſions, with two bed-chambers; very conveniently contrived. The attic conſiſts of a room in the ſhape of a croſs; each fifty feet long; the corner ſquares of which form three bed-chambers and a ſtair-caſe, and over that a large billiard-room, with book-caſes, &c. But the views commanded from the windows of theſe rooms are inimitable; they look out to ſea, through the narrow ſtreight, to the harbour's mouth; which is juſt ſuch a view of the ocean as is deſirable; you there catch the Needles and the Iſle of Wight mountains at a diſtance; but the circumſtance truly picturesque, is the ſhipping; every ſail that comes to and from Poole, (a place of great trade) bends her courſe in line up to the caſtle, and then tacks through a channel, half a mile broad, under the very windows: Nothing can be finer than this, while the ſurrounding coaſts are bold. In the front is a battery of ten nine-pounders, with other ſmall guns for ſalutes.

The

The kitchen garden is cloſe to the caſtle, ſurrounded by a parapet wall with port-holes, and flanked at the angles by turrets; at one end is a large green-houſe between two hot-houſes.

Near the caſtle is a little quay, &c. where Mr. Strut's barges, ſloops, &c. lay at anchor. There is buſineſs enough to add to the variety of the picture.

Sailing around the iſland it offers ſeveral beautiful views; the caſtle is a noble object; and being built of white ſtone, a chearful. The lawns which Mr. Strut has laid out to graſs, with a few ſcattered groves of tall trees, with a farm, and a cottage or two under them, backed by riſing grounds, all ſpread with young plantations, are as agreeable landſcapes as can any where be ſeen, and when the woods all get up, the whole will be a glorious ſcenery.

In reſpect to the agreeableneſs of reſidence; nothing can exceed this iſland: the ſea about it abounds with the fineſt fiſh in England, and in the greateſt plenty; the iſland itſelf, from the improvements making on it, will furniſh all that land can do. It is full of hares, pheaſants, and partridges, none of which can eſcape. A very fine decoy is made for wild-ducks, teal, &c. which now flock here in great abundance, and the ſprings of freſh water are as fine as can any where be met with. When all theſe circumſtances are conſidered, with the amuſements of ſailing, fiſhing, &c. that it is within three miles of Poole, and ſo truly ſingular, that no other ſpot reſembles it; will any one heſitate to pronounce it, one of the moſt agreeable places in the kingdom? Will any one fail to be aſtoniſhed, when they hear that this beautiful ſpot was long neglected and deſpiſed, and would yet have

have been a deſart, had it not been purchaſed by Mr. Sturt ?*

Poole, a hundred and nine miles and a quarter from London, is a borough and county of itſelf. It takes its name from its ſafe and quiet harbour, before mentioned, and which we ſhall now more fully deſcribe. The mouth of it is about three miles ſouth of the town; about ſixteen feet deep at high water; the ſhips, when once entered this harbour, ride extremely ſafe and commodious. The real name of this harbour is *Luxford Lake*, and it enjoys one advantage over all other ports, perhaps in Britain, which is, that the ſea ebbs and flows four times in twenty-four hours. It is only open to the continent on the north ſide.

This town, which in Edward the Third's time, conſiſted only of a few fiſhermen's houſes, is now become a neat, well-built, populous and flouriſhing place; though it was a borough in the reign of Edward II. Henry VI. granted it ſeveral privileges, particularly that Poole ſhould be the port hereafter inſtead of Melcombe, which ſhould for the future be reckoned only a creek; and that the mayors of Poole ſhould take cognizance of the ſtaple, and enjoy the ſame franchiſes as the town of Southampton. The inhabitants carrying on a great trade in exportation and importation, but the principal branch of their foreign commerce is the Newfoundland fiſhery. Great quantities of Purbeck ſtone are alſo ſhipped off here. Here is a town-houſe, a cuſtom-houſe, a convenient quay and public warehouſes. The pariſh-church, which is very large, is a royal peculiar. Numbers of people reſort hither to bathe is the ſalt-water, for which this place is very commodious. One Mr.

* Young.

Rogers,

Rogers, a wealthy Citizen of London, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and a native of this town, left money to build alms-houſes here, and for other charities.

Wareham, to the ſouth-weſt of Poole, is an hundred and fifteen miles from London. It is ſurrounded on all ſides but the weſt with the Piddle, the Frome rivers, and the ſea, or at leaſt that bay, on the ſhore of which ſtands Poole. It has been an ancient Roman town, and the inhabitants ſay it aroſe out of the ruins of Stowborough. The town is delightfully ſeated, and takes its name from its ſituation; *Wareham* ſignifying a dwelling by, or upon, the meeting or ſtopping of waters. It had formerly a mint granted to it by King Athelſtan, and though it afterwards fell off to but ſeven houſes and one mint maſter, yet William the Firſt erected a ſtrong caſtle here by the water ſide, weſt of the bridge, after which it again flouriſhed, but was greatly reduced in the wars between Stephen and Maud. During theſe wars the town was much defaced, the caſtle deſtroyed, and has ſince ſuffered by fires, &c. ſo that now a ſhadow only remains of its priſtine glory. Here was alſo a priory of black monks, where, as ſome ſay, Brithricus, King of the Weſt Saxons, was interred.

It ſtill retains ſome of its ancient privileges, being governed by a mayor, &c. and ſends two members to parliament. Only three of its ſeventeen pariſh churches are now ſtanding, viz. St. Martin's, Trinity, and St. Mary's The tower of the laſt is its greateſt ornament. Between this town and the Channel, is

Purbeck Iſland, though with more propriety it ſhould be termed a peninſula. It is a large tract of land, healthy and woody, ſurrounded on every ſide by the ſea, except on the weſt, where the river Frome and Langford Lake join, and almoſt make it

it an iſland. It is about ten miles long, and ſix broad, and is famous for its ſtone, of which Saliſbury cathedral is ſaid to have been built; but this is certain, that great quantities of it were uſed in rebuilding London Bridge, after the fire in 1666. Great quantities are now uſed in London and other places for pavement, &c. In this peninſula, is

Corfe Caſtle, ſituated on an eminence adjoining to the town of Corfe. Hiſtory is rather ſilent about the date of this caſtle, but *Camden* imagines it to have been erected by King Edgar, but certain it is that it was not built till after 941, by an inquiſition taken in the reign of Henry III. concerning the claim of the Abbeſs of Shafteſbury, the jurors returned, that before the foundation of Corfe Caſtle, the abbeſs and nuns had cuſtomarily, and without moleſtation, the wreck which happened in their manor.

Here the Saxon Kings reſided, and King Edgar left it to his ſecond wife, Queen Elfrida, and her ſon, for whoſe advancement ſhe cauſed her ſon-in-law to be murthered at this place. The ſtory is related by William of Malmſbury, the ſubſtance of it is as follows:

King Edward hunting in this iſland, left his companions, either by accident or of purpoſe, rode to the caſtle, to viſit his mother-in-law, for whom he ever bore an affection. He had no ſooner come to the caſtle gate, but the Queen, who impatiently waited for an opportunity to execute her wicked intent, with the moſt ſubmiſſive and tender behaviour, welcomed him to her manſion, and requeſted him to remain there all night; not chuſing to leave his company, he informed her, that he now "only intended to drink to her and his brother's health in a cup of wine, on horſe-back." He had no ſooner conveyed the cup to his lips, but he received a wound in his back, with a knife, from the

hand

hand of a ſervant appointed by his treacherous ſtep-mother. The King immediately clapped ſpurs to his horſe to rejoin the company, but the wound being deep, and fainting through loſs of blood, fell from his horſe, which dragged him by one foot hanging in the ſtirrup, until he was left dead at Corfe gate, in the year 979. But *Coker* imagines, that the place where his body was found, was at a bridge in the heath, below the caſtle, ever ſince called *King's Bridge*. This ſuppoſition is confirmed by the iſlanders.

In the year 1321, Corfe Caſtle was, for a ſhort time, the priſon of King Edward II. and in 1645, it was beſieged by the parliament's forces, and, on February 7, was relieved by a party of the Royaliſts, who took a mortar; but being again attacked, was on the 16th of the ſame month delivered up by the treachery of Lieutenant Colonel Pitman. The parliament afterwards ordered it to be demoliſhed, for the trouble it had given them; and the ruins of it are now only to be ſeen.

The town of Corfe is governed by a mayor, aldermen, &c. and returns two members to parliament. The church is a royal peculiar, large and lofty, and has a chapel of eaſe, about a mile diſtant.

Weſt of *Wareham*, is *Moreton*, to which we ſhall make an excurſion, to ſay a few words on the manſion-houſe of Mr. Frampton, which gentleman, Mr. Young, in his Tour, gives great encomiums, for the many improvements he has made in agriculture, &c. "The houſe, (he ſays) is new, handſome, and convenient, the environs laid out in an agreeable manner, in lawns ornamented with plantations, from one of which, on a hill, are many extenſive views. The inſide of the manſion is handſomely adorned with ſeveral very good pictures.

Donimhini.

Donimhini. Rinaldo and Armida. The attitudes extremely natural, and the expreſſion very pleaſing.

Now bending down, enraptur'd as he lies,
She kiſs'd his vermil lips, and ſwimming eyes;
Till from his inmoſt heart he heav'd a ſigh,
As if to her's his parting ſoul would fly.

Geraldo Dell Notte. Jacob and Eſau. A candle-light piece, very natural; the countenances truly expreſſive.

Giſolphi. Ruins. Good, excellent keeping.

Baptiſta. Two landſcapes. That with the bridge agreeable.

Seb. Ricci. Two landſcapes. Various expreſſion: pleaſing, particularly the more rural piece.

Bonaira. A ſea piece.

Ditto. A landſcape with ruins.

Ditto. Diana and Acteon. There is a brilliancy in theſe pieces; but not ſtrictly natural.

Unknown. Two pieces of architecture.

Ditto. Portrait of Mr. Frampton's grandfather.

The family of the *Framptons*, are of ancient date. *Coker*, in his Survey of Dorſetſhire, 1732, ſays, "they have flouriſhed at Morton with good reſpect for many years. The river Frome runs by this village.

There is another road to Poole, which leads thro' Saliſbury, but it is farther about, and enters this county at

Cranbourn, ninety-ſeven miles from London. It is but an indifferent town, though finely ſituated, and well watered. It was formerly the ſeat of Alward, an Engliſh Saxon of noble birth, for his whiteneſs called Meaus, who built a little monaſtery here in 970, "for his ſoul and the ſoul of his wife." In the road from

from Saliſbury to Cranburn is an extenſive chace, reaching almoſt all the way; and below the town is *Holt Foreſt*. South of Cranbourn, is

Wimbourn Minſter, an hundred and eight miles from London. It is an ancient town, which the Romans called *Vindogladia*, from its being ſituated between two rivers, known among the Britons by the name of *Gledian*, called afterwards by the Saxons, *Pynburtha*, and *Pynburn*, compounded of *Wyn*, the old name, and *Burn*, i. e. water. The name of Minſter was given it from its monaſtery, built in the year 712, by Cuthberga, ſiſter to King Ina, who, deſirous to lead a religious life, ſued for a divorce, and betook herſelf to the monaſtery. The church is a very great one, ancient and well built, with a very firm, ſtrong ſquare tower, on which formerly ſtood a ſpire, ſaid to have been finer and higher than that of Saliſbury. This beautiful ornament was blown down by a ſudden tempeſt of wind, as they tell us, in the year 1622.

In this church are the monuments of ſeveral noble families, and King Etheldred, ſurnamed the Martyr, for his having been ſlain by the Danes, and for his extraordinary piety. His tomb, which has been repaired, has the following inſcription on it:

In hoc Loco requieſcit Corpus S. Ethelredi, Regis Weſt Saxonum Martyris, qui Anno Domini DCCCLXXII. et viii Aprilis, per Manus Danorum, Paganorum occubuit.

That is,

In this place reſts the body of St. Etheldred, King of the Weſt Saxons, and Martyr, he fell by the hands of the Pagan Danes, the 8th of April, in the year of our Lord 872.

Beſides theſe, there are the monuments of Gertrude Blunt, Marchioneſs of Exeter, and in the choir, John Benfold, Duke of Somerſet, and his wife, grandmother of King Henry VII. by her daughter Margaret, Counteſs of Richmond. This laſt lady built and endowed a very fine free-ſchool, ſince greatly enlarged, by Queen Elizabeth, who was a bountiful benefactreſs to it. The famous Cardinal Pole, was Dean of this church before his exaltation.

The town is populous, but poor, the inhabitants chiefly maintaining themſelves by knitting of ſtockings. Between this place and Cranbourn, is *Harley Wood*, from which, and the two towns before mentioned, aroſe this proverb; that

"When Harley is *hareleſs*,
Cranbourn *whoreleſs*,
And Winbourn *poorleſs*,
The world will be at an end."

At *Badbury hill*, about two miles diſtant, is a treble trench, and a rampier, which, *Camden* ſays, ſeems to have been the work of King Edward who pitched his tents here when he came to attack his couſin Ethelwald, who had taken, and fortified Wimborn, which he afterwards deſerted.

In this neighbourhood is *Wimbourne St. Giles's*, a very fine ancient ſeat belonging to Aſhley, Earl of Shafteſbury, to whom it gives title of Baron.

From

From Cranbourn, another road branches off to *Dorcheſter* and *Weymouth*; the firſt town we meet with of any note, after we have left Cranbourn, is

Blandford, an ancient and flouriſhing town, an hundred and ſix miles from London. Its ſituation is extremely pleaſant, in the flexure of the river, amid charming meadows and rich lands. The chief employment of the people here, was weaving the fineſt bone lace in England, but there are now numbers of malſters and clothiers.

This town has ſuffered greatly by fire, particularly in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was burnt down by accident, but ſoon after rebuilt again. On June 4, 1731, the whole town, conſiſting of ſix hundred and ten houſes was burnt down, (except twenty-ſix.) The conſternation of the people was ſo great, and the flames ſo rapid, that the inhabitants ſaved few of their goods, and to add to their misfortune, the ſmall-pox being at that time rife at this place, many of the ſick were carried into the fields and there died. The town was afterwards rebuilt in a more elegant manner, by an act of parliament paſſed in 1732.

It is governed by two bailiffs, and formerly ſent members to parliament, but has loſt that privilege. Many gentlemens ſeats lie ſprinkled about this neighbourhood, the town being pleaſantly ſeated on the banks of the river Stour.

In the pariſh of *Gunville*, four miles from Blandford, and ſix from Shafteſbury and Cranbourn, is

Eaſtbury, the ſeat belonging to Lord Melcombe. The houſe is eſteemed one of the largeſt and moſt ſtately fabrics in England, which, with the gardens, park, &c. contain about eight miles in circumference.

You approach this houſe through a beautiful little lawn; and paſſing through the grand arcade, on

on each ſide of which the offices are ranged, you land from a flight of ſteps of eleven feet high, under a noble Doric portico, crowned with a pediment, extending ſixty-two feet, the pillars whereof are ſixty-two feet high; from whence you enter a moſt magnificent hall, adorned with many ſtatues and buſts.

The ſaloon is extremely noble, and beautifully and richly decorated. At one end are three apartments, one hung with crimſon velvet, another with flowered velvet, and a third with ſattin; all richly laced with gold. At the other end is a drawing-room and a large dining-room. The marble tables in the rooms are exceedingly curious, and of great value; they were purchaſed out of one of the Italian palaces.

The main body of the houſe extends a hundred and forty-four feet, and is ninety-five feet in depth; to which, join the arcades, which form the great court. This court is an hundred and ſixty feet in breadth, in the clear; and its depth from the houſe to the entrance is two hundred and ten feet. The arcades are ten feet wide. The offices placed on each ſide theſe arcades, in the centre of them, extend each an hundred and thirty-three feet, and are in depth an hundred and ſixty-one feet. The inner court of theſe offices are an hundred and ſixty feet, by eighty, in the clear, beyond theſe, other buildings are carried in the ſame line, fifty feet each way, and which form two other courts; ſo that the whole front of the building and offices extends five hundred and ſeventy feet. Theſe buildings being of different heights, and the beautiful turrets at each corner of the houſe, with their Venetian windows, riſing above all the reſt, give the whole ſtructure a very grand appearance.

At *Milborn St. Andrew's*, near Blandford, is the ſeat of Edmund Moreton Pleydell, Eſq. who has ornamented

ornamented his ſeat with great taſte. The lawns about the houſe wave over the hills very agreeably, and they are prettily ſpotted with clumps and ſcattered trees. On the top of the higheſt hill is a Roman camp, very entire; the area filled with a plantation of firs, and in the centre is a handſome obeliſk, which has a very good effect when viewed from the houſe, and the other parts of the grounds. The whole country round is delightfully variegated.

Dorcheſter, an hundred and twenty-three miles and an half from London, is a very ancient town, and formerly a Roman ſtation, called by *Antoninus*, in his Itinenary *Duronovaria*. It ſtands upon the Ikening-ſtreet, which is here plainly to be traced. This is by the ignorant country people referred to the work of the devil, who, they ſay, caſt it up in a night's time. The foundation of the old Roman wall is to be ſeen quite round the town, but eaſtward a ſtreet is built upon it, and the ditch filled up; it is ſtill called the Walls; the town on that ſide being ſwelled into a conſiderable village, called Fordington. Great quantities of Roman coins have been dug here. The late Rev. Mr. Place, known for his Philoſophical works, lived here, and had in his poſſeſſion a great quantity of thoſe pieces called the *Dorn Money*, or King *Dor's Money*.

The Saxons, who ſucceeded the Romans, called this town *Dorcheſter*, from the Britiſh word *Doure*, water, and *Cheſter*, i. e. a city. The Danes did great damage to this town under their leader *Swano*. In memory of this ſiege, (ſays *Coker*) the Danes erected *Maundbury* and *Poundbury*, two trenched forts adjoining to this town. But *Stukely* and others affirm, *Maumdbury* to have been a Roman amphitheatre. It is ſtill to be ſeen in the neighbourhood of this town, and is a common excurſion for the inhabitants;

inhabitants; and the terrace on the top is a noted place of rendezvous, affording an agreeable circular walk, a proſpect of the town, and wide plains of corn-fields all round.

After the Danes had ſo greatly damaged the town it did not readily recover, and in the reign of Edward III. the inhabitants were reduced ſo low, as to be obliged to petition the King to abate their Fee-farm, or rent, according to this petition, *By reaſon the houſes were left deſolate, and their trade failed them.* It has ſince recovered, though it was almoſt burnt down in 1613. The loſs in houſes, goods, &c. was computed at two hundred thouſand pounds.

This town (which is the chief in the county) is governed by a mayor, alderman, bailiffs, and capital burgeſſes, and ſends two members to parliament. The town is regular, with handſome wide ſtreets; but the houſes, though built of ſtone, are old and low. It is kept very clean, by reaſon of its high ſituation, and the river Frome. Here is a good free-ſchool, and an handſome alms-houſe. Sir *John Child*, in his Treatiſe on Trade, recommends this town as an example worthy of imitation; the inhabitants taking particular care to ſet the able poor to work; and relieving the aged and impotent.

St. Peter's Church, which ſtands in the ſame ſtreet as the town hall, is a very handſome ſtructure. There is a tradition that one *Geoffry Van* was the founder of St. Peter's: and accordingly the common ſaying here is, that

"*Geoffry Van*,
With his wife *Anne*,
And his maid *Nan*,
Built this church."

But from a large ſeal, with all the marks of antiquity on it dug up in a garden hereabout ſeventy years ago,

ago, with this inſcription, *Sigillum Galfridē de Ann*, it is ſuppoſed that the founder's true name was *Ann*.

This being the ſhire-town, the aſſizes are held in it for the county. Judge Jefferys, after the rout at Sedgmore, near Bridgwater, in 1685, held that bloody aſſize here, which is never to be forgot; for ſeveral hundreds were condemned by the lump, and ſent by cart-loads, to Lyme, Taunton, &c. to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; and at the ſame time John Tutchin (who wrote the Obſervator in Queen Anne's reign) was ſentenced to be whipped once a year through every market-town in the county, upon which he petitioned that cruel Judge to be hanged: the novelty of which petition induced him to grant him a reprieve, and he was afterwards pardoned.

On the north ſide of this town, there was anciently a caſtle, long ſince decayed; out of the ruins of which, a convent of Grey Friars was built, by the family of Chideocks, men of great note in theſe parts, ſome of whoſe monuments were removed to St. Peter's Church, and placed in the windows there, when the priory church was pulled down.

The manor of *Fordington* or *Forthington*, belongs to the Duchy of Cornwall. The common highway, or public road from London, the town of Blandford, and other places eaſt of Dorſetſhire, lie over part of the ſaid common or moor, through a conſiderable length of waters, ſubject to floods in the time of heavy rains, and through a ford on the river Frome, which is a very dangerous paſſage both for horſes and carriages, and, in times of floods, utterly impaſſable. Senſible of theſe inconveniences, a public ſpirited lady, Mrs. Lora Pit, propoſed to obtain an act of parliament to erect a bridge or bridges over the river Frome; and

and to make a cauſeway to the eaſt end of the town of Dorcheſter, over Forthington Moor; which paſſed in the ſeſſion of 1746. She alſo agreed to maintain this road and bridge for three years, at her own expence. The arches of the bridge extend over the river, and other founderous places of the moor, where the new road is made; which leads to the town of Dorcheſter. A deſign of ſuch public utility greatly redounds to the honour of the lady, and muſt give her a ſatisfaction, that only a generous mind can receive, from contemplating the eaſe, ſafety, and advantage, accruing from ſo laudable a benefaction to her fellow ſubjects.

There is a handſome walk on the ſouth and weſt ſide of the town, under a fine ſhade of ſycamore, which is extremely pleaſant, as you have a pleaſing view of the country, and the lofty branches of the trees, ſhelter you from the inconvenience of the too ſultry heat of the ſun. Beyond the river Frome (to which you deſcend from the town) are meadows and warm ſandy downs, pleaſant for riding, and profitable in excellent grain. Great folds of ſheep are fed on the neighbouring downs, and agriculture is carried on with great ſucceſs, but for further particulars on theſe matters, we ſhall refer our readers to Mr. *Young*'s works, who has ſo copiouſly treated on ſuch ſubjects, which would carry us too far out of our road in this work, but we are obliged to that gentleman for the following deſcription:

"At *Came*, is a convenient and agreeable manſion of Mr. Damer. The hall is handſomely fitted up in plain ſtucco. In it is a picture of Prometheus, by Michael Angelo Caravaggio. The ſaloon is elegant; the door-caſes, window-frames, pannels, cornice, &c. carved and gil. ornaments on a light lead colour. The door-caſe into the hall is extremely light; the cornice is ſupported by Corinthian

thian fluted pillars: the whole very neatly executed. The cieling a gilt trailing on a light lead colour. An angel in the centre darts lightning of gold, from behind a blaze of white, incloſed in an ornamented oblong, and within as light and elegant a ſcrol as I have ſeen. The room is hung with very handſome tapeſtry, repreſenting the hiſtory of Diogenes, in four pieces, the colours ſtrong and lively. The chimney-piece of ſtatuary marble; the cornices ſupported by terms: in the centre of the frieze a tablet, Alexander crowning Roxana; a bas relievo, very well executed; and on each ſide a wreath of flowers. The glaſſes, ſlabs, ſofas, &c. are richly executed.

"The drawing-room is hung with crimſon damaſk: the cieling ornamented in the ſame ſtile as the other. The chimney-piece extremely elegant; white marble monuments on a ground of ſienna; over it a picture of dancing boys, by Rubens, incomparably fine; the brilliancy and delicacy of the colouring, is harmony itſelf. The relief of the figures, and their moſt agreeable expreſſion, render the whole piece quite captivating. I never ſaw a more pleaſing picture by this maſter.

"Over the chimney in the dining-room is a very fine Morellio: it is a lad fearful of loſing his cake by a negro, who is advancing to him. The unaffected nature and ſimplicity of the figures are great, their attitudes eaſy, and the colours fine.

"In the attic ſtory are nine bed-chambers and dreſſing-rooms."

From Blandford, another road ſtrikes off to *Milton Abbey*, the ſeat of Lord Milton. This nobleman, who takes great delight in agriculture, has made great improvemsnts to this ſpot. It is a remarkable beautiful valley, winding for the length of three miles, between fine ſwelling hills, covered

on one ſide with ſweeps of hanging woods, which form a truly picturesque and admirable ſcene. On the other ſide of the vale the hills are not ſo thickly cloathed, but they are clumped with new plantations, contraſting the continued woods on the oppoſite ſide in the boldeſt manner. In your way to the houſe, on the ſkirts of the wood, you have views uncommonly fine, romantic and pleaſing. From the top of the hill, full northwards, you have a very great proſpect over the vale of Blackmoor; which is equalled by none but thoſe from the downs of Suſſex.

Milton Abbey is a very ancient building, founded and endowed by King Athelſtan, for Benedictine Monks, in expiation for the murder he had cauſed to be committed upon his foſter brother Edwin. In the year 1310, Milton was nearly conſumed by fire, ſo that neither church nor bells eſcaped the fury of the flames; yet it afterwards roſe with greater ſplendor than before, and ſo continued until the ſuppreſſion by King Henry VIII.

The abbey joins an old church, ſtill of great ſize, but formerly as large as moſt cathedrals. The building is in the Gothic ſtile, with a remarkably light fret-work cieling, in ſtone. In one of the rooms is a moſt agreeable copy of Titian's famous Venus in the Tribune at Florence. The ſituation of theſe edifices is remarkably beautiful, it is a regular knole, which ſwells boldly in the middle of the grand amphitheatre, formed by the ſurrounding hills. The approach to the houſe is exceedingly fine and convenient; his lordſhip has cut and formed a ſpacious road for ſix miles, through his grounds, leading from Blandford London, and other places. About ten miles from this beautiful ſeat, is

Cerne Abbey, where was formerly a rich abbey of black monks, founded by St. Auguſtine, after he had

had broken down the altars of the Saxon God Heile, whom they worſhipped as the God of Health. It ſuffered greatly afterwards, and was almoſt ruined, eſpecially by Canute, who, after he had got poſſeſſion of the crown, reſtored it to its former privileges, and was a great benefactor to it. Very little of the ruins are now to be ſeen. The name of *Cerne* has occaſioned much controverſy. Tradition ſays, that St. Auguſtine preaching Chriſtianity here, pitched his ſtaff on the ground, at the ſame time uſing theſe words, *Cerne* quid hic ſit, whence immediately flowed a quick fountain, that ſerved him to baptize numbers that he had converted, which ſpring was ever afterwards called, St. Auguſtine's well; but (*Coker*, in his Survey of this county) with more probability, thinks the true name of the river here to be *Cerne*, and from hence the true derivation of *Cerne Abbey*.

South of Dorcheſter, about ten miles, are *Melcombe Regis* and *Weymouth*, ſituated at the mouth of a little river called the *Wey*. Theſe towns are joined together by a wooden bridge of nineteen arches, ſo that only the harbour parts them: the immunities of which harbour formerly occaſioning great controverſies between the two towns, Henry VI. deprived them of the privilege of a port, by removing it to Poole, and Queen Elizabeth reſtored them again, by uniting them into one corporation, under the name of a mayor, aldermen, and other officers. The freemen of both vote for four burgeſſes, though they are returned as two for each.

Tho' *Melcombe* is the largeſt town, *Weymouth* claims the precedence in antiquity. It is a neat, clean well-built town, conſidering its low ſituation, cloſe to the ſea. Here is a cuſtom-houſe and a good quay, and the merchants carry on a conſiderable

ſiderable trade in wines and the the Newfoundland trade.

At *Weymouth* there formerly ſtood a chapel on a hill ſo very ſteep, that the aſcent to it was by ſixty ſteps, and overlooked the town and haven. In 1641, the rebels converted it into a fort, from which they battered Melcombe Regis, and having reduced it, they demoliſhed the chapel and ſold the ſtones, as is reported by the ancient inhabitants. Without the harbour is Sandfort Caſtle, and over againſt it Portland Caſtle, ſituated in the iſle of that name.

Portland lies directly oppoſite to Weymouth, and though anciently an iſland, is now only a peninſula, being, as it were, joined to the continent by that ſhelf of land, called *Cheſil Banks*. *Camden* ſays, it took its name from one *Port*, a noble Saxon, who, in 703, arriving here, much infeſted and annoyed theſe coaſts. It ſuffered very much by the ravages of the Danes in 783. Edward the Confeſſor, to ſhew his repentance of having accuſed his mother Emma wrongfully, of incontinency with the Biſhop of Wincheſter, gave the whole of it and its revenues to that cathedral. The land being extremely high, you can ſee half way over the channel. Due ſouth, at the entrance of it, the ſea runs ſtrong, attributed to the two tides ſetting in from the Engliſh and French coaſts; this is called Portland Race, and is defended by the caſtles before mentioned. The road is ſafe for ſhipping; but the ſea off this iſland, and eſpecially to the weſt of it, is counted the moſt dangerous part of the Britiſh Channel: to prevent any danger, therefore, there are two light-houſes ſet up at the two points of the iſland, which are very ſerviceable to ſhips,

The iſland may be ſaid to be one continued rock of free-ſtone, with with the cathedral of St. Paul's,

the

the Monument, Whitehall, and other public edifices were built. The inhabitants are almoſt all ſtone-cutters, and very few poor people to be found among them; and when money was collected for the rebuilding of St. Paul's, they collected more in this iſland than in the great town of Dorcheſter.

In the year 1756, an act paſſed "for compleating and finiſhing a church, and laying out and incloſing a cemetry thereto, in the iſland of Portland;" the old church being too ſmall, and in a ruinous condition, the cliff having fallen into the ſea, whereby the verge of the remaining part thereof was within thirty-ſix feet of the foundation of the church. Croſſing at the weſtern end of this iſland, we come to

Abbotſbury, an hundred and thirty-one miles from London. Here was a monaſtery in the very infancy of Chriſtianity, which decaying, another was built and endowed for Benedictine monks, in 1044. This abbey was exceeding rich, and enjoyed many immunities, as wrecks from the ſea, large revenues, &c. which were confirmed by ſucceeding Kings. Its founder, *Ore*, is ſaid to have been buried in a fine marble coffin, which *Coker* ſays he had ſeen, and that it was afterwards removed to the adjoining pariſh church.

Returning to Dorcheſter, we ſhall conduct our readers to *Bridport*, the road to which is beyond deſcription beautiful: "and as we are particularly pleaſed in pointing out the delightful arrangements of nature, we ſhall dwell a ſhort time on this enchanting ſcene. "At the turnpike, about half way between Dorcheſter and Bridport, begins one of the fineſt landſcape countries, to the left, I ever ſaw: you there look over a vale, bounded with waving hills, all cut into incloſures, of the fineſt verdure, the ſea pictureſquely breaking above the hills. Mounting the hill till you come to the ſixth mile-

ſtone

ſtone to Bridport, you find a ſpot that is exceedingly elegant: it is a circular hallow ſcoop, in a vaſt hill of the moſt beautiful ſoft green that can be imagined: the waves in it have exactly the appearance of that ſoftneſs, which is ſeen in the driven ſnow. The bottom of the hollow is cut into little ſtripes of cultivation, which, from the vaſt depth of the declivity, have a pictureſque appearance. In front, beyond it, are beautiful ſweeps of incloſures, that keep a perpetual waving line, forming the happieſt out-line to the ſea that can be imagined. To the right, the view is bounded by diſtant craggy points that project very abruptly to the ſea.

Leaving this very fine ſpot, and following the road down the hill, you catch, to the right, a moſt peculiar landſcape; a bold, circular, regularly ſwelling hill, riſes out of a vaſt hollow in the down; the effect uncommonly magnificent, and would be more ſo, if a few places in it were not ſcarred with chalk. Immediately under the hill, a little tuft of incloſures, that ſeem toſt into the hollow, wild and pretty. Purſuing the road towards Bridport, till you come a little beyond the fifth mile-ſtone, you overlook a very large vale, incloſed on every ſide by high hills; and what is uncommon, the valley itſelf all ſwelling ground, that riſes and falls in gentle inequalities. In the centre riſes a bold ſwell; one of the fineſt ſituations I have ſeen for a great houſe. From hence the whole way to Bridport is a perpetual picture; all hill and dale, ſome boldly abrupt, ſome gentle, and more pleaſing; the whole toſſed about in the wildeſt manner imaginable, all cut into incloſures, the hedges well fringed with trees, and every landſcape different, but ſtriking.

Bridport, an hundred and thirty-eight miles and a half from London. The town is large, but not well

well built, it was incorporated by Henry VII. and afterwards by Queen Elizabeth, and King James I. by the name of two bailiffs, a recorder, &c. The town takes its name from the river *Bert*, and was formerly called *Bertport*. The harbour here was anciently a very good one, and the inhabitants carried on a conſiderable trade; but a general ſickneſs happening, which ſwept off numbers of the people, the harbour became neglected, and choaked up with ſands; notwithſtanding an act of parliament had paſſed in 1722, for reſtoring and building the haven and piers of Bridport, in order to reſtore it to its priſtine ſtate. It was formerly famous for twiſting cordage, &c. By a ſtatute of Henry VIII. it was provided, that cordage ſhould, for a limited time, be made here, or within five miles, and no where elſe, which act was confirmed by almoſt every parliament, for near ſixty years after. This town is exceedingly well ſituated for trade, the ſoil of the adjacent country being very proper for the growth of hemp, which was formerly greatly cultivated in theſe parts, inſomuch, that from hence roſe the proverb, that, when a man was hanged, "he was ſtabbed by a *Bridport* dagger."

Along the ſhore are plenty of boats in the mackarel ſeaſon, which they take in the eaſieſt manner imaginable, and in ſuch prodigious quantities, that there has been a watch ſet to prevent farmers from dunging their land with them, which, it was thought, might be apt to infect the air.

Lime is about nine miles from Bridport; it is alſo called *Lyme-Regis*, or *King's Lime*. The town ſtanding on the declivity of a hill, the houſes have a pretty appearance one above another. It is governed by a mayor, recorder, &c. and returns two members to parliament. *Camden* ſpeaks of this

this town and harbour, which he ſays was only frequented by fiſhing-barks, &c. But, by *Leland*, it appears to have been a place of ſome conſequence above four hundred years before *Camden* wrote.

The harbour here is ſo peculiar, as not to be equalled in any part of this kingdom. It is ſituated about a quarter of a mile from the town, and here the merchants are forced to lade and unlade their goods, the town ſtanding on a high ſteep rock above it. This ſingle work is called *Cobbe*, and ſeems to be the contrivance of the inhabitants themſelves, who are at the expence of keeping it in repair. It is a maſſy building of two high thick ſtone walls, raiſed in the main ſea, about an hundred yards from the ſhore; they are built upon rocks, ſaid to have been weighed out of the ſea, with empty caſks, (at what time it is not known) which caſks were placed in regular order, the interſtices filled up with earth, and the buildings erected upon thoſe rocks, among them a handſome cuſtom-houſe upon pillars, with a corn-market and warehouſes, &c. Theſe walls, oppoſite to each other, are ſo contrived, that they break the violence of the ſea; by which means ſhips go ſafe into the baſon, and ride ſecure from all winds. The expence for repairing this work, is ſometimes very conſiderable, but the benefit it is to this town, renders the tax chearfully paid: there are annually choſe two *Cobbe Wardens*.

On the *Cobbe*, are ſome guns planted at proper diſtances, for defence of the harbour and the town, and the walls being very ſtrong, they are able to plant what guns they pleaſe upon them, ſo that it anſwers the end of a fort. Though it ſuffered greatly by the French wars in the reign of Queen Anne, it recovered ſince, and many handſome houſes were built by merchants reſiding here.

June

June 11, 1685, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth arrived here, with a frigate of thirty guns, and two merchant ſhips, upon whoſe defeat many of his party were executed here, and their limbs hung up in the town.

About a mile from here is a little village, called *Charmouth*, where the Danes have twice landed. Here the above Duke's father, King Charles II. came, after his being routed at Worceſter, with a deſign to paſs from Lime into France: but the ſuſpicion of the danger of his being diſcovered made him remove to Saliſbury.

Having thus traced every remarkable in this part of the county, we muſt vary our courſe to the north-eaſt angle of it, and by the road from Saliſbury enter Dorſetſhire at

Shafteſbury, or *Shafton*, an hundred and two miles from London, ſituated in the direct road to Exeter, on a high hill, which bounds Saliſbury plains. Its being ſeated on ſuch an eminence, preſents the traveller with a different ſcene to what he had in paſſing over the downs, viz. A fine proſpect of Wiltſhire and Somerſetſhire, where it is all incloſed with thick woods, foreſts, &c. the country rich, fertile and populous, the houſes ſtanding thick, and thoſe inhabitants employed in the richeſt and moſt valuable manufacture in the world, that of the Engliſh cloathing, for home conſumption and exportation.

The town is ſaid to have been built by Alfred in 880, and had ten churches, beſides a famous monaſtery, in the Saxons time, who called it *Scheafeybynyr*, from the ſpires of their churches, which they termed *Scheafts*. It was incorporated by Queen Elizabeth, and King Charles II. and is governed by a mayor, recorder, twelve aldermen, and other officers, and ſends two members to parliament.

Water is ſo ſcarce here, there being but two ſprings in the town, that the people were obliged to fetch it in pails on the backs of horſes, from the pariſh of Melcombe, at the foot of the hill, in the manor of Gillingham, at a certain price, and on paying an acknowledgment to the lord of the manor, on the Monday before Holy Thurſday, by the mayor and burgeſſes carrying a rich garland, called a prize beeſom, to a green below the hill, where they preſented it with a raw calf's head, and a pair of gloves to his ſteward, who diſtributed twelve penny loaves, and three dozen of beer among the people, after which, the garland, adorned with peacocks feathers, and plate to the value of fifteen hundred pounds, or more, borrowed from the neighbouring gentry, was carried back to the town in great triumph. It was afterwards furniſhed with water more commodiouſly, and at a leſs expence, by William Benſon, Eſq. by means of engines, which conveyed it into large ciſterns, in the middle of the town. But this was afterwards laid aſide, and the poor people fetched it in pails or by horſes.

On the top of Park-hill here, a fine plantation was made by a neighbouring gentleman, for the pleaſure of the inhabitants to walk in; which was greatly damaged (on that gentleman's putting up to be one of their members) by the very inhabitants for whoſe benefit he had planted it.

At *Stourton*, about ten miles diſtant from Shaftesbury, is the ſeat of —— Hoare, Eſq. the ſight of which fully repays the badneſs of the roads in getting to it. Its ſituation on an eminence near the river Stour, has occaſioned it often to be called Stourhead. The houſe is built of ſtone, pretty near a ſquare, not very large, yet the exterior has an air of grandeur, which is heightened by the eaſtern front, having a double flight of ſtone ſteps, ſupported

ported by balluſtrades. The furniture and diſpoſition of the rooms appear comfortable, as well as grand and convenient.

The ſaloon has ſomething peculiarly pleaſing, having at once all the charms of a grand apartment, and all the comfort of a ſmall one; for though it is ſixty feet long, thirty broad, and thirty in height, it has but one door into it. It is adorned with eight capital pictures.

The Florence boxes, placed on the marble tables in this ſaloon, deſerve notice; they are ſet with many curious, and with ſome coſtly Oriental ſtones.

In the drawing-room is a cabinet ſupported by a rich frame, or pedeſtal, which was once the caſe of an organ. This cabinet formerly belonged to Pope Sixtus V. The effigies of this Pope and the Peretti family, from whom he deſcended, are taken from the life, and ſet in the cabinet in round receſſes, with glaſſes before them, in order to preſerve them. The laſt of this family was a nun, who left the cabinet to a convent in Rome, where Mr. Hoare made a purchaſe of it.

In this and ſeveral other apartments, are many fine paintings and curioſities. The library is well furniſhed.

The lawn in the weſt front falls with an eaſy decline into a valley, where ſtands the ſmall village of Stourton. On the brow of this hill is a walk of conſiderable extent, of the ſofteſt moſſy turf, bordered on each ſide with ſtately Scotch firs, of Mr. Hoare's own planting near thirty years ago. This noble broad walk is terminated by an obeliſk an hundred and twenty feet high, built on the higheſt ground: It has a Mythra, or Sun, of ſix feet diameter, in gilded copper, at the top. This obeliſk is divided from the garden by an ha-ha,

but

but the view of the ſheep feeding at the foot of it, has as delightful an effect, as if there was no ſuch ſeparation.

Upon the ſame brow of the hill, below this fine walk, are ſeveral irregular walks of different breadths, leading into the valley. Theſe are covered by ſtately trees, and receive the moſt heightened charms by a very large piece of water at the bottom, on which is a pretty boat. We made a coaſting voyage on this little ocean, in which we diſcovered ſeveral little iſlands, which are either planted or covered with rocks, inhabited only by the feathered kind.

This piece of water is alſo rendered the more agreeable by a light wooden bridge of one arch; another of more coſt and beauty is intended to be built, to ſerve as a communication with the oppoſite ſide.

After paſſing the bridge, the ground is ſteep and lofty, and covered with wood. A narrow path at the bottom of it leads to the Grotto of the Nymph, which is formed in rude rock-work almoſt level with the water. Here is a marble baſon of pure water, which is uſed as a cold bath.

In the interior part of the niche, over the baſon, is a marble ſtatue of a ſleeping nymph, to whom the grotto is dedicated. She is covered with a light garment, which hardly conceals her limbs. At the foot of this bath is a marble ſlab with theſe lines from Mr. *Pope*.

Nymph of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep:
Stop, gentle reader, lightly tread the cave,
Or drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave.

From the Grotto of the Nymph we proceed to that adjoining, which is ſacred to the River God Stour,

Stour, and to him inſcribed ſome Latin verſes. Here he ſits in gloomy awful majeſty, in a very natural attitude, with one of his legs in a baſon of pure water. This grotto is formed in rock-work, and arched with the ſame materials, at the foot of a ſteep hill covered with trees, which look venerably ancient. The ſtatue is of lead.

Advancing upon a more open and riſing ground, under the hill, is a temple dedicated to Hercules. This is a rotunda, or pantheon, calculated to receive in the centre a pedeſtal of about three feet high; and the figure of this hero to be ſet upon it, is about eight. It is a beautiful piece of marble-work, weighing about eight tons, the ten years labour of the ingenious Ryſbrack.

The temple of Ceres is on the ſide of the water neareſt to the village; it has a portico ſupported by columns. The figure of the goddeſs, with her proper emblems, fronts you as you open the door. On each ſide are two commodious ſeats, which are made in imitation of the Pulvinaria, or little beds, which were placed near the altar at the time of ſacrifice, and on which the Pagans were wont to lay the images of their gods in their temples.

Eight or ten feet below, level with the water, in a ſubterraneous grotto, is another figure of the river god.

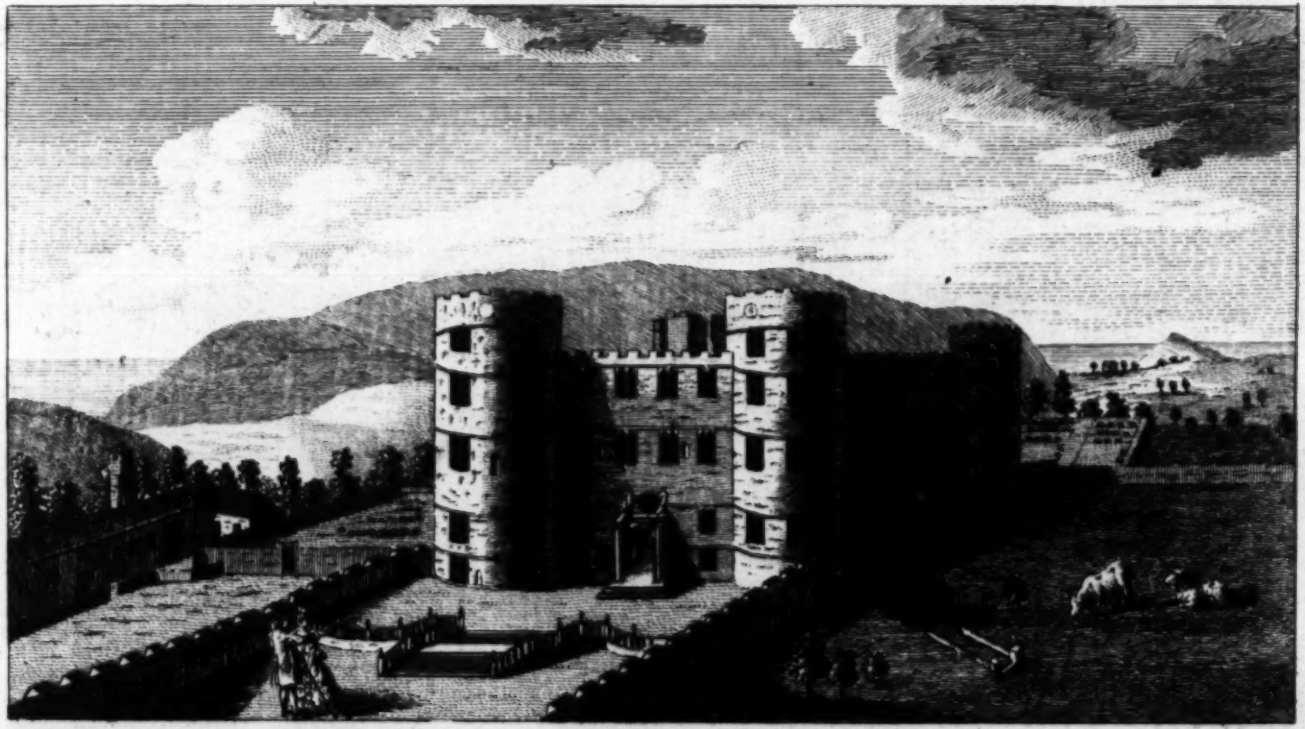
From the brow of the hill, through the park, are ſeveral moſt delightful views; in ſhort, the whole is a beautiful retreat, and laid out with the greateſt taſte and judgment.

Sherborn, eleven miles from Shafteſbury, is an ancient town, through which the river Parret runs. The See of a Biſhop was fixed here, in 704, by Ina, King of the Weſt Saxons, in which there ſate twenty-five Biſhops ſucceſſively, till the eleventh century,

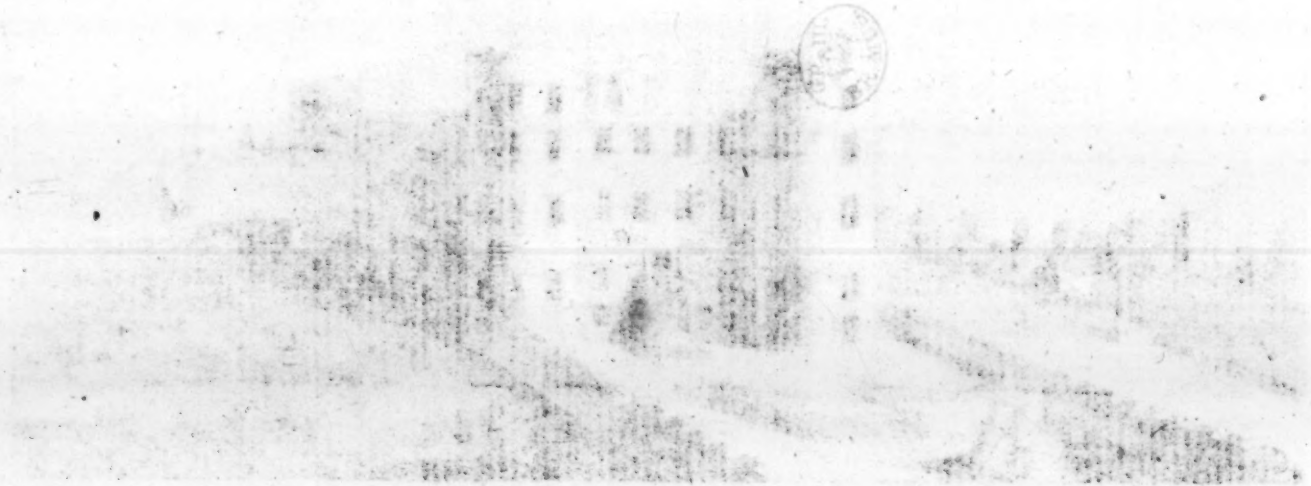
century, when after being united with the Biſhopric of Sunning, it was removed to Sarum, whereupon this county was made part of that dioceſe, till Henry VIII. erected a new ſee at Briſtol, to whoſe dioceſe it has belonged ever ſince. Soon after the tranſlation of the ſee, the cathedral was turned into an abbey; the church, whereof a moſt magnificent ſtructure, both within and without, being the beſt in the county, and ſo much prized by the inhabitants at the reformation, that it is ſaid they bought it, and pulled down three churches and four chapels to ſave it. A quarrel happened in the reign of Henry the Sixth, between the townſmen and the monks, when great part of it was burnt, which the former were forced to repair. Ethelbald and Ethelbert, two of our Saxon kings, were buried at the extrance of it, and in one of it's aiſles is a ſumptuous monument of John Digby, Earl of Briſtol, (who died in 1698) which is reported to have coſt fifteen hundred pounds. In the tower are ſix large bells. This town was once the retiring place of William the Conqueror, and it belonged to ſome of his ſucceſſors, ſeveral centuries. Roger, the third Biſhop of Saliſbury built a caſtle here, in that part ever ſince called Caſtle Town; but King Stephen, incenſed at the Biſhop's pride, ſeized it, and his ſucceſſors kept it till 1350, when it was recovered from the crown by Robert Wyvill, a Biſhop of more courage than learning. This was the firſt caſtle that was formerly beſieged in the civil wars, and the laſt that held out for the King.

Here is a free ſchool founded by Edward the Sixth; a fine alms-houſe by Richard Beauchamp, Biſhop of Saliſbury; a charity-ſchool; and in the neighbourhood are many handſome gentlemen's

ſeats.



Lulworth Castle Dorsetshire.



ſeats. Though it never had repreſentives in parliament, yet it ſent William Turpin, and two other deputies, to a council at Weſtminſter, in the eleventh year of Edward the Third, and it will ever be famous for the Prince of Orange's being met here by Prince George of Denmark, the Dukes of Ormond, Grafton and Marlborough, and many others of the prime nobility, on their deſerting King James the Second, at Saliſbury, and thereby reſtoring the conſtitution of England without bloodſhed.

Near Dorcheſter is Lulworth Caſtle, a ſtrong and ſpacious building, which ſtands in a very pleaſant and fertile ſpot. This ſtructure was greatly admired by King Charles II. The building is of ſtone, with four round towers at the corners, it has battlements on the top, and the apartments are well deſigned and beautiful.

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

DEVONSHIRE,

IS bounded on the ſouth by the Engliſh Channel; on the north by the Briſtol Channel; is divided on the weſt from Cornwall, by the river Tamar, which runs almoſt from one Channel to the other; and is bounded on the eaſt by Somerſetſhire.

This county is about ſixty-nine miles in length, ſixty-ſix in breadth, and two hundred in circumference, containing two thouſand, three hundred and eighty-five ſquare miles; and is reckoned the largeſt and moſt populous county in England, Yorkſhire excepted; but Devonſhire is ſo full of great towns, and thoſe towns ſo full of people, who are all ſo univerſally employed, that it cannot be equalled in England.

The air is mild in the vallies, and though ſharp on the hills, and dry heaths, it is healthful. The weſtern parts of Devonſhire conſiſt of a very coarſe, mooriſh, or fenny ſoil, very barren in its nature, and generally of a ſtiff clay, through which the water cannot ſoak, ſo that it is bad for the ſheep bred here, which are therefore ſmall, and ſubject to the rot, eſpecially in the wet ſeaſons; but to make the inhabitants amends, it is very well adapted for breeding thoſe fine oxen in great numbers, which being bought up by the Somerſetſhire

drovers, are there fattened for the London markets. The ſoil of the northern part, is dry and healthy, with downs of very good grazing for ſheep, which being well dreſſed with lime, dung, ſand, &c. yield tolerable crops of corn, but not in ſuch quantities as the eaſtern and middle parts; in the former of which, there is, in ſome places, a rich marl for its manure, and in others a fertile ſandy ſoil; and in the latter, a ſtrong ſoil of a deep red, intermixed with lawns, which produce great crops of corn, and the beſt peaſe in the iſland. The moſt barren part is rendered fruitful by the ſhell ſand, but in places too remote from the ſhore where it would become very dear, the turf of the ground is ſkinned off, and burnt to aſhes, which they call *Denſhining* the land; a method of agriculture very agreeable to *Virgil*'s rules in his firſt *Georgic*;

Sæpe etiam Steriles, &c.

The ſouthern part is, for its fertility, juſtly eſteemed the Garden of Devonſhire.

That part of it called the South Hums, is famous for its noble rough cyder: in other parts of it mines of tin have been formerly diſcovered in ſuch abundandance, that in King John's time the coinage of Devonſhire was ſet to farm at an hundred pounds a year, when Cornwall paid but ſixty-ſix pounds eighteen ſhillings and four pence, and it had four Stannary courts, and towns of coinage; viz. Plympton, Taviſtock, Aſhburton, and Chagford. But there is very little tin dug in this county now.

Veins of load-ſtone are found here, which a learned naturaliſt ſays, generally run eaſt and weſt, contrary to the received opinion, that the load-ſtones gave a northerly direction, becauſe its natural poſition in the mine is ſuppoſed to be north and ſouth.

ſouth. Here are quarries of good ſtone for building, and alſo of ſlate for covering houſes; and of the latter, great quantities are exported.

Its commodities are corn, cattle, wool, &c. and its manufactures, kerſies, ſerges, druggets, perpetuanas, long ells, ſhalloons, narrow cloths, &c. as alſo bone-lace.

The chief rivers are Tamar, Tave, Lad, Ock, Tame, Touridge, Fx, and Dart; and at Cleave, Taviſtock, Lamerton, Lifton, &c. are chalybeat waters.

The gentry here are as well bred as any in England, and the middle people and yeomanry as unpoliſhed, both in carriage and ſpeech; their dialect being very broad, and their brogue obſerved to be moſt laſting on their tongue, when they remove elſe where, than that of other ſhires. Queen Elizabeth ſaid of the gentlemen of Devonſhire, That *they were born Courtiers*; and it may be well ſaid of the ordinary people there, *that they are born Clowns.* The merchants, and other principal tradeſmen, as the clothiers, dyers, fullers, &c. have by their commerce ſcowered off their ruſt, and are not inferior to the gentry in good manners, or good works. This county has the honour of giving title of Duke and Earl to the noble family of Cavendiſh.

There were formerly more parliamentary boroughs in this county, than in any other, except Cornwall; but now many of them are diſuſed, as

Bradninch,	Modbury,
Crediton,	Tinmouth,
Exmouth,	South-Moulton,
Fremington,	Chipping-Toriton.
Lydeford.	

There

There were other corporations here, whoſe charters are in force to this day, and which were as liable to have been returned as ſome of the former, by their ſheriffs, in whoſe power it was to return what boroughs they pleaſed, but, pleading poverty, or the like, were excuſed from ſending members to parliament as

Bampton,	Newton Abbot,	Pepilford,
Biddiford,	Ilford Comb,	Sent,
Chadlington,	Kenniford,	Troſkebere,
Denbury,	Milverton,	Tickampton,
Hartland,		

The following ſtill enjoy the privilege of returning two members of parliament each, beſides which the county ſends two, in all twenty-ſix.

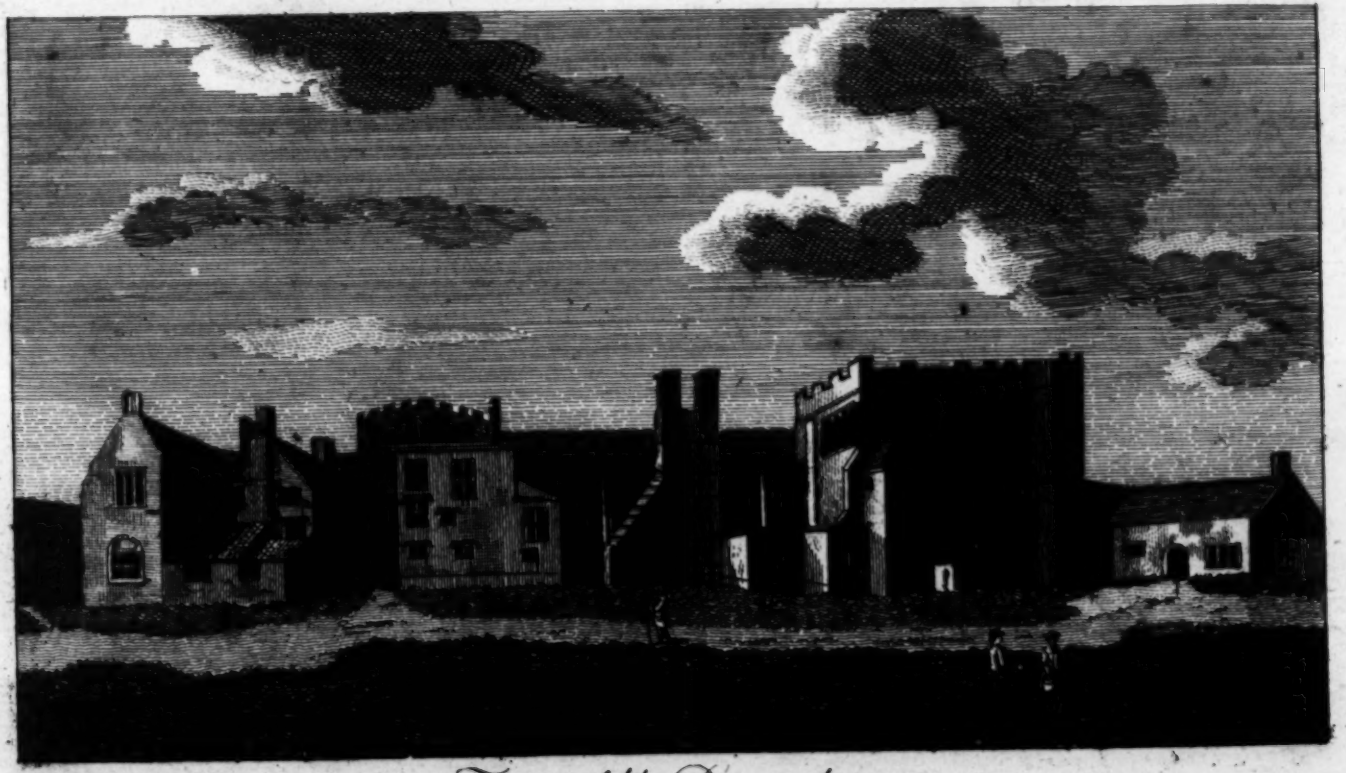
Exeter,	Barnſtaple,	Aſhburton,
Totreſs,	Plympton,	Dartmouth,
Plymouth,	Honiton,	Beeralſton,
Okehampton,	Taviſtock,	Tiverton,

Having thus treated of Devonſhire in general, we ſhall follow the method we have already purſued; and joining the road we left at Sherbone in Dorſetſhire, trace it through Exeter and Plymouth, in this county, deſcribing every remarkable we meet with worthy of notice.

Paſſing therefore through part of Somerſetſhire, we enter this county at the eaſtern part of it, where is

Ford Abbey, the ſeat of F. Gwyn, Eſq. of Glamorganſhire. Although this place might be ſaid to be in Dorſetſhire, yet it has, in all civil matters, ever belonged to Devonſhire, and in eccleſiaſtical was ſubject to the Biſhop of Exeter.

This



Ford Abby Devonshire.

This Abbey was begun in 1133, by Richard de Brioni, ſon of Baldwin de Brioni, by Albreda, niece to William the Conqueror; the building being compleated in the year 1136, he endowed it with lands, dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, and placed therein twelve monks, and their Abbot Richard, who had been ſent him from the Ciſtertian Abbey of Waverley, in Surry, in conſequence of his application to Gilbert Abbot of that houſe. A year after the building was finiſhed, the founder died, leaving his eſtate, for want of male iſſue, to his ſiſter Adeleſia, called Counteſs of Devonſhire. Here the monks remained five years; at the end of which on account of the ſcarcity of proviſions, and ſterility of their lands, they reſolved to return to Waverley, and accordingly ſet out in ſolemn proceſſion, with their Abbot Robert, ſucceſſor to Richard, at their head, having the croſs borne before them. Paſſing in this order through Thorncomb, where Adeleſia dwelt, and to whom the manor belonged, that lady, ſurprized at their appearance, enquired the cauſe. On receiving information thereof from the abbot, ſhe was greatly moved, and being unwilling that the pious intention of ſo kind a brother ſhould be fruſtrated, offered to exchange her fruitful manor of Thorncomb, abounding with all the neceſſaries of life, for their barren lands of Brightley. The fathers readily accepted this offer, and remained in the manſion-houſe, then called Ford, and ſince Weſt-Ford, ſix years; in which time they erected this building, in a place called Hartſcath, but now Ford. Hither they tranſported the body of their founder.

In the reign of Henry the Second, it came into the family of the Courtneys, by intermarriage, ſeveral of them were buried in the abbey church; one of whom, John Courtney, a man of extraordinary piety, was a great benefactor to this houſe.

An

An accident happened which greatly increaſed his devotion and regard for theſe monks. In croſſing the ſea, a violent tempeſt aroſe a little before day, which baffled all the ſkill of the mariners; inſtant death ſeemed to every one, but him, inevitable, they accordingly left off working: he aſſuring them that if they would exert themſelves but for one hour, they would then have the benefit of the prayers of the monks of Ford, who would by that time riſe to their devotions, wherein he ſhould be remembered as a particular benefactor. His hearers were not greatly comforted by this aſſurance. What ſignifies (ſays one of them) talking of the monks? They are now, and will be, faſt aſleep; how can they think of you, who have in a manner forgot themſelves? However, the ſtorm ceaſing about that time, he conſidered his deliverance as a miracle, and attributed it to the efficacy of the prayers of theſe reverend fathers.

His deſcendants were not ſo exceedingly favourable to the monks, for they not only greatly diminiſhed the revenues, but at laſt added oppreſſions, and obliged them to pay an acknowledgment of fifty ſhillings per annum to the church of Cruck. It is at preſent converted into a dwelling-houſe; and although it has undergone many alterations and repairs, theſe have been made in the ſtile of the original building; ſo that it appears quite entire, and is a handſome and venerable Gothic ſtructure. About two miles from this place, is

Axminſter, one hundred and forty-five miles and an half from London, a pretty conſiderable town, in the great weſtern road; it derives its name from the river *Axe*, on which it ſtands, and from the the word *Minſter*, i. e. a monaſtery, founded here by King Athelſtan, for ſeven prieſts, to pray for the ſouls of ſome perſons buried there, that were killed in the army under his command, when he defeated

defeated the Danes at the bloody battle of Bumaburg, in this neigbourhood, which is called *King's Field* to this day. In the church are the monuments of the Biſhop of Sherborn, and two Dukes, who loſt their lives in the above battle.

A little ſouth of this town is *Kilmington*, quaſi *Kil-men-town*, from the great ſlaughter there made at the battle before mentioned; and on the other ſide is *Membury*, i. e. *Maimburgh*, whither the maimed in that battle were ſent to be relieved. It is now famous for Devonſhire cheeſe.

On the left, three miles beyond Axminſter, is the handſome ſeat of Sir John Pole, Bart. and a little more to the left, that of Sir George Yonge, Bart. and on the other ſide of the river Tamar, is Mount Edgecumbe, the delightful ſeat of Lord Edgcumbe; beſides many others of the nobility and gentry, ſeated in this part of the county.

Honiton, an hundred and fifty-five miles from London, is ſituated on the river Otter, in a fine and pleaſant part of the county, abounding with corn and paſture, and has a moſt beautiful view of the adjacent country, which forms as delightful a landſcape as the eye can wiſh. A ſudden and dreadful fire happened here, on the 10th of July, 1747, which continued raging till four the next morning, whereby near three quarters of the town was reduced to aſhes, notwithſtanding the remarkable convenience of the water, the ſtreets being remarkable paved with pebbles, which, on both ſides of the way ſhouldered up, has a ſtream of fine clear running water; ſo that every family in the town had a clear running rivulet, with little ſquare dipping places juſt at their own door.

Here was the firſt ſerge manufacture in Devonſhire. About a quarter of a mile out of the town, on the eaſt ſide of the road to Exeter, there is an hoſpital which was founded and endowed by one Thomas Chard,

Chard, an abbot. The market of this town was held originally on Sunday, till the reign of King John, who ordered it to be changed.

Few roads in this kingdom can excel that between Honiton and Exeter, for beauty of proſpects and pleaſantneſs of travelling. On the left hand as you go to Exeter, is

St. Mary Ottery, which is ſaid to have taken its name from the *Otter*, a river ſo called from the number of thoſe animals that were found in it. King Edward the Confeſſor granted this town to the Church of St. Mary, at Roan, in Normandy; but it was afterwards bought by Brandiſon, Biſhop of Exeter; who made of it a quarter college, in the tenth year of Edward the Third, and therein placed ſeculiar prieſts, with other miniſters, to whom he gave the whole manor, tythes, fines, ſpiritual profits, &c. which amounted to three hundred and four pounds, two ſhillings and ten pence yearly.

Exeter, an hundred and ſeventy-one miles and an half from London, an ancient city, and the capital of the county. Its name has been often changed; for it was the Pen Caer and Caer Eſke of the Britons; the Auguſta of the Romans; the Iſca of Ptolemy, and the Iſca Dammoniorum of Antonine, from the great number of monks that formerly reſided there it took the name of Monktown; and the Saxons gave it the name of *Exameſter*, afterwards corrupted to *Exeſter* and *Exeter*; the derivation of this word is ſufficiently obvious, being a compound of the *Ex*, a river which waſhes its walls, and *Ceſter*, a city.

The hiſtory of this city relates, that it was anciently under the juriſdiction of the Romans, which aſſertion is greatly ſtrengthened by the number of coins dug up in and about it. After they left this kingdom, King Athelſtan ſubjected it to the

the Saxons; forced the Britons, who were then maſters of it to fly into Cornwall, and encompaſſed it with a ditch and ſtone wall; he likewiſe founded a monaſtery here to St. Mary and St. Peter, for Benedictine monks. It was ravaged by the Danes, the laſt time, in revenge for the maſſacre which the Engliſhmen made of their countrymen, when Swain, one of their King's landed here with a great navy, put the monks to the ſword, raviſhed the women, maſſacred the children, burnt the city, and committed many other acts of exceſſive cruelty and depredation. It was made the See of a Biſhop by King Edward the Confeſſor, who transferred it hither from Crediton. It has undergone ſeveral ſieges, one by William the Conqueror, who beſieged and took it, and four others, in the reigns of Stephen, King Edward IV. King Henry VII. and King Edward VI. although it is rather digreſſing beyond the bounds of our work, yet we cannot omit two facts which do great honour to this city, and to ſhew its conſtant adherence to its motto of *Semper Fidelis:* viz. 1. That King Henry VII. was ſo well pleaſed with the noble ſtand the citizens had made againſt that pretender to his crown, Perkin Warbeck, (whom they obliged to raiſe the ſiege, after he had battered it moſt furiouſly) that he went thither in perſon, and preſented to the city a cap of maintenance, and the very ſword which he then wore, to be borne before their Mayor. 2. That in the reign of King Edward VI. when it was not only cannonaded ſmartly by the rebels of Cornwall and Devon, who laid ſiege to it in July 1544, on a pretended diſguſt at the reformation, but almoſt ſtarved by cutting off its water, breaking down its bridges, and ſtopping all its paſſages; yet the citizens held out, till the Lord John Ruſſel, their neighbour, after defeating the rebels in ſeveral ſkirmiſhes, raiſed the ſiege upon the 6th of Auguſt,

which was then appointed a thanſgiving day by the city, and is ſtill kept up as ſuch by the name of Jeſus Day, when a ſermon is preached on the occaſion by the Mayor's Chaplain: and King Edward, to reward their exemplary loyalty, gave them the rich manor of the *Ex Iſland*. King John incorporated this town by the name of mayor, aldermen, &c. and King Henry VIII. made it a county of itſelf. This city gave ſhelter in the time of the civil wars, to Henrietta, Queen of King Charles I. who was here delivered of Henrietta, afterwards Ducheſs of Orleans. In ſhort, Exeter has been applauded by all writers for its inviolable fidelity to its ſovereigns, whether they held their crown by hereditary, or by parliamentary right.

The City of Exeter is advantageouſly ſituated on a riſing ground, with the river Ex on the ſide of it. Some of the ancient wall is ſtill to be ſeen, in good repair, which makes an agreeable walk round the city, with delightful proſpects of the neighbouring country, ſprinkled hills, woods, water, ſeats of the nobility and gentry, &c. Here are four principal ſtreets, which centre in the middle of the city, and from thence called *Carfax*, from the old Norman *Quatre-voix*, i. e. the Four Ways. One of theſe ſtreets, called High-ſtreet, is a handſome long ſtreet, broad and ſtraight, with houſes on each ſide, which, though not of a modern date, are of a good model, ſpacious, commodious and not inelegant; though there has been a vaſt increaſe of buildings within theſe few years, both in the city and in the ſkirts of it.

The river Ex here has a bridge over it of a conſiderable length, with houſes on both ſides of it, and at both ends, with a good vacancy in the middle. In the Guildhall are the pictures of General Monk, and the Princeſs Henrietta Maria, the youngeſt daughter of King Charles I. When this city

city was made a Biſhop's See, King Edward the Confeſſor and his Queen Edyth, inthroned Leofricus, in the following very ſolemn manner.

On the ſouth ſide of the high altar of the cathedral were erected (and are there ſtill to be ſeen) three ſeats, or alcoves, adorned with Gothic carvings, to the height of about twenty-five feet, which are ſupported with braſs pillars; in the middle of theſe was the Biſhop inſtalled by the King and Queen. The form of words thus:

I Kynge Edward, taking Leofricke bye the Kyghte Haunde, and Edythe my Queen bye the Lefte, doe inſtalle hym the fyrſte and moſt famous Byſchoppe of Exon, wythe a grate deſyre of abondance of Bleſſynges to all ſuch as ſhall furder and encreaſe the ſame; but wythe a fearful and execrable Curſe on all ſuch as ſhall diminiſh or take anye thynge from it.

The church may be ſaid to be upwards of three hundred years in building; for Robert Warlewaſt, made Biſhop in 1150, built the choir; Peter Quivil, who aſcended the epiſcopal throne in 1280, the body of the church; John Grandiſon, conſecrated in 1327, the two laſt arches at the weſt end, and covered the whole roof; and Peter Courtenay, then Biſhop of Exeter, afterwards of Wincheſter, compleated the north tower in 1485, and very remarkable it is to behold the uniformity with which it was carried on; for nobody can diſcover the leaſt incongruity in the parts; ſo much is it like the workmanſhip of one and the ſame architect.

There

There are ſome ancient funeral monuments in the cathedral, but, firſt, let us take notice of the Biſhop's throne in the choir, which at the diſſolution of Epiſcopacy in Charles the Firſt's time, was (as an uſeleſs thing) taken down; but, whether the workmen employed to do it were well affected to that order, or elſe had private inſtructions from ſomebody in power, who foreſaw that it would ſome time or other be of uſe again, certain it is, that a great deal of care was taken of the materials; for it is now replaced, and every part of it is as ſound as when firſt made. The Gothic carvings about the canopy are at leaſt ſixty feet high, and a vaſt deal of good workmanſhip, of that kind, is about it; it is, we believe, coeval with the ſee.

The cathedral hath two ſteeples, one at each end of the croſs building. At the upper end of the Lady's chapel, now converted into a library, is a monument of Sir Peter Carew, and his lady; there are other little chapels, and in them ſeveral ancient monuments; to wit, Sir Gaven Carew and his lady's, (they were both poiſoned); Biſhop Stafford's, who was once Chancellor of England); Mrs. Elizabeth Barret's, (an hearſe cut in marble); Biſhop Cotten's; Sir John Gilburne's and his lady's; Biſhop Carey's; Biſhop Branſcombe's; Biſhop Oldham's, (in the wall; he was excommunicated); Biſhop Stapleton's, and one of his brother's, a Knight; Sir Thomas Speke's; one of another Sir Peter Carew, who died at Roſs in Ireland; Mr. Harbin's, Dean Lacy's, his effigies as naked, carved in ſtone, (he was found dead in his ſtudy); Biſhop Maſham's; and one of Courtney, Earl of Devonſhire; another of Bohun, Earl of Hereford; Biſhop Lacy's, who built the chapter-houſe; and in the wall of one of the wings, a monument of Leofricus, the firſt Biſhop of Exeter; the Lord Chicheſter's. So much for the ancient monuments.

Biſhop

Biſhop Stapleton, above mentioned, was the pious founder of Exeter College in Oxford; which ſociety, in grateful remembrance of their benefactor, a few years ago repaired and beautified his monument; which, in regard to ſome of the carvings about it, excels many others of ſo old a date in the Gothic way.

The chapter-houſe is different from all that I have ſeen; an oblong, like a chapel, handſomely gilded on the top. A good area about the church.

The altar-piece, done upwards of an hundred years ago, is a repreſentation of the inſide of the church in perſpective, an exquiſitely fine piece of painting, and (excepting only a little injury it received from the ſwords of the Saints Militant in the civil wars) exceedingly well preſerved. The fine painted glaſs (of which there is a great deal) underwent the fury of the ſame reformers; who after they had made forcible entry, and "taken to themſelves this houſe of God in poſſeſſion," under the umbrage of an ordinance of parliament of the 28th of Auguſt, 1643, broke out the beſt of thoſe paintings, and irretrievably ruined all the ſcripture hiſtory therein repreſented; neither was their rage confined to thoſe brittle materials; for the carved figures of the patriarchs, prophets, kings, &c. of which there were a great many, became objects of their furious zeal and ignorance; for there the maimed bodies are now to be ſeen, ſome without their heads, others have loſt one or both their legs, or arms, &c. all of them ſome way or other mangled. And having by this means taken away what they feared would draw them into idolatry, they divided this cathedral by a partition wall betwixt the choir and the main body of it, one of which diviſions was made uſe of by an Independent, and the other by a Preſbyterian congregation.

In

In one of the towers of this magnificent piece of antiquity, is a very large bell of about ſixty hundred weight; and in the other, a fine ring of ten large ones. An organ of very good workmanſhip, and ſupported by a tetraſtyle of beautiful Gothic columns, ſtands where the before mentioned partition wall did. The largeſt pipes in this inſtrument are of a great length, and fifteen inches in diameter, which is ſaid to be two inches more than thoſe at Ulm, which is ſo famed for its largeneſs.

The well finiſhed alcove of wooden work for the Biſhop, and the pulpit, and pews of the like, in the nave or body of the church, together with the neat marble font, and the two ſuits of hangings for the choir, one of tapeſtry and the other of velvet, and the fine ſuit of gilt plate for the communion ſervice, are all that we ſhall further add about the grave and well-adapted ornaments and furniture of this church.

To complete this deſcription with a circumſtance which ought by no means to be paſſed over: The ſolemnity, decency, and affecting harmony, with which the ſervice, and muſic, vocal, and inſtrumental, is generally performed, by the choral vicars, organiſts, and choriſters; and (which is well-worthy of imitation) the numerous congregation, which winter and ſummer, attend the daily prayers at ſix in the morning; and their grave and pious behaviour there, renders this cathedral a glory to the dioceſe, the envy of other choirs, and the admiration of ſtrangers.

The late Reverend Dr. Alured Clarke, who was promoted to the Deanry of this Church, in the year 1740, was a great benefactor to it, and, we may ſay to the city, and county; and, in them, to the kingdom, in the hoſpital he was the great encourager, which is called the Devon and Exeter hoſpital; ſet up on the model of the public infirmaries

ries in London and Weſtminſter; one of the moſt laudable charities that ever was ſet on foot.

His firſt work was to alter and repair the deanry-houſe; which his predeceſſors had neglected; and this he compleated within the firſt nine months of his inſtalment, at the expence of about eight hundred pounds.

Before this was perfected, viz. in the ſpring of 1741, he drew up and publiſhed the propoſal for founding the hoſpital above mentioned, for lodging, dieting, and curing, the ſick and lame poor of the county and city, on the ſame plan as thoſe we have mentioned, or rather on that of the Infirmary, which he had been the great promoter of at Winchester, for the benefit of that city and of the county of Hants.

All ranks and parties of men fell into the laudable deſign.

John Tuckfield, of Raddon, Eſq. accommodated the governors with a plot of ground, for the erection, near Southernhay, at a very moderate price, and gave a hundred pounds towards it. The building contains upwards of three hundred feet in length. In digging the ground for the foundation, the workmen found a Roman coin of *Nervæ*, and another of *Conſtantine*.

The charity ſchools founded here by the pious Biſhop Blackall, in the year 1709, the good Dean not only bountifully ſubſcribed to, but preached a ſermon before a large aſſembly of governors and contributors; and, after the ſermon, at a court held for that purpoſe, inſpected the rules, inquired into the cauſes of complaint, and prevailed on the governors to viſit the ſchool oftener, and diligently endeavour to render that charity as uſeful as poſſible.

Beſides the ancient buildings in this city, are the chapter-houſe and cloiſters, the Biſhop's palace, &c. the

the guildhall, the wall, the gates of the city, the hoſpital of St. John the Baptiſt, and twenty other pariſh churches, the bridge, a large and very handſome conduit in the centre of the four ſtreets; and other ſtructures which have done honour to their founders.

There are not many modern buildings in this city, among the foremoſt which have been erected within theſe fifty years, are, St. Paul's church, the chancellor's houſe, a very handſome and commodious work-houſe, three or four meeting-houſes, a quay for landing goods, and a cuſtom-houſe, &c.

The river Ex was heretofore, in its main ſtream, navigable to the walls of the city; but on a difference between the mayor, and the then Earl of Devon, Hugh Courtney, on a very trifling occaſion, viz. which of their purveyors ſhould be firſt ſerved with a pot of fiſh in the market, that Earl revenged himſelf by choaking the mouth of the river, and by making weirs with timber, ſand, &c. thereby entirely ruining the navigation thereof farther up than Topſham. And ſo great was the power and obſtinacy of the Earl at that time, that though the citizens obtained a decree in equity for their relief, it was never executed.

To remove this inconvenience, the inhabitants, about fifty years ſince, by aid of an act of parliament, at a great expence, perfected a work, which had been begun about an hundred years before. They cut a new channel for the water, acroſs which they placed ſluices, or flood-gates; through the lowermoſt of thoſe gates they let in the flowing tide, the ebb of which immediately ſhuts the gate, and that keeps up a body of water for about two miles, ſuffiſient to carry up veſſels ſo far in their way; at which place another of thoſe gates ſhuts, after the veſſel is paſt it, by capſterns there fixed for

for that purpoſe. It muſt be conſidered, that the floor of the dyke is thus far on a level, and conſequently the water of an equal depth, without the inconvenience of any current, the lower ſluice being ſhut as before.

The whole declivity, from the Quay at Exeter to the lowermoſt flood-gate at Topſham, which gives the river its current, is about eight or ten feet, all which is ſunk at once here, above this ſecond ſluice; and, therefore, in order to bring up ſhips over this fall, it was neceſſary that a third flood-gate ſhould be added; which is accordingly done, at about two hunded feet from the former. And now, the ſhip being between theſe two flood-gates, the lower being kept ſhut, the uppermoſt of the two is opened, and by this means the water between them raiſed to a level with that of the remainder of the dyke above; and the ſhip, by this contrivance, floats freely over the riſing ground; and thence on the freſh water (for the tide is of no farther uſe) for about two miles more, which brings her to the head of the works, where is another flood-gate; and this ponds the whole river, ſo as to throw the waſte water over a ſtrong ſtone weir, into its natural channel. The water ſo kept back by this upper ſluice, and the weir, makes a ſtagnant pool above; and here the veſſels lie at their moorings, and unload at a quay adjoining to the city walls.

On the north-eaſt extremity, and on the higheſt part of the hill on which the city of Exeter is built, ſtands the remains of *Rougemont Caſtle*, ſo called from the redneſs of the ſoil. It is ſaid to have been erected by Julius Cæſar, afterwards the ſeat of ſeveral Saxon Kings, and ſince of the Dukes of Cornwall. Within the caſtle walls a chapel was built by the Lady Elizabeth de Fortibus, Counteſs of Devon, who endowed it with lands, called the

Prebends of Hayes and Cotton, for the payment of certain weekly ſervices therein to be performed.

When William the Conqueror, after a long ſiege, had taken this town and caſtle, he contented himſelf with only altering the gates of the caſtle, as a mark of its being ſubdued, at the ſame time he either rebuilt, or much repaired the whole edifice, and beſtowed it on Baldwin de Brioni, huſband of his niece Albreda.

In the year 1483, the city being viſited by King Richard the Third, he was, during his ſtay, nobly entertained by the corporation. On ſeeing this caſtle, he commended it highly for its ſituation; but hearing it was named Rougemont, which, from the ſimilarity of the ſound, he miſtook for Richmond, he ſuddenly grew ſad; ſaying, that the end of his days approached; a prophecy having declared, he ſhould not long ſurvive the ſight of Richmond.

The exterior walls, or outworks of this caſtle, incloſe a conſiderable ſpace, in ſhape, ſomewhat like a rhombus, with its angles rounded off, they were defended by four towers, two on the weſt, and two on the eaſt ſide.*

In the year 1655, John Penrudduck and Hugh Grove, both Wiltſhire gentlemen, having joined in an unſucceſsful attempt in favour of Charles the Second, were here beheaded; when many of the inferior rank were hanged at Havitree gallows; this gallows is called by ſome *Heavy-tree*, and gives name to a pariſh about a mile and a half without the eaſt gate of Exeter; near which, the widow of Mr. Tuckfield, Sheriff of Exeter in the reign of Edward VI. purchaſed a burial place for the malefactors, and alſo left money to procure them ſhrouds.

* Groſſe.

In the parish of Affington, near Exeter, is Matford, in which resided one Stone, who lived to the age of an hundred and twenty. He served King Henry VIII. in his chapel, King Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and had this epitaph on his tomb, viz.

Grand Salem's curse shall never light on thee,
For here a *stone* upon a *Stone* I see.

At *Chadleigh*, the Bishops of this Diocese had a sumptuous seat, as they formerly had a sanctuary at that called *Bishops Teignton*, nearer the mouth of the river, where many wicked people were protected; and one of the Bishops, in the reign of Edward III. built a fine house here, that his successors (as his Will says) might have a place to lay their heads in, if the King should seize the temporalties.

Ashburton, a hundred and ninety miles from London, is a good market town, and a great thoroughfare from Exeter to Plymouth, situated among hills noted for mines of tin and copper. The chief ornament of this town, is its church, which is built in the form of a cathedral, with a tower ninety-one feet high, on which rises a spire of lead. The town consists of one good but pretty long street. It is one of the four Stannary towns. It may not be deemed improper, in this place to give a description of the court of Stannary, and the method it is held in this county.

By divers charters granted to the Tinners by King Edward I. &c. the court is to be held at Crockeren-Torr, a noted hill and rock in the middle of the forest, far distant from any house; the Lord Warden of the Stannaries is the Judge of this Court, on whose summons the Jurrors appear, who are generally gentlemen within the jurisdiction. We had

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our information from a gentleman, who, if we miſtake not, told us, he had ſerved as a Juror; and that when the Earl of Bath was Lord Warden, and held a court there, he was attended by three hundred gentlemen, well mounted.

At this deſolate place, where no refreſhment is to be had, but what the company bring with them, no ſhelter from the weather, nor any thing to ſit upon, but a moor-ſtone-bench, the court is called; but then the next act of the ſteward is to adjourn to one of the Stannary towns, uſually Taviſtock, and the company immediately make the beſt of their way thither.

At this court, in former times, when the tin-mines in this county were in a flouriſhing ſtate, a great deal of buſineſs was diſpatched, the price of the tin was fixed, differences in relation to the works adjuſted, and acts made for regulation of every thing relating thereto. Several preſentments of the jurors are printed; and this meeting is uſually called, *The Parliament for the Stannaries*; the place of meeting in the foreſt, *The Parliament houſe*; and the preſentment of the Jurors, *Acts of Parliament*.

At *Buckfaſtleigh*, near Aſhburton, Duke Alfred erected an abbey for Ciſtertian monks, before the conqueſt, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary. In this pariſh is an old fort, which includes a large plot of ground, on the top of Henbury hill.

We find nothing more very remarkable on this road, till we come to

Plymouth, two hundred and fifteen miles from London. It ſtands between the rivers Plym and Tamar, juſt before their influx into the Britiſh Channel, from the firſt of which it takes its name. The bay, or ſound, here, is exceedingly convenient, encompaſſed on every ſide by hills, the ſhore generally ſteep and rocky, though the anchorage is good,

good, and ſhips ride pretty ſafe. A large and moſt dangerous rock lies at the entrance of the harbour, where many a veſſel has been loſt; it is covered at high water, and at low water is bare.

On February 15, 1760, in a dreadful hurricane that did great damage both by land and ſea, the Ramillies, a very fine ſecond rate man of war, Capt. Taylor, commander, with ſeven hundred and thirty-four men on board, were loſt, being embouyed between the Bolt-head and Bolt-tail, which firſt they had miſtaken for the Ram-head, and imagined they were going into Plymouth Sound, and cloſe upon the rocks they let go their anchor, and cut away all their maſts, and rode ſafe till the evening; when the gale increaſed ſo much, that the hull parted, and only one midſhipman and twenty-five men out of the whole number, jumped off the ſtern upon the rocks, and were ſaved.

Upon the rock, which was called the Eddyſtone, from its ſituation, the ingenious Mr. Winſtanley, whom we mentioned before, undertook to build a light-houſe, for the direction of ſailors, and with great art and expedition finiſhed it; which work, conſidering its height, the magnitude of its building, and the little hold there was to faſten it to the rock, ſtood to admiration, and bore out many a bitter ſtorm.

Mr. Winſtanley often viſited, and frequently ſtrengthened the building with new works; and was ſo confident of its firmneſs and ſtability, that he uſually ſaid to thoſe who doubted its ſtanding in hard weather, that he only deſired to be in it, when a ſtorm ſhould happen.

But, in the dreadful tempeſt of November 27, 1703, when he happened to be ſo unfortunate as to have his wiſh, he would fain have been on ſhore, making ſignals for help; but no boats durſt go off

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to him; and, in the morning after the ſtorm, nothing was to be ſeen but the bare rock, the light-houſe being gone, in which Mr. Winſtanley, and all that were with him, periſhed; and a few days after, a merchant's ſhip, called the Winchelſea, homeward bound from Virginia, not knowing the light-houſe was down, ran foul of the rock, and was loſt with all her lading, and moſt of her men. There was another light-houſe built on the ſame rock by the corporation of Trinity-houſe; in purſuance of an act of parliament paſſed in the fifth of Queen Anne. But December 2, 1755, this took fire, and all the timber work was burnt, but the ſtone-work, thirty feet high, and founded on the rock, remained unhurt. Admiral Weſt, at Plymouth, ſeeing the fire, ſent out a boat, and brought off the two men who had the care of the place.

The re-edification of this uſeful work has been ſince executed under the direction of Mr. John Smeaton, F. R. S. and is thought by the beſt judges to be the compleateſt performance of its kind in Europe.

As Plymouth lies in the bottom of this ſound, in the centre between the two waters, ſo there lies againſt it, in the ſame poſition, an iſland, which they call St. Nicholas; on which is a caſtle that commands the entrance into Ham Ouze, and indeed that alſo into Catwater, in ſome ſort. On the ſhore, oppoſite this iſland, is the citadel of Plymouth, a ſmall, but regular fortification, inacceſſible by ſea, but not exceeding ſtrong by land; except that they ſay the works are of ſtone, as hard as marble, and would not ſoon yield to the batteries of an enemy; but that is a language our modern engineers laugh at. It is ſurrounded with a deep trench, out of which was dug the ſtone that built the whole citadel, which is about three quarters

quarters of a mile in circumference, and has three hundred great guns on its walls, which ſtand thickeſt towards the ſea. Several guns are alſo planted on part of the old fort, lying almoſt level with the water; all which gives the greateſt ſecurity to the ſhips in the harbour.

The town returns two members to parliament. It ſtands above the citadel, on the ſame rock, and lies ſloping on the ſide of it, towards the eaſt, the inlet of the ſea, which is called Catwater, and is an harbour capable of receiving any number of ſhips, and of any ſize, waſhing the eaſtern ſhore of the town, where they have a kind of natural mole, or haven, called *Sutton Pool*, from the ancient name of the town, with a quay, and all other conveniencies for bringing in veſſels for loading and unloading; nor is the trade carried on here inconſiderable in itſelf.

The other inlet of the ſea, is on the other ſide of the town, and is called *Ham Ouze*, being the mouth of the river Tamar, a conſiderable river, which parts the two counties of Devon and Cornwall. Here, the war with France making it neceſſary that the ſhips of war ſhould have a retreat nearer hand than at Portſmouth, the late King William ordered a wet-dock, with yards, dry-docks, launches, and conveniencies of all kinds for building and repairing of ſhips, to be built. Theſe wet and dry-docks are about two miles up the *Ham Ouze*; and, for the neatneſs and excellency of the work, exceed all that were ever built of the kind, being hewn out of a mine of ſlate, and lined with Portland-ſtone. The dry-dock is built after the mould of a firſt rate man of war; and the wet dock will contain five of the ſame bigneſs. What followed theſe, as it were of courſe, was the building of ſtorehouſes and warehouſes for the rigging, ſails, naval and military ſtores, &c. of ſuch ſhips as may be appointed

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to be laid up there; with very handſome houſes for the commiſſioner, clerks, and officers of all kinds uſual in the King's yards to dwell in. It is, in ſhort, now become as complete an arſenal, or yard, for building or fitting out men of war, as any the government are maſters of; and perhaps much more convenient than ſome of them, though not ſo large: and this has occaſioned a proportionable increaſe of building to the town.

Plymouth, during the laſt civil war adhered to the parliament, and, by an obſtinate reſiſtance, did more harm to the royal cauſe, than any other town of the weſt; the King's army being obliged to raiſe the ſiege, after lying before the place many months. King Charles II. well knowing its importance, built a fort on the brow of the hill, called the Haw, which at once awes the town, and is a defence to the harbour. The town is governed by a mayor and recorder, who are juſtices of the peace and quorum, twelve magiſtrates, three of whom are juſtices, and twenty-four common-councilmen.

Here are two fine churches, and two or three meeting-houſes for diſſenters, and French refugees, as alſo a free-ſchool, and an hoſpital for blue-coat boys.

Oppoſite to this place, on the other ſide Ham Ouze, is ſituated Mount Edgcumbe, the ſeat of the Lord Edgecumbe, deemed one of the nobleſt proſpects in England; overlooking at once the ſea, the harbour, citadel and town of Plymouth, and the country adjacent for a great way.

A good Engliſhman cannot but be pleaſed with every inſtance of attention paid by the adminiſtration to the ſafety and improvement of our places of ſtrength and maritime force in this kingdom. Plymouth, Portſmouth, and Chatham, have particularly been great objects of their care, as we ſhall ſee in the deſcription we have given of thoſe three famous

famous places, as well as others on the ſea-coaſts; and of the proſperous ſituation of the royal navy of England, which makes us the moſt reſpectable nation in the world, with regard to our marine. Much has been done by our former princes in this particular: but nothing in our own time is neglected, that may contribute to ſo good an end. An act paſſed in the 31ſt year of his Majeſty King George the Second's reign, intitled, "An act for veſting certain meſſuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, for the better ſecuring of his Majeſty's docks, ſhips, and ſtores at Portſmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth, and for the better fortifying the town of Portſmouth, and Citadel of Plymouth, in truſtees for certain uſes, and for other purpoſes therein mentioned." And in the 32d year of his ſaid late Majeſty's reign, another act paſſed, "For making compenſation to the proprietors of ſuch lands and hereditaments, as have been purchaſed for the uſes mentioned in the former; to both which we refer our readers.

Plympton, about ſix miles from Plymouth, takes its name likewiſe from the river *Plym*. It was made a borough in the reign of Edward the Third, by Baldwin de Rivers, Earl of Devon; and had a caſtle erected here, the ſeat of one of the ancient Earls of that name, who were Barons of Plymton. Queen Elizabeth incorporated it under the name of a mayor, aldermen, recorder and other officers. It is called Plymton Earls, or Maurice, (its church being dedicated to that Saint) to diſtinguiſh it from Plymton St. Mary's, half a mile off. The guildhall here is ſupported by ſtone pillars, and the beſt free-ſchool in thoſe parts, built on the like pillars, in the year 1664, by Sir John Maynard, one of the truſtees of Eliezus Hele, Eſq. who gave fifteen hundred pounds a year for ſuch uſes. This is alſo one of the Stannary towns.

Plympton St. Mary, which we have juſt mentioned, was once the mother church of Plympton Earls. It had a college of a dean and four prebendaries, founded by one of the Saxon Kings, who were diſplaced by one of the Biſhop of Exeter, becauſe they would not not part with their whore, and a priory of canons regular erected in their ſtead. After the diſſolution, King Edward VI. gave the tithes of this pariſh, with its chapel, to the dean and canons of Windſor.

Plymſtoke, below Plympton St. Mary, on the river Plym, which formerly belonged to the abbey of Taviſtoke, into whoſe poſſeſſion it came in the following manner. One Child, whoſe lands theſe were, dying without iſſue, left it, after his death, to whatſoever church he ſhould happen to be buried in; and having loſt his company and his way one night in Dartmore foreſt, where he had been hunting in a very cold ſeaſon, was thereby ſtarved to death: the Taviſtock men hearing of it, ſeized his body to bury in their abbey church, which the people of Plymſtoke to prevent, poſſeſſed themſelves of a bridge, over which they were to paſs, but the Taviſtock men run up a ſlight bridge, ſtill called *Guile Bridge*, and conveyed the body to their abbey; by which they ſecured the manor.

Eaſt of this road is another, which leads from Exeter to Dartmouth; before we ſpeak of which, we ſhall take notice of

Totneſs, about an hundred and ninety-eight miles from London. *Leland* ſuppoſes its ancient name to have been *Dodoneſſe*, i. e. a rocky town, as its ſituation is upon an aſcent of the river, both ſtony and rocky. It has a fine bridge over the river Dart, leading to Berry Pomeroy, eight miles from Dartmouth. It is a borough by preſcription, and the oldeſt in the county. King John made it a corporation

corporation, conſiſting of fourteen burgo-maſters, whereof one is a mayor, who, with his predeceſſor, are juſtices of the peace. There are twenty common-council-men, choſen by the mayor and maſters. Here is a ſpacious church, with a fine tower, and four pinnacles, about ninety feet high, a town-hall and a free-ſchool. Its chief trade is in the woollen manufactory, but here are more gentlemen than tradeſmen of note, and though the corporation is not the richeſt in England, yet ſo well affected are they to the eſtabliſhment of the preſent royal family, that its loyal addreſs to the late King George I. upon occaſion of the Vienna treaty between the late Emperor and the King of Spain, will never be forgot, wherein theſe loyal people aſſured his Majeſty of their readineſs, not only to grant him four ſhillings in the pound land-tax, but if his ſervice required it, to give him the other ſixteen ſhillings. This town, which ſuffered many alterations from the Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans, was formerly walled in, and had four gates, beſides a caſtle and other works. The famous Roman Fotreſs-way, which began here, and although near fifteen hundred years old, is ſtill viſible in this place. Here is great plenty of all proviſions, particularly good fiſh, and delicate trouts. The river here is pretty broad, and the tide flows to the height of ten or twelve feet at the bridge, it being within ſeven or eight miles of the ſea. The fiſh which they have in ſuch great plenty, they catch with the aſſiſtance of a dog, in the following manner: on the ſouth ſide of the river, and on a ſlip, or narrow cut, or channel, made on purpoſe, ſtands a corn-mill; the mill-tail, or floor for the water below the wheels, is wharfed up on either ſide with ſtone, above high water mark, and for above twenty or thirty feet in length below it, on that part of the river toward the ſea. At the end

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of this wharfing is a grating of wood, the croſs-bars of which ſtand bearing inward, ſharp at the end, and pointing towards one another, as the wires of a mouſe-trap.

When the tide flows up, the fiſh can with eaſe go in between the points of theſe croſs-bars; but the mill being ſhut down, they can go no farther upwards; and, when the water ebbs again, are left behind, not being able to paſs the points of the grating, which, like a mouſe-trap, keeps them in; ſo that they are left at the bottom, with about a foot or a foot and a half water. At low water may be ſeen about fifty or ſixty ſmall ſalmon, from ſeventeen to twenty inches long, which the country people called ſalmon peal; and to catch theſe, they throw in a net on a hoop, at the end of a pole, the pole going acroſs the hoop, which, in ſome places they call a ſhove-net. The net being fixed at one end of the place, they put in a dog, which is taught his trade before-hand, at the other end, and he drives the fiſh into the net; ſo that only holding the net ſtill in its place, the man takes up two or three and thirty ſalmon peal at the firſt time, which are ſold for two pence a piece.

North of Dartmouth, is

Torbay, a village with a bay in the Britiſh Channel, where was the general ſtation of our fleets during King William's war with France. It gave title to Admiral Herbert, when he was created Earl of Torrington by King William, who, when Prince of Orange, landed here on the 5th of November, 1688, from the fleet which brought him from Holland, under that Admiral's command. Near this bay is a remarkable well that ebbs and flows five or ſix inches every hour, though it ſeems to have no communication with the ſea; nor is the water brackiſh, but clear as chryſtal; and though cold

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in ſummer, never freezes in the winter. It is eſteemed by the neighbouring people to be very medicinal, eſpecially in fevers.

In the bottom of this bay is a beautiful, well built, and fine ſituated houſe, called Torr Abbey, formerly a religious houſe. Veſpaſian is ſaid to have landed here, when he came to attack Arviragus, King of Britain. Here alſo William III. entered, with a fleet of ſix thouſand tranſports, and fifty ſail of men of war, under the conduct of Admiral Herbert.

Dartmouth, two hundred and two miles and an half from London, takes its name from the river *Dart*, which riſes in *Dartmore Foreſt*, and runs here into the harbour. It was originally divided into three diſtinct towns, viz. *Clifton*, *Dartmouth*, and *Hardneſs*, ſince united into one corporation, conſiſting of a mayor, twelve magiſtrates or maſters, twelve common-council-men, a recorder, &c. The name of Clifton is derived from the cliffs, on which moſt of the houſes are founded, and out of which many of them were dug. This town was burnt by the French in the reign of King Richard I. A like attempt was made by them ſome time after, under the command of Monſieur Caſtel, but they received a brave repulſe, which, hiſtory ſays, was chiefly owing to the women, who fought deſperately, and took their general, three lords, and twenty-three knights priſoners, beſides making a terrible ſlaughter of the enemy. The burgeſſes of this town were made toll-free throughout all England, by a grant of King Edward III. and they obtained the excluſive right of exporting tin, in the reign of King Richard II.

The town is ſituated almoſt in the form of a creſcent, on the aſcent of a ſteep craggy hill, with an harbour on the eaſt ſide, where five hundred ſail of ſhips may ride with the greateſt ſafety. The mouth

mouth of the harbour is not very broad, but veſſels enter very ſafely into it, the channel being of ſufficient depth for the biggeſt ſhip in the royal navy: the entrance is guarded by a good ſtrong fort, with a platform of guns; beſides which, they can ſhut up the mouth of it with a chain. There are three churches in the town, beſides a large diſſenting meeting-houſe; but the mother church is at the village of *Townſtall*, about three quarters of a mile from Dartmouth. The town, though large and populous is but meanly built, yet the quay is large, and the ſtreet before it ſpacious. They take great quantities of pilchards here, which are drove into the harbour, it is ſaid, by numbers of porpoiſes, who purſue them. The people here call theſe ſhoals by the name of *Scools*; and the trade is carried on here with as great a number of veſſels as any port in the weſt, except Falmouth. About three miles weſt of Dartmouth, is

Brixham, a little fiſhing town, which is remarkable for a ſpring, called *Lay-well*, which plainly ebbs and flows, and ſometimes four times in an hour, for eight hours together, about an inch and one eighth, though now and then it intermits.*

Dodbrook, is ſituated ſixteen miles below Dartmouth, with a harbour for boats, and a particular cuſtom of paying tythe to the parſon, in a liquor called *White Ale*. From this town the land runs out into a wide front, called by the ſea-men, the *Start Point*, and gathers in again at the mouth of the river Dart, which we have mentioned before, to riſe in Dartmore foreſt, which is a mountainous tract, twenty miles long and fourteen broad, made into a foreſt by King John, where near an hundred thouſand ſheep feed all the ſummer, beſides other

* Phil. Tranſ. No 204.

cattle,

cattle. The poor people hereabouts, who come hither for turf, are the moſt ignorant boors in the Weſt of England. Near this town is

Kingſbridge, a pretty and pleaſantly ſituated town, with an harbour for boats, and a free-ſchool.

North of Torbay is *Weſt Tingmouth*, ſituated at the mouth of the river *Teign*, which plainly accounts for its derivation. This town is remarkable for the Danes firſt arrival in 970, to inſpect this part of the country, before their invaſion with a greater force, when they committed moſt inhuman and barbarous acts of cruelty. In the reign of Queen Anne it was burnt by the French, the houſes being then almoſt all thatched, but the inhabitants, with the aſſiſtance of a brief, were ſoon able to rebuild better. The haven, on the eaſt part of it, called the Poles, is, in great meaſure, taken up by a ſhoal of ſand, thrown up by the ſea. Near this town is

Eaſt Tingmouth, formerly a borough, whoſe inhabitants vie with Exeter for the antiquity of their town, though at preſent it is but little better than a village. The Biſhops of this dioceſe, in the reign of Henry III. granted it three hundred acres of land, and it had many privileges, one of which is kept up to this day, viz. "That it claims whatſoever is found about the body of any perſon drowned between a rock, called the Clerk in the the eaſt, and Hackney in the weſt." They had alſo a priſon, and a market on Sunday, which they would not diſcontinue till forced to it by the ſheriff Pope, in the reign of King Henry III. It has a well frequented fair, and an hoſpital, called the Maudlin, built by the inhabitants of Weſt Tingmouth. The chief profit of the inhabitants is from the abundance of ſea fiſh they take here, and ſend about the country.

From

From Exeter there is another road over *Dartmoor* to *Taviſtock*, in the way to which is *Cherry-Brook*; and about a mile beyond, on the right, is the remarkable rock called *Crockha Torr*, and on left is

Withicombe, where, in a ſtorm of thunder and lightning, in the fourteenth year of Charles I. a ball of fire came into the church while they were at divine ſervice, which killed three perſons, and wounded ſixty-two, overturning the ſeats and pews, and did other damage to the church, amounting to the ſum of three hundred pounds.

Taviſtock, two hundred and five miles from London, is a very ancient borough by preſcription, never incorporated, but governed by a portreeve, choſen on Michaelmas day, by twenty-four freeholders. The town is large, and not meanly built, with a handſome pariſh church, covered with ſlate. This is one of the Stannary towns, and it has two alms-houſes, and the remains of the abutments of the arch of a bridge over the river Tave, called Guile Bridge, before taken notice of in our account of Plymſtock. Here was formerly a ſtately abbey, built in the year 961, by King Edgar's ſon. In it books were printed in the old Saxon language, (particularly a Saxon Grammar in the late civil wars.) The ſite of this abbey, after the diſſolution, was given by King Henry VIII. to John Ruſſel, afterwards Earl of Bedford, and his ſucceſſors; to whom it gives title of Marquis. Eight miles ſouth of Taviſtock is

Berealſton, or *Bear-Alſton*. It is ſituated on the river Tave, is a ſmall but ancient borough, by preſcription, and is governed by a portreeve. The real name of this town is *Beare* or *Bire*, and the other part of the word is a corruption of Alenſon, the name of a houſe in France, to which William the Conqueror beſtowed it.

Weſt

Weſt of Exeter, by a different road, *Okehampton* is ſituated, otherwiſe *Ockington*; it is an hundred and ninety-three miles and an half from London, and derives its name from the river *Ock*, on which it ſtands, near a mile from its pariſh church, which ſtands by itſelf on a hill, near the ruins of a caſtle erected in the reign of William the Conqueror. It is an ancient borough and barony, governed by a mayor, eight capital burgeſſes, as many aſſiſtants, and recorder, a juſtice and a town-clerk. It was incorporated by King James I. Here is a mean town-hall, with as mean a chapel of eaſe: to which in the reign of King James I. one of the Trelawneys added a neat little tower, to give it the form of a church. The laſt Baron of *Okehampton* was the late Lord Mohun, who was killed in a duel with Duke Hamilton, in the year 1712, who, having no iſſue the title became extinct.

From Exeter, it is eight miles to

Crediton, vulgo *Kirton*. It is well ſeated pretty nigh in the heart of the county, partaking both of a good air and a good ſoil. This town is famous for an epiſcopal ſee, which was removed as before mentioned at Exeter, by King Edward the Confeſſor. It is an ancient borough, and gave birth to the famous St. Winifred, ſurnamed Boniface, who was the firſt Archbiſhop of Mentz.

Tiverton, an hundred and ſixty-ſix miles from London, was formerly called *Twyford Town*, from its two fords over the Ex and Leman, where are now ſtone bridges. The town is ancient, and noted for the greateſt woollen manufacture in the county, next to Exeter, and excepting that city, is eſteemed the richeſt, if not the moſt populous of all the inland towns in Devonſhire.

This town has been a great ſufferer by fires; one of which broke out April the 3d. 1598, on its maket-day, when the flames raged with ſuch vio-

lence, that the whole town was in a ſhort time reduced to aſhes, and ſeveral of its inhabitants were burnt in the ſtreets and ſhops, together with ſix hundred houſes; ſo that nothing but the church and two alms-houſes eſcaped. On the 6th of Auguſt, 1612, another fire happened as deſtructive, and the loſs it ſuſtained is ſaid to have amounted to thirty-five thouſand pounds. On the 5th of June 1731, another terrible fire deſtroyed two hundred of the beſt houſes, and moſt of the manufactures; when the loſs was computed at fifteen hundred thouſand pounds. The parliament paſſed an act, the year following, for rebuilding the town, which enjoins, "That the new built houſes ſhould be covered with lead or tile inſtead of thatch, that no perilous trades ſhould be exerciſed in the public ſtreets, and no ſtacks of corn, ſtraw, hay, &c. erected there. That fire-engines ſhould be provided againſt the like accident; that houſes ſhould be demoliſhed to ſtop any future fire, and that particular houſes ſhould be pulled down for widening the ſtreets and paſſages, &c."

It has been ſince elegantly rebuilt, ſo that it carries few marks of its late devaſtation: and the church here not being large enough for the inhabitants, a chapel is ſince built by their ſubſcription, which, by an act of parliament paſſed in 1733, is made a perpetual cure. In the church was a chapel built by the Earls of Devon, and appropriated for their burials, but now demoliſhed, wherein was a tomb for Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonſhire, and his Counteſs, having on it their effigies in alabaſter, richly gilded, (which time has not ſo much defaced as men) with this inſcription:

Hoc

Hoe, hoe, who lies here?
'Tis I, the goode Erle of Devonshere,
With Kate, my wyfe, to mee full deze,
Wee lyved togetheꝛ fyfty-fyve yeꝛe.
That wee ſpent we had,
That wee lefte we loſte,
That wee gave wee have.

It is governed by a mayor, twelve principal burgeſſes, twelve inferior burgeſſes or aſſiſtants, a recorder, and a clerk of the peace. The mayor by James the Firſt's charter is goal-keeper, and the delivery thereof is to be holden before him and the recorder. A great ornament and advantage to this town, is a noble large free-ſchool, founded by Mr. Peter Blondel, a clothier, and a native, who gave two thouſand pounds for purchaſing lands to maintain ſix ſcholars at Oxford and Cambridge, to be elected from this ſchool. They are now eight, and placed at Baliol College Oxford, and Sidney in Cambridge, and he left an allowance for a yearly feaſt here on St. Peter's Day, in his remembrance.

At Tiverton is an ancient ſeat which formerly belonged to the Earls of Devonſhire, now in the poſſeſſion of Sir Thomas Carew, Bart.

Barnſtaple, an hundred and ninety-three miles from London, is ſituated on the river Taw. Its name is compounded of the Britiſh word *Bar*, i. e. the mouth of a river, and the Saxon word *Staple*, i. e. a mart of trade. It was formerly ſurrounded with walls, and had a caſtle, ſaid to have been built by King Athelſtan. This town enjoyed the liberties and privileges of a city, and had alſo a haven, which became ſo ſhallow, that moſt of the trade removed to Biddiford. It is governed by a mayor and twenty-four common-council-men, or

capital

capital burgeſſes, of whom two are aldermen, beſides which, here are alſo a high ſteward, recorder, deputy recorder, and other officers.

This town is pleaſantly ſituated among hills, in the form of a ſemi-circle, to which the river is a diameter. There is a ſtrong bridge over it, of ſixteen arches, ſaid to have been built by one Stamford, of London; or, according to others, by the profits ariſing from a ferry there kept: the ſtreets are clean and well paved, and the houſes built of ſtone, as are all the towns hereabout. Nine miles from this town is

Biddeford, an ancient haven town, which takes name from its ſituation *By the Ford*; it has a very fine bridge over the river Touridge, which was built in the fourteenth century, on twenty-four beautiful and ſtately Gothic arches; though the foundation is very firm, yet it ſeems to ſhake at the ſlighteſt ſtep of a horſe. There are lands ſettled for keeping it conſtantly in repair, the revenues of which are received and laid out by a bridge-warden, choſe by the mayor and aldermen. The town is clean, well built, and populous, with a handſome ſtreet, that fronts the river, three quarters of a mile long, in which are a noble key and cuſtom-houſe, where ſhips load and unload in the boſom of the town. The merchants here keep a number of ſhips to fetch cod from Newfoundland, and others are ſent to Liverpool and Warrington, to fetch rock-ſalt, which is here diſſolved by the ſea water into brine, and then boiled up into a new ſalt, which is juſtly called *Salt-upon-ſalt*, and with this cure their herrings. In this neighbourhood is

Northam, a nurſery for mariners, with a good church, whoſe ſteeple is a ſea mark, for ſuch ſailors as *Bear with the Bar*, in their language.

From Biddeford the road continues to

Hartland,

Hartland, a town ſituated at the fartheſt weſtern ſhore, next Cornwall. It is much reſorted to by people from Cornwall, and from Barnſtaple, Biddeford, and other towns on the ſea coaſt, whoſe fiſhing boats often lye under theſe rocks for ſhelter, from the ſouth-eaſt or ſouth-weſt winds, at which time the ſea-men go aſhore here to buy proviſions. Very fine cod is taken here, though not in ſuch quantities as on the banks of Newfoundland.

Clovelly, on the ſame ſhore to the eaſt, is noted for the greateſt herring fiſhery on the coaſt; above four hundred boats being laden with them in one day, to the value of more than fifteen hundred pounds.

Other places of note in the north part of this county are, *Ilfarcomb* or *Alfricumbe*, a populous, rich, trading place, eſpecially with herrings in the Briſtol Channel. It is noted for the conſtant lights it maintains for the direction of ſailors; for its convenience of rebuilding and repairing ſhips, and for the ſafe ſhelter to veſſels in Ireland from bad weather, when it is extremely dangerous for them to run into the mouth of the Taw, which they call Barnſtaple Water; and this is one reaſon that the merchants of Barnſtaple do much of their buſineſs at this port. The harbour, with its quay, wharf-houſe, light-houſe, pilot-boats, and Taw-boats, were formerly maintained at the expence of the anceſtors of Sir Bourchier Wray, Bart. lord of the manor, when it had a quay pier, about eight hundred and fifty feet long, but by length of time, and the violence of the ſea, all went to decay; for remedy whereof an act paſſed in the year 1731, for both repairing and enlarging the piers, harbour, &c. It conſiſts chiefly of one ſtreet of ſcattered houſes, almoſt a mile in length, from the church to the harbour, and is governed by a mayor, bailiff, &c. A little to the eaſt of this town, is

Comb

Comb Martin, or *Martin's Comb*, it is derived from the Britiſh word *Kaum*, which ſignifies a low ſituation, and *Martin*, a family of the lords of it for many ages. Here is a cove for the landing of boats; and the neighbourhood yields abundance of hemp, the beſt in the county. In the reign of King Edward I. ſilver mines were diſcovered here, and three or four hundred men brought from Derbyſhire Peak to work in them. They yielded King Edward III. great profit, but ſeems afterwards to have been neglected till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Sir Beavis Bulmer, a virtuoſo in refining metals, got up great quantities of ſilver from them, of which he made two rich large cups, one whereof he preſented to the then Earl of Bath, the other, weight an hundred and thirty-ſeven ounces, to Sir Richard Martin, Lord Mayor of London.

Appledore, a village ſituated by the ſea ſide, is noted for being the place where the Daniſh Captain Hubba, in the reign of King Alfred, landed, with thirty-three ſail of ſhips, after he had been making his ravages and depredations in South Wales. Hereabouts was the Caſtle of Kenwith, which Hubba aſſaulted, but met with a repulſe, twelve hundred of the Danes being killed on the ſpot, their captain ſlain, and their banner *Rufan* taken, in which was the figure of a raven, wrought in needlework by the daughters of Lothbroke, a Daniſh King. The taking of this enſign was the principal cauſe of their being defeated, they deeming themſelves invincible whilſt it was in their poſſeſſion. The Danes buried their captain on the ſhore, and according to the manner of the northern nations, piled on him a heap of copped ſtones, as a monument to his memory. From this circumſtance, this place took the name of *Hubbaſtone*, but the ſtones have long been ſwept away by the waves, though there

there is a place on the ſtrand ſtill known by the name of *Whibbleſtone.*

In the Britiſh Channel is *Lundy Iſland*, three miles long and two broad, encompaſſed with inacceſſible rocks, and only one entrance, ſo narrow, that two men cannot go abreaſt. It formerly had a fort and a chapel, both now in ruins. The ſouth part of the iſland has paſturage, ſamphire, and freſh water, and ſuch plenty of ſea fowl, that in the breeding time, merchants and mariners who often come aſhore for their diverſion, muſt be very cautious where they ſtep, for fear of treading on their eggs. The north part is more barren, and has a great rock ſtanding pyramid wiſe, called by the ſailors the Conſtable or Century.

This is ſaid to be the place where William Moriſco fled, after he had conſpired the death of King Henry III. at Woodſtock. He fortified this iſland, became a pirate, and did much damage to the coaſts, but being at length ſurprized, he was put to death, with ſixteen of his accomplices.

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

CORNWALL.

THIS county extends the fartheſt of any part of Great Britain to the weſt, and is ſuppoſed, by reaſon of its rocky hills, of which ſeveral are to this day called *Carn*, to derive its name partly from that word, which in the Britiſh language means rock, and partly from the people called *Gauls*, or *Waules*, who fled hither from the Saxons; though ſome think it to be derived from the Latin *Carnu*, or the Britiſh *Kern*, which ſignifies *Horn*, becauſe of the form of the two promontories with which it ſhoots into the ſea, viz. the Land's End and Lizard Point.

It is bounded by the Engliſh Channel on the ſouth; St. George's Channel, on the weſt; the Briſtol Channel, on the north; and it is parted from Devonſhire, on the eaſt, by the river Tamer. From eaſt to weſt it is about ſeventy miles; about forty broad, near Devonſhire; but not above five from Mounts Bay to St. Ives, where it is narroweſt. It has nine hundreds, twenty-one parliamentary boroughs, twenty-ſeven market towns, eighty-nine vicarages, an hundred and ſixty-one pariſh churches, beſides chapels of eaſe, and betwixt twelve and thirteen hundred villages; the whole containing about twenty-five thouſand houſes, and an hundred

and twenty-ſix thouſand inhabitants. Its circumference is computed at an hundred and fifty miles, and its acres, at about nine hundred and ſixty thouſand; but, according to a ſurvey made in the reign of King Edward I. as related by Mr. *Carew*, it contained then fifteen hundred thouſand, which makes it more probable, that the Scilly Iſlands were once a part of it, though ſince divided from it by the ſea, which is therefore called the *Lioneſs*.

Its chief rivers are, the Tamer and Harnel, the former of which riſes near Hartland, in the north ſide of the county, runs to the ſouth, and falls into the Channel at Plymouth; the latter falls into the Briſtol Channel at Padſtow.

The air is clear and healthful, but ſharp; and its being almoſt encompaſſed with the ſea, ſubjects it to violent guſts of wind. The ſpring here is obſerved to be more backward, and the ſummer more temperate; the autumn fruits and the corn-harveſt, later than elſewhere in England; but the winter milder. The country, though ſo mountainous and rocky, has all kinds of ſoil; in the vallies there is plenty of paſture; and the land near the ſea is manured with a ſea weed, called Ore Wood, and a fat ſort of ſand, formed by the grating of the ſhells, which the waſh of the ſea rolls and daſhes againſt one another. Here are the beſt ſlate tiles, which are not only uſed in England, but exported in great quantities abroad; as alſo the moor ſtone, (ſo called, becauſe found in mooriſh grounds) which is of great uſe for facing windows, doors, and chimnies; and, when poliſhed, looks as well as the Egyptian granate. It abounds with mines of tin and lead; and along with the tin a yellow ore is dug, called Mundic, which affords copper as good as the Sweediſh. The ore emits a ſuffocating vapour, and the water that runs from it, after it is burnt, is

is poiſonous, though before it is a ſpeedy cure for wounds.

Their horſes and other cattle are generally ſmall; their ſheep have for moſt part no horns, but their fleſh is very good, and the wool finer than thoſe that have. As they have no deer, but the fallow kind, in particular parks, ſome gentlemen let their black cattle run wild, and then hunt and kill them like deer, though they have foxes, badgers, and otters enough to yield them ſport.

On their rivers and bays, are trout, lobſters, oyſters, plaice, ſoles, &c. but thoſe they profit moſt by are pilchards, (called the Spaniſh capon) becauſe the Spaniards ſerve them up dreſſed with oil and lemon, as a dainty; they ſwarm upon their coaſts from July to November, in ſuch quantities, that half a million have been caught at one draught, and eight or nine hundred hogſheads filled with them in one ſeaſon, at one fiſhery, viz. at Mouſhole near Mounts-bay.

Here are multitudes of ſea-fowl, with wood-cocks and other land-fowl; but the moſt remarkable is that called the Corniſh clough, a ravenous ſort of crow, with a red bill and feet, which breeds on the coaſt, between the Land's End and the Lizard Point. It is ſuch a thief, that thoſe which are kept tame and full fed, will carry away and hide knives, forks, ſpoons, and the like, or even money that it finds about a houſe; and ſuch an incendiary too, that ſometimes they are ſaid to have ſtolen fire-brands, or lighted candles, and by lodging them in thatch, corn, or hay, ſet houſes and barns on fire.

Their chief metal and manufacture is tin. When the ore is brought above ground in the ſtone, it is broke with hammers, and then carried to the ſtamping mills, which make it ready for other mills, whereby it is ground to powder; after it is waſhed

waſhed and cleaned from earth &c. it is melted at the blowing-houſes, into pigs of three or four hundred weight, marked with the owners name, and the value is ſet upon it at the coining-houſe, where it is aſſayed to know what it is worth. The times for coining or marking it are Midſummer or Michaelmas; and for ſuch as have not their tin then ready, there is a poſt coinage at Lady Day and Chriſtmas. The ſtamp is the ſeal of the Duchy of Cornwall. The tinners are regulated by Stannary laws; ſo called from *Stannum*, the Latin word for Tin; and the trials of their cauſes are by Juries returned by the mayors of the Stannary towns; for which purpoſe courts are held by the lord warden of the Stannaries, who has alſo a deputy. When all the legal duties are ſatisfied, the tinner may ſell his tin where he will, only if the King, or the Duke of Cornwall have a mind to be purchaſers, they have the right of pre-emption. How long theſe mines have been diſcovered or operated cannot be aſcertained, but it appears that they were worked by the Britons in the time of the Romans, and that the Phœnicians traded hither for tin. The Saxons ſeem to have neglected the mines; but after the Normans came over, the Earls of Cornwall were ſo enriched by them, that from time to time they granted the tinners new officers and privileges. One is, that no Engliſhman in that Duchy ſhall pay for exporting Corniſh cloth: a privilege which was firſt granted them by Edward the Black Prince, and has been always enjoyed by them in conſideration of their paying four ſhillings for the coinage of every hundred weight, whereas Devonſhire pays no more than eight pence. They have alſo the freedom to take ſand out of the ſea, and carry it to any part of the county for manure. King Charles I. alſo granted them the privilege to trade to all parts of the world as a reward for their loyalty

loyalty to him, for which he wrote them a letter of thanks in 1643; and ordered it to be read and recorded in every church and chapel in the county. The coinage towns are, Leſkard, Leſtwithiel, Truro, Helſton and Penzance; and the tinners are reckoned at leaſt an hundred thouſand.

The mundic, in which the tin lies, as in its bed, yields ſuch a quantity of *Lapis Calaminaris*, for making braſs, that inſtead of importing copper and braſs, which we did yearly heretofore, to the amount of an hundred thouſand pounds, we now export as much, if not more.

As for the pilchards, the merchants export vaſt quantities to foreign markets, for which they fit them by fuming, preſſing, and pickling: theſe are ſalted, but not gutted, the entrails being reckoned the beſt part; and after having been piled in heaps, in a cellar for ten days, and preſſed, to drain off the ſuperfluous moiſture of the blood and ſalt, they are barrelled up with pickle, for France; but without it for Spain, Italy, and other hotter countries.

The people in general are well bred, and the gentry ſo ſociable and reſpectful to one another, that they commonly intermarry among themſelves, from whence aroſe the proverb, *That all the Corniſh men are Couſins.* The natives of this county, who are eſpecially remarkable for great ſtrength and activity, as well as ſtature, have been long famed for their ſkill in wreſtling, and particularly for their cloſure called the *Corniſh hug*. One of their poets, *Michael Blaumpinus*, after a long harrangue upon his countrymens' proweſs, tells us, in his jingling verſe, how King Arthur always poſted them in the front of the battle, and concludes boldly with this diſtich,

" Quid

" Quid nos deterret? ſi firmiter in pede ſtemus,
" Fraus non nos ſuperet, nihil eſt quod non ſu-
" peremus."

Their principal and peculiar recreation is Hurling, at which twenty or thirty men make matches on a ſide at this diverſion. A ball is thrown up, which is generally of ſilver, and becomes the prize of that party which ſeizes and carries it to the goal appointed for it. Another kind of hurling matches, but not quite ſo inoffenſive, are made by gentlemen, who, at a day appointed, bring each of them the men of ſeveral pariſhes, of one name; as ſuppoſe all the Johns againſt the Toms; or firſt or ſecond ſons againſt the youngeſt ſon, and the goals are ſet four or five miles off, where nothing at all is ſaid about matching, but the ball thrown up, and a bloody ſkirmiſh generally follows, in ſpite of friendſhip, kindred, or any other tye, and in defiance of briers, bogs, and ponds: after which the prevailing party generally preſent the ball as a trophy, to the particular gentleman who brought them in; and he, in return, ſets open his cellar doors, to make them merry.

Ever ſince King Edward III. created his eldeſt ſon, the Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, the eldeſt ſons of the Kings of England have had that title; and they not only appoint the ſheriffs of this county, but have peculiar royalties and prerogatives in certain actions, and in the Stannaries, wrecks, cuſtoms, &c. for which they appoint ſeveral officers.

This county, though ſituate in an angle of the kingdom, ſo remote from royal reſidence, ſends no leſs than forty-four members to parliament, which is within one of the whole number that come from North Britain, and almoſt double the quantity returned

turned from the whole principality of Wales, or from any of the counties of England, ſome of which are much larger, if not three times more populous and wealthy than Cornwall; but how ſo many of its little ſea-ports and fiſhing towns, of which there are ſix or eight that have not a pariſh church in either, came to be privileged with ſending as many members to the grand inqueſt of the nation, as the counties of Bucks, Eſſex, Middleſex and Surry do, with the opulent and magnificent cities of London and Weſtminſter, and the great trading borough of Southwark, all put together? How, I ſay, this came to be indulged with ſo many parliamentary boroughs, cannot be clearly accounted for, except by ſuppoſing it to be owing to the intereſts of its Dukes, who have for many ages been heirs to the crown, or that they were incorporated (as they were all but ſeven or eight) by Edward the VIth, Queen Elizabeth, King James I. and King Charles I. as an encouragement for the great revenue which the county yielded to the crown from tin. But, whatever was the cauſe, we have ſeen this certain effect of it, that the number of electors are ſo few, in many of the places, that adminiſtration, be it of which ſide ſoever, as to party, has uſually a great reliance on the elections of this county, in every new parliament, in order to maintain a majority in the Houſe of Commons.

The parliamentary boroughs, each of which return two members to parliament, as the county alſo does, which make up the forty-four, are as follow:

Launceſton,	Camelford,	St. Ives,
Leſkard,	Weſtlow,	Fowey,
Leſtwithiel,	Eaſtlow,	St. Germans,
Truro,	Grampound	St. Michael,
Bodmin,	Penryn,	Newport,
Helſton,	Tregony,	St. Maws,
Saltaſh,	Boſſiney,	Keilington.

We

We ſhall begin our ſurvey of this county in the ſouth-eaſt angle; croſſing therefore from Plymouth over Crimble paſſage, we come to

St. German's, two hundred and twenty three miles from London, was once a Biſhop's ſee, tranſlated from Bodmyn hither, afterwards to Crediton, and from thence to Exeter. It derives its name from St. German, Biſhop of Auxerre, in Burgundy, who came over from France, to preach againſt the hereſy of Pelagius, which then began to ſpread in England, and took up his reſidence here. The ruins of the epiſcopal palace at Cuttenbeck, a mile and a half from the town, which dwindled afterwards into a farm-houſe, are ſtill viſible. This borough, which ſends members to parliament is now almoſt decayed, and only a village, without a market, though it is the largeſt pariſh in the whole county. The church, which is large and handſome, was beautified by a gentleman of the name of Elliot, who likewiſe repaired the ſeſſions-houſe, endowed a public ſchool here, and was a great benefactor to this town in other reſpects. He was buried in this church, and has a fine Italian party coloured monument erected to his memory, by his widow. In the church is an epiſcopal chair, and ſeveral other ſeats belonging to canons.

This town is pleaſantly ſituated on an eminence, and is built in the form of an amphitheatre. The ſituation has induced many of the Corniſh gentry to erect many pleaſant houſes in its neighbourhood; nay, it is ſaid that no pariſh in England can boaſt of ſo many gentlemens ſeats and lordſhips as this, it including ſeventeen villages and the town of Saltaſh, for Saltaſh church is only a chapel of eaſe to St. German's.

Weſt of this town, on the ſea coaſt, is

Fowey, or *Foy*, two hundred and thirty-nine miles and an half from London. It is an ancient borough

borough town, and was formerly very large and powerful; however, at this preſent time it is a populous and pretty town, extending for above a mile on the weſt ſide of a river of its own name, and inhabited by a great many merchants, who have a great ſhare in the fiſhing trade, eſpecially pilchards. Here is alſo a coinage for the tin.

This town was formerly ſo eminent, that, the Foyens, as the inhabitants were then called, were able to fit out large fleets, not only of merchant-ſhips, but even of men of war. Mr. *Camden* ſays, that they had at times triumphed over all the Cinque Ports, for which reaſon the town of Foy quartered ſome part of the arms of every one of them, with its own; which gave riſe to the name of the "Gallants of Fowey." Their proweſs is evinced by their having fitted out fleets againſt the French, vanquiſhed them, and took ſeveral of their men of war.

Edward the Fourth, favoured this town ſo much, that when the French threatened to come up the river with a powerful navy, to burn the town, he cauſed two forts to be built, at the public charge, for its ſecurity, the ruins of which are ſtill viſible: but he was afterwards ſo diſguſted with the townſmen, for officiouſly falling on the French, after a truce was proclaimed, that he effectually diſarmed them, and took away their whole fleet, ſhips, tackle, apparel and furniture; and ſince that time we do not read of any of their naval exploits, nor that they ever attempted to recover their ſtrength at ſea. In the laſt Dutch war there was a chain two hundred feet long, drawn acroſs the river, betwixt the two forts above mentioned, which they ſay was ſtolen from them and carried to Dartmouth.

The corporation conſiſts of a mayor, recorder, eight aldermen, a town-clerk, and two aſſiſtants.

The mayor, for the time being, and the next year after, and the ſenior aldermen, are juſtices of the peace. Keeping ſtill weſt we come to

Tregony, two hundred and fifty-ſix miles from London, ſtands on the river Falle, which is navigable to it by boats from Falmouth. It was formerly governed by a portreeve, but incorporated by James I. with a mayor, recorder, and ſeven capital burgeſſes. The manor belonged to the ancient and now ennobled family of Boſcawen, to whom it came in the reign of Edward I. and had once on the top of a mount, a caſtle, called Pomeroy Caſtle, from its ancient lords, the Pomeroys. It made two returns to parliament in the reign of Edward I. but no more till the fifth of Elizabeth; the members are choſen by the corporation, and the inhabitants, and returned by the mayor. The chief manufacture here is ſerge.

North of Fowey is

Leſtwithiel, called in the Britiſh time, *Pen Uchel Coed*, i. e. an high place with wood. It became afterwards the ancient reſidence of the Dukes of Cornwall. The ruins of a caſtle belonging to them are ſtill to be ſeen, on a riſing ground, at a little diſtance from the town. The church is an handſome edifice; but the ſteeple carries the marks of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I. when the great hall and Exchequer of the ſaid Dukes of Cornwall were alſo utterly defaced. Some ſay this town was formerly the county-town; and it ſtill retains ſeveral advantages, which ſupport its figure: As, 1. That it is one of the coinage, or ſtannary towns. 2. The common goal for the whole ſtannary is here, as are alſo the county courts for Cornwall. 3. It has the privilege of ſending two members to parliament.

There is a mock cavalcade kept up at this town, which is very remarkable; the particulars, as they are

are related by Mr. Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, are as follow:

"Upon little Eaſter Sunday, the freeholders of this town and manor, by themſelves or their deputies, did there aſſemble: Amongſt whom one (as it fell to his lot by turn) bravely apparelled, gallantly mounted, with a crown on his head, a ſceptre in his hand, and a ſword borne before him, and dutifully attended by all the reſt, alſo on horſeback, rode through the principal ſtreet to the church: the curate, in his beſt *beſeen*, ſolemnly received him at the church-yard ſtile, and conducted him to hear divine ſervice. After which, he repaired with the ſame pomp to a houſe provided for that purpoſe, made a feaſt to his attendants, kept the table's end himſelf, and was ſerved with kneeling aſſay, and all other rights due to the ſtate of a prince; with which dinner the ceremony ended, and every man returned home again. The pedigree of this uſage is derived from ſo many deſcents of ages, that the cauſe and author outreach remembrance. Howbeit, theſe circumſtances afford a conjecture, that it ſhould betoken royalties appertaining to the honour of Cornwall."

Leſtwithiel is governed by ſeven capital burgeſſes, of which one is mayor, and ſeventeen aſſiſtants, or common-councilmen.

On a hill near Leſtwithiel, the chief governors of Cornwall had their principal ſeat in former times, in *Leſtormill*, or *Loſtormin Caſtle*, which was anciently a very famous ſtructure. It ſtood for ſome time in a noble park; which, among others, was diſparked in the reign of Henry VIII.

On the left of Leſtwithiel, is *Boconok*, the ſeat of Thomas Pitt, Eſq. brother to the Earl of Chatham.

Leſkard, two hundred and twenty miles from London, is a conſiderable town, well built and inhabited

habited. It is one of the five Stannary towns for Cornwall, and was once ſtill more eminent, and had a good caſtle and a large houſe, where the Dukes of Cornwall kept their court. It alſo enjoys ſeveral privileges, eſpecially by the favour of the Black Prince, who was Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, who reſided here; and, in return, they ſay, this town and the country round it, raiſed a great body of ſtout young fellows, who entered into his ſervice, and followed his fortunes in his wars. Here was alſo anciently a chapel, much reſorted to by pilgrims, in popiſh times: and in the town is a fountain of very clear water, to which many miraculous cures were attributed.

The town hall here is a handſome building, on which is a turret, with a fine clock, with four dials, that coſt near two hundred pounds, the gift of Mr. Dolben, one of their late members. The corporation has likewiſe received valuable preſents of plate from other of their members, particularly two large ſilver mugs, well gilt, and ſeveral ſilver cups, one of which has this toping motto round it:

Qui fallit in Poculis, fallit in Omnibus.

The church is a large and ancient ſtructure, dedicated to St. Martin. There is a fine conduit in the market place, and a large diſſenting meeting-houſe; of which places of worſhip, there is ſaid to be only three in the county, and thoſe but inconſiderable; whereas in the neighbouring county of Devon, there are reckoned about ſeventy, ſome of which are extremely large.

In our courſe towards the ſea coaſt, we paſs by *Grampound*, two hundred and forty-three miles from London. It is a market town and a borough, governed by a mayor, eight aldermen, and town-clerk. The town is ancient, and is an appendix to

to the Duchy of Cornwall. Here is no pariſh church, but only a chapel of eaſe to the adjacent pariſh of St. Creed. Some remains are here to be ſeen of a famous *Coedſata*, which, in the Britiſh ſignifies *Feton Wood*, granted with all the lands in it to the town, in the reign of King Edward III.

Truro, two hundred and fifty-one miles from London, is a branch of the port of Falmouth, has the benefit of coining tin, and the lord warden of the Stannaries holds his parliament here. Its chief trade is in ſhipping off tin and copper ore, the latter of which abounds in the hills between this place and St. Michael's, and is much improved ſince the copper mills were erected near Briſtol. It was incorporated in the reign of King John, and ſince by Queen Elizabeth, with a mayor and burgeſſes, and it is now governed by a mayor, four aldermen, (choſen out of twenty-four capital burgeſſes) and a recorder. Its mayor is alſo mayor of Falmouth, and the quayage of goods laden or unladen here, belong to this corporation.

At the mayor's election out of the aldermen, the maces, are, by command of the lords of the manor, delivered up by him to their ſtewards, till ſix-pence is paid for every houſe in the town by way of acknowledgment, and then they are returned to the corporation. The people of this town dreſs and live ſo elegantly, that the pride of Truro is one of the bye words of this county, and the quarter ſeſſions for its ſouth and weſt diviſions, being generally held here, is pretty well ſtocked with attornies. This town ſtands at the conflux of two rivers that almoſt encompaſs it, and form a large wharf, with a commodious quay for veſſels of about an hundred tons. The ſtreets are regular, with a large market-houſe, and a great old church, not inferior to any in the county for its Gothic building. The markets which are Wedneſday and Saturday

Saturday are well frequented; the fairs are Wednesday after Midlent Sunday, Wednesday in Whitsun week, November 19, and December 18. This place gave title of Baron to the Radnor family, before they were Earls. It had a market and fair so early as Edward I. and then began to send members to parliament, who are chosen by the corporation, and returned by the mayor.

In the parish of St. *Clere*, is a piece of antiquity, which they call *the other Half Stone*; which is indeed two stones fixed in the ground; and, by mortices in each, they seem to have been heretofore joined together. Both of them were curiously wrought by diaper work carving; but one of them hath the following inscription, thus placed, in very antique characters:

DONI
ERT: RO
GAVIT
PRO AN
IMA.

implying, that *Dungarth*, or *Doniert*, (King of Cornwall, who was drowned in the year 782) gave this land for the good of his soul.

Not far distant, is an heap of large stones, under which lies a great stone, fashioned like a cheese, and seems by the eye as if it were pressed into that form by the weight that lies upon it; and hence they call it *Wring Cheese*, or *Cheese Wring*. These seem to be naturally so piled, in the manner we see them, upon one another, the least at the bottom; they lie askew, and not perpendicularly.

Penryn, two hundred and sixty-one miles from London, stands on a hill at the entrance of Falmouth Haven, by Pendennis Castle, and has so many gardens and orchards that it resembles a town in a wood. It is well watered with rivulets, and has an arm of the sea on each side of it, with a good

a good cuſtom-houſe and quay, and other neat buildings. It drives on a conſiderable trade in drying and vending pilchards, and in the Newfoundland fiſhery, ſo that here are many merchants. It was anciently governed by a portreeve; but King James I. made it a corporation, conſiſting of a mayor, eleven aldermen, twelve common-councilmen, with a recorder, ſteward, &c. an office of record every three weeks, with a priſon, and power to try felons in their juriſdiction. And he granted that the mayor and two aldermen ſhould be juſtices of the peace, and that they ſhould have a guild-hall. Here was once a monaſtery, which was a cell to Kirton, and here is ſtill to be ſeen a tower and part of the garden walls, the ruins of a collegiate church, founded by Branſcomb, Biſhop of Exeter, of which ſee the corporation holds a manor of the town, paying the Biſhops a quit-rent, for the markets, which are Wedneſday and Saturday, and for the fairs, which are May 1, July 27, and December 21. It had once a market alſo on Friday. It has no church nor chapel, but belongs to the pariſh of Gluvious, a quarter of a mile off. It has ſent members to parliament ever ſince the firſt year of Queen Mary, and King James II. in purſuance of his view to enſlave the nation, by putting all corporations under the influence of the crown, granted it a new charter, whereby their election was veſted in the magiſtracy only; but the deſign being too barefaced, it was never made uſe of; all the inhabitants who pay ſcot and lot, which are not much above an hundred, being the electors. Mr. Rymer gives this very remarkable account, how Penryn was once ſaved by a company of ſtrolling players, viz. "That towards the latter end of the ſixteenth century, the Spaniards were landing to burn the town, juſt as the players were ſetting Sampſon upon the Philiſtines; which performance

was

was accompanied with ſuch drumming and ſhouting, that the Spaniards thought ſome ambuſh was laid for them, and ſcampered back to their ſhips. Queen Elizabeth founded a free-ſchool here. The ſeal of the town is a curled head, according to the ſignification of the name.

Falmouth, two hundred and eighty-two miles from London, is by much the richeſt and beſt trading town in this county, though not ſo ancient as its neighbouring town, Truro; and, indeed, is in ſome things obliged to acknowledge its ſeniority; and the Truro men receive ſeveral duties collected in Falmouth, particularly wharfage, for the merchandize landed or ſhipped off; but the town has got the trade, or, at leaſt the beſt part of it, from the other, which is chiefly owing to its ſituation, for, lying upon the ſea, but within the very entrance, ſhips of the greateſt burden come up to the very quay; the whole royal navy might ride ſafely in the road; whereas the town of Truro lying within, and at the mouth of two freſh rivers, is not navigable for veſſels of above an hundred and fifty tons, or thereabouts, the trade at Truro being chiefly, if not altogether, for the ſhipping off block tin, and copper ore, the latter being lately found in large quantities in ſome of the mountains between Truro and St. Michael's, and which is much improved ſince ſeveral mills have been erected at Briſtol, and other parts, for the manufactures of battery-ware, as it is called.

Falmouth is well built, has abundance of ſhipping belonging to it, is full of rich merchants, and has an increaſing trade, becauſe of the ſetting up, of late years, the Engliſh packets between this port and Liſbon; which occaſions a new commerce between Portugal and this town, amounting to a very great value. There are packets alſo

eſtabliſhed

eſtabliſhed to the Groyne in Spain, and to the Weſt Indies.

It is true, part of this trade was founded in a clandeſtine commerce carried on by the ſaid packets at Liſbon, where, being the King's ſhips, and claiming the privilege of not being ſearched or viſited by the cuſtom-houſe officers, they found means to carry off great quantities of Britiſh manufactures, which they ſold on board to the Portugueſe merchants, and they conveyed them on ſhore, as it is ſuppoſed, without paying cuſtom.

But the government there getting intelligence of it, and complaint being made in England alſo, where it was found to be prejudicial to the fair merchant, that trade has been effectually ſtopped; but the Falmouth merchants, having, by this means, gotten a taſte of the Portugueſe trade, have maintained it ever ſince in ſhips of their own. Theſe packets bring over vaſt quantities of gold in ſpecie, either in moidores, or in bars of gold, on account of the merchants in London.

The cuſtom-houſe for all the towns in this port, and the head collector, is eſtabliſhed at this town; where the duties, including thoſe of the other ports, are very conſiderable, here is alſo a great fiſhery for pilchards, and the merchants of Falmouth have the chief ſtroke in that gainful trade.

The country people round about uſed to call Falmouth, *Penny come quick*, and to tell this ſtory of the occaſion. Within leſs than forty years of the reſtoration, there was not ſo much as one houſe where that flouriſhing town now ſtands; but a certain perſon building a little one, a female ſervant of one Mr. Pendaris, came and dwelt in it; upon which that gentleman bid her brew a little ale, and on ſuch a day, he promiſed to come with ſome gentlemen, and help her to ſome money by drinking it up. She obeyed her maſter's orders; but in

the mean time, a Dutch veſſel came into the harbour, and the crew calling at her houſe, drank out all the ale. Mr. Pendaris came with his friends at the day appointed, and calling for ſome drink, his ſervant told him ſhe had none. Her maſter expoſtulating with her, ſhe told him what had paſſed, and ſaid, Truly, maſter, the *Penny came ſo quick*, I could not deny them. This town is governed by a mayor and aldermen.

Pendenis, or *Pendinas*, is a peninſula, lying at the mouth of Falmouth haven, towards the ſea; the name is an old Britiſh word, ſignifying the end, or head of a city. King Henry VIII. erected a caſtle here, which was afterwards ſtrongly fortified by Queen Elizabeth, with a very artificial fort to protect this part of the country from any foreign invaſions.

Oppoſite to this is *St. Mauds*, where is another ſtrong fort and caſtle, with a good platform of guns, pointed athwart the channel, and planted on a level with the water, to defend the entrance of this harbour. Each of theſe caſtles have a governor.

The town annexed to the caſtle is a borough, but has neither church, chapel, meeting-houſe, fair nor market. The inhabitants ſubſiſt chiefly by fiſhing.

From Truro, before mentioned, a road leads through a place called, *Blow the cold Wind*, to

Helſton, a conſiderable town, two hundred and ſeventy miles from London; it ſtands on the little river Cober, not far from its influx into the Engliſh channel. The town is built in the form of a croſs, with four ſtreets, through each of which runs a ſtream of water, centering at a large market houſe. It has a guildhall, and a large handſome church, from the tower of which riſes a ſpire, about ninety feet high, which ſerves for a ſea-mark, and

here

here is an harbour, where ſeveral of the tin ſhips take in their laden.

Queen Elizabeth veſted the government of this borough in a mayor and four aldermen, who were to be of the common-council, and to chuſe twenty-four aſſiſtants: King Charles I. confirmed her charter with an additional grant, that the preſent, and the laſt preceding mayor, and the recorder ſhould be always juſtices of the peace within the borough, and keep the quarter ſeſſions. King John gave it the liberty to build a guildhall, to pay no toll but in the city of London, to be impleaded no where but in their own borough, and to enjoy the privileges of the burgeſſes of Lanceſton Caſtle.

In this town, one Kilter, and his wicked adherents, murdered one Mr. Bodye, as he was executing a commiſſion in the town, for reformation of matters of religion, in the year 1548, which, the year following grew to a general rebellion.

Betwixt Helſton Down, and the Channel, is *Loopool Lake*, a large piece of water, two miles long and five in compaſs, its form is that of a buck's horn, having no communication with the ſea, being barred with a bank of ſand, through which it iſſues; it is noted for breeding a kind of baſtard trout, far exceeding thoſe of the freſh water in bigneſs and goodneſs.

Market-Jew, or *Marca-Jew*, an ancient Britiſh word ſignifying *Market on the Thurſday*. The town is but inconſiderable, and here is a poor harbour in Mounts-bay, near St. Michael's mount, oppoſite to it. In the reign of Henry VIII. this town was burnt by the French. This bay takes its name from a high rock in the water, called by the ſeamen the Corniſh Mount; but the other, St. Michael's Mount, from a chapel in a fort on the top of the rock, dedicated to the Archangel. Many of

the

the buildings on the top of this mount were erected by William Morriter, nephew to William the Conqueror, who had much land in the county, it was formerly a cell for monks, but ſince fortified for defence. This mount was formerly much reſorted to by pilgrims, in devotion to St. Michael, whoſe chair is fabled to be in the mount, on the ſouth ſide, of very dangerous acceſs.

In this priory the Corniſh gentry took refuge formerly, during the civil wars, as did the Lady Ann Gordon, wife of Perkin Warbeck, but neither of them found any great protection in it, as it was a place of no great importance, having little means of defence againſt an enemy. In digging for tin at the bottom of this mount, there have been found ſpear-heads, battle-axes, and ſwords, of braſs, all wrapped up in linen. When the tide is out, the rock ſeems joined to the main land, ſo that the people ſay, it is land and iſland the ſame day. From Market Jew, it is two miles to

Penzance, two hundred and eighty-nine miles from London. This is the fartheſt town of any note in the weſt of England, well built, and inhabited by many good families, and has many ſhips belonging to it: its name is ſaid by ſome to ſignify, *the Head of the Sand*, from its ſituation adjoining the ſaid at the bottom of Mounts-bay, but Mr. *Carew*, ſays, it denotes the head of a Saint, and indeed its arms are St. John Baptiſt's head in a charger.

This town was burnt in 1595 by the Spaniards, who with four gallies ſurprized this part of the coaſt, and ſet ſeveral villages and farms on fire, but it was ſoon after rebuilt, made one of the coinage towns, and now enjoys a conſiderable trade, this part of the ſhore abounding with lead, tin and copper ore; the ruins thereof are ſaid to appear on the utmoſt extent of land at low-water mark.

This

This town is in the pariſh of Madern, which is ſituated under the hills to the north of it, near which is a well, formerly greatly reſorted to by pilgrims, like St. Winifred's, for its pretended virtue of healing, given it by the popiſh Saint Madern.

Saint Burien, ſix miles from Penzance, is a great pariſh near the Land's End, where King Athelſtan built a monaſtery, according to the vow he had made at the conqueſt of the Scillys; the church, as Mr. *Camden* reports, was conſecrated to a holy Iriſh woman, St. Buriene.

At the north-weſt point of the Land's End, upon the craggy rocks, caſtles have been formerly erected.

Biſcow-woane, at the Land's End, is a pariſh which gives name to the family of Boſcawen, where are nineteen ſtones fixed in a circle, about twelve feet from one another, ſuppoſed to have been a ſepulchral monument of the ancient Britons.

Godolphin-Hills, four miles from Market-Jew, give title of Earl to the family of that name, who were Lords of them in the time of William the Conqueror. Sir Francis Godolphin, one of the deſcendants, employed three hundred men in the tin works daily, paid one thouſand pounds a year to Queen Elizabeth, and by his labour and inventions advanced the tin trade ſo much, that the cuſtoms were increaſed above ten thouſand pounds per annum to that queen.

We muſt here make a ſhort digreſſion to take notice of the *Iſlands and the Rocks of Scilly*; they are ſmall, about one hundred and forty in number, and thirty miles from the Land's End; the fruitfulleſt and largeſt of theſe ſmall iſlands, is St. Mary's, though but nine miles in circumference; it has a very good harbour, with a caſtle built by Queen Elizabeth. Scilly was once reckoned the moſt conſiderable

ſiderable, which with ſome others, ſtand very high, but many of them are overflowed at high tide; ſome of them bear good corn, and moſt of them paſture; they abound with rabbits, cranes, herrings, ſwans, and water-fowl. There are tin mines here, for which the Phænician, Carthaginians and Romans frequented theſe iſlands, and the laſt ſent their criminals to digging them; the ore is found upon the very ſurface of the rocks, a good way into the ſea, and is even blended or mixed in with the ſtones themſelves, ſo that the ſtones muſt be ſplit in pieces to come at it; by this mixture the rocks are made exceedingly weighty and ſolid, and ſeem formed by nature as a ſtrong fence to reſiſt the otherwiſe irreſiſtible power of the ocean; the ſituation of theſe iſlands are very dangerous to mariners, lying in the middle between the two vaſt openings of the north and ſouth narrow ſeas, or as the ſailors call them the *Briſtol channel* and *the channel*, that it is no wonder that they have proved the deſtruction of ſo many ſhips and lives; for notwithſtanding the advantage of light-houſes, or the judgment of the moſt ſkilful mariners, Ships, in the dark of night, and diſtreſs of weather, are in very great danger, by miſtaking the reckonings, or other unavoidable accidents of running *bump a-ſhore* upon Scilly, (according to the ſailors phraſe) where they find not four among the breakers but are beat to pieces without any poſſibility of eſcape.

Here we cannot help recalling to mind the much lamented fate of Sir Cloudeſley Shovel and his ſquadron, who running right before the wind in a dark night, on the twenty-ſecond of October, 1707, was loſt, and not a man ſaved, in his return again from a fruitleſs expedition againſt Toulon.

It is ſaid, that in the ſame place, many years ago, eleven ſail of merchants ſhips, homeward-bound, from the ſouthward, and ſome of them from Spain, with

with a great quantity of bullion, &c. ſhared the ſame fate. In ſhort, ſhipwrecks are ſo frequent here, that ſome treaſure or other often drives a-ſhore, eſpecially in ſtormy weather; after which the ſands are generally covered with country-people, in queſt of what the ſea throws up, which the ſailors call going *a ſhoring*, nor are there wanting at ſuch times projectors, and others, with engines for diving.

This method is ſaid to be carried on by the people in this part of the county, with a degree of cruelty and barbarity, which would even be a diſgrace to ſavages; theſe fierce and ravenous wretches, reſembled by none but thoſe on the coaſt of Suſſex, not only plunder the dead bodies that are thrown on ſhore by the waves, but very often treat thoſe poor diſtreſſed ſeamen, who may have ſaved their lives from the tempeſt, in a ſhocking manner, and though the mariners may implore the barbarians for the continuance of a life ſnatched from the waves, yet his prayers but ſeldom prevails, and he finds the hearts of the ſavages as obdurate as the rocks they inhabit.

Though the latitude aſſigned to the Lizard-Point is fifty, conformable to the moſt exact obſervations, yet it may be of ſome uſe to inſert here an obſervation made by the late Dr. *Halley*, concerning the latitude of the Point and the iſlands of Scilly, which, according to him, are laid down too far northerly, by near five leagues. "For the Lizard (as he ſays) lies in forty-nine degrees, fifty minutes, whereas in moſt charts and books of navigation, they are laid down to the northward of fifty degrees, and in ſome full fifty degrees ten minutes. Nor was this without a good effect as long as the variation continued eaſterly, as it was when the charts were made; but, ſince it has become conſiderably weſterly, (as it has been ever ſince the year 1657) all ſhips ſtanding in, out of the ocean, eaſt by the compaſs, get two-

thirds

thirds of a point to the northward of their true courſe, and every eighty miles they ſail, alter their latitude about ten minutes, ſo that if they miſs an obſervation for two or three days, and do not allow for this variation, they fail not to fall northward of their expectation, eſpecially if they reckon Scilly in above thirty degrees, and to run up the Briſtol Channel, not without great danger of all, and the loſs of many of them. This has been by ſome attributed to the indraught of St. George's Channel; but the variation being allowed, it has been found that the ſaid indraught is not ſenſible: it is therefore recommended to all maſters of ſhips, that they ſteer two watches eaſt by ſouth, for one eaſt, which will exactly keep their parallel; as alſo, that they come out of the ſea on a parallel, not more northerly than forty-nine degrees forty minutes, which will bring them by the Lizard."

The greateſt curioſities to be found in theſe iſlands, is at St. Mary's, where is a ſubterraneous paſſage near the rocks of Penninis, whoſe entrance is called Piper's Hole; this paſſage is ſaid to communicate under ground with the iſland of Freſco, as far as the north-weſt cliffs or banks of it, where another cavity is ſeen that goes with the ſame name as the former, going in at the orifice at Peninnis bank in St. Mary's, is above a man's height, and of as much ſpace in its breadth, but grows lower and narrower farther in, a little beyond which entrance appear rocky baſons, or reſervoirs, continually running over with freſh water, deſcending as it diſtils from the ſides of the rocky paſſage; by the fall of water heard farther in, it is probable there may be rocky deſcents in the paſſage; the dripping from the ſides have worn the paſſage, as far as it can be ſeen, into very various angular circles.

About two furlongs from Hugh Town, the capital of St. Mary's, to the eaſtward, is a curious ſandy bay,

bay, called Pomelin, where the beach from the mark of flood to the mark of ebb, is covered with an exceeding fine writing ſand, and of which ſhip-loads may be gathered at low water; on account of its plenty and brightneſs, it is fetched for ſanding their houſes in Hugh Town, and other parts of this iſland, and preſents of it are made to many parts of England as a curioſity.

Having viſited theſe iſlands, we ſhall rejoin the main land at Penzance, near which was a very remarkable ſtone called the *Maen Amber*, which as Mr. *Camden* tells us, though it is of vaſt bigneſs, it might be moved with one finger, notwithſtanding a great number of men could not remove it from its place; it was deſtroyed, as one of the ſame ſort was in Fifeſhire, Scotland, by one of Oliver's governor's; for thoſe cunning reformers, who looked upon every curioſity they could not account for, as ſuperſtitious, reſolved not to leave this remaining.

Maen is a Britiſh word for a great ſtone. Dr. *Stukely* tells us, there is one of theſe ſtone in Derbyſhire, and Mr. *Toland* acquaints us, that there are alſo ſuch in Ireland as well as Wales. He gives the following account of this piece of antiquity:

"At a place called Maen Amber (ſays he) is an heap of ſtones, roundiſh, and of a vaſt bulk, but ſo artificially pitched on flat ſtones, ſometimes more, ſometimes fewer in number, that touching the great ſtone lightly, it moves and ſeems to totter to the great amazement of the ignorant; but ſtirs not ſeemingly ſenſible when one uſes his whole ſtrength."

It may not be unacceptable to the curious to acquaint them in what manner the people of Penzance preſs their fiſh, eſpecially pilchards. In a houſe appointed for that purpoſe, they pile them up on a bed of great length and breadth, to wit, as long and as broad as the houſe will permit, and breaſt high; then in the wall behind they have a

hole, into which they thruſt a rafter or poſt of timber, which reacheth acroſs the bed of fiſh, and on the other end of it hangs one or two more great ſtones, of which there are many lying there, with a great hook of iron faſtened in them for that purpoſe; many of theſe holes and rafters are diſtributed all along the bed, which preſs down the boards, and ſo preſs the fiſh equally under the bed; they have a gutter to receive and convey the oil which comes from the fiſh, into a veſſel made on purpoſe in the ground, at one end of the houſe.

North of Penzance is St. *Ives*, two hundred and ſeventy-four miles from London, though now a poor harbour in the Iriſh Channel, being almoſt choaked up with ſand, has thriven much by trade in pilchards and Corniſh ſlate. It is governed by a mayor, eleven aldermen, twelve burgeſſes, a recorder, town-clerk, &c. Here is a handſome ſpacious church, ſo near the ſea, that it is often buffetted by the waves; but the mother church is at Unilant, of which this town is but a hamlet. Here is a grammar-ſchool that was granted by King Charles I. of which the biſhop of Exeter, and the mayor and capital burgeſſes are governors.

Leaving this part of the county, and returning to the eaſtern ſide, we ſhall join the road we left at Okehampton, and enter this county at Newport, in the pariſh of St. Stephen's, near Launceſton, of which it is now a ſuburb.

Near Penzance, but open to the ſea, is *Mount's Bay*, which takes its name from an high hill or rock in the water, called St. Michael's Mount. It is only called the Corniſh Mount by the ſeamen. It has been fortified, though the ſituation makes it ſo difficult of acceſs, that like the Baſs in Scotland there needs no fortification. It was formerly like that made a goal for priſoners.

Launceſton, 214 miles from London; it was called *Dunhivid*, with Newport, and as well as that, is in

St Michaels Mount Cornwall.

in the pariſh of St. Stephen. This is the chief town in the county, in the eaſt part of it, and was incorporated by King John. This has been the place for chuſing Knights of the Shire, ever ſince King Edward I. and the aſſizes town ever ſince King Richard II. till by a late act of parliament, the lord-chancellor, or lord-keeper, was empowered to name any other place in the county for that purpoſe, ſince which the ſummer aſſizes have been held at Bodmin. It is governed by a mayor, recorder, and eight aldermen. The town is populous and carries on a good trade. Queen Elizabeth founded a free-ſchool here, with a competent endowment. The town gives title of Viſcount to his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, of whom the manor is held in fee-farm.

Camelford, fourteen miles from Launceſton, and two hundred and twenty-eight miles and an half from London. It is ſituated near the river Camel, from whence it derives its name, viz. *a Ford over the river Camel*, the word *Camel* ſignifies a crooked river. It is called by Mr. *Camden*, *Gavel-ford*, the place, according to *Haveden*, where the great battle was fought between the Britons and the Devonſhiremen. Here alſo is ſaid to have been a battle fought between King Arthur and his nephew Mordred, wherein the one was inſtantly killed, and the other ſo greatly wounded as to end his life ſoon after. The town is governed by a mayor, eight burgeſſes, a recorder, and town clerk: its arms alludes to its name, a Camel *paſſant* over a *Ford*.

North-weſt of the laſt town is *Bos-caſtle*, a poor town, ſeated on a bad craggy harbour of the north ſea, and but meanly inhabited. Adjoining to it is

Boſſiney, or *Tintagel*, two hundred and thirty-three miles from London, it deſerves mention for the ruins of a caſtle, reckoned among the wonders of

of this county. It ſtood on two vaſt high ſteep rocks, one on the ſea, the other on the continent, joined together by a draw-bridge. *Norden* deſcribes it in his time, in ſubſtance as follows:

"The draw-bridge having been removed, the paſſage to the iſland is now very dangerous, and troubleſome, over a little iſthmus, or neck of land, up a very ſteep and craggy cliff, very difficult to aſcend; the worſt of all is almoſt at top, near the gate of the entrance into the hill, where the ſtones hang ſo frightful over the head, that while a man reſpects his feet, he endangers his head; but being once aſcended and entered, there is a ſpacious green plot, where conies, ſheep, &c. feed. The ſheep, by uſe, will climb the craggy cliffs like goats, tho' ſome with haſte hurl themſelves head-long into the ſea. In the top of the iſland is a ſpring of ſweet water, riſing out of the main rock. This is more wonderful as the rock is extremely high, and the whole girt about by the ſea. Under it, from cliff to cliff is a cave or vault, ſo ſpacious, that a fiſhing boat may paſs from one ſide to the other. Upon the hill are the relicks of a chapel, which, together with beſt part of the buildings here are ruined: to prevent the landing of an enemy, at the bottom of the hill a very ſtrong wall was erected, wherein was a gate of iron for its ſecurity. And at the upper gate of the building was another gate, ſtrongly guarded with iron. In the caſtle is a hole hewn out of a rock, in the form of a grave ſaid to have been made by an hermit for his burial. It is alſo ſaid that King Arthur was born here, five hundred years before the Conqueſt."

The town is governed by a mayor and burgeſſes, and all that have free land in the borough, and live in the pariſh, are deemed freemen, and have a vote alſo in all elections of its members and magiſtrates.

Wardbridge,

Wardbridge, thirteen miles from Camelford, is another market-town, with a large ſtone bridge over the river Camel, which runs to Padſtow. It was built by the contributions of the country gentlemen, to prevent the damage that horſemen were expoſed to at the ferry. The arches were founded by the architects on woolpacks, becauſe they could find nothing to erect them on but quick-ſand. To the weſt of this town is

Padſtow, two hundred and forty-three miles and an half from London, lies at the mouth of the river Camel, in the Briſtol channel, very convenient for trade with Ireland. *Camden* ſays, it takes its name from one *Petrock*, a holy Briton, and from him called *Petrockſtowe*. The county between here and St. Ives, is delightfully pleaſant and exceedingly fruitful, the hills on the left abounding with tin, copper and lead, which are all carried to the other ſhore; the chief buſineſs carried on here, beſides the trade in ſlate tiles, is fiſhing of herrings, which come up the channel in October. The inhabitants for their particular love of mirth and good chear, gave occaſion to the phraſe of the "Good fellowſhip of Padſtow." Here is a good haven, very ſecure when ſhips are once in, but the entrance requires the aſſiſtance of a ſkilful pilot. New Iſland here is noted for good Samphire and ſea-fowl. South-eaſt of Padſtow, is

St. Michael's, ſituated two hundred and forty-ſeven miles from London, between Truro and St. Columb. This is one of the oldeſt boroughs by preſcription in the county, and was of great note in the time of the Saxons; at preſent it is but a mean hamlet, yet it is governed by a portreeve, yearly choſen by a jury of the chief inhabitants, out of the ſix chief tenants, called deputy lords of the manor, becauſe they hold lands in the borough. This place was formerly called Modiſhole, and afterwards Michael,

Michael, giving name to the Michels, a family which had once great eſtates, both here and in Devonſhire, ſo that it has been ſainted by a vulgar error.

In this part of the county, in the wild and vaſt downs, are nine huge ſtones called the nine ſiſters; they are ſet upright, and likely to be another of the monuments before-mentioned, which abound in many parts of this county.

Kellington, ſituated two hundred and ſixteen miles from London, in the road from Taviſtock to Bodmyn, on the river Lamara. It conſiſts of a good broad ſtreet, with a market-houſe, a neat church, and is not inferior to the better half of the Corniſh boroughs, for buildings and wealth. Every year, at the court-leet of the lord of the manor, a Portreeve is choſe, and the inhabitants who have lived in it twelve months, are admitted burgeſſes. The chief trade of it is the woollen manufacture.

St. Neots has a handſome church, with many Jewiſh traditions painted in the glaſs windows, which it is ſuppoſed they took from the Jews, who traded hither for tin. The explications are preſerved in the public library at Oxford, in a book written in the Corniſh tongue.

Bodmin, two hundred and thirty-two miles from London, is ſituated in a pleaſant valley, about twelve miles from the two channels, near the centre of the county. It was formerly a Biſhop's ſee, which was tranſlated through St. Germans and Crediton, to Exeter; and the remains of the palace, and of a priory, are ſtill to be ſeen. Its church, whoſe ſpire was deſtroyed by lightening in 1699, is reckoned the largeſt in Cornwall. Here is a good corn and fleſh-market, and a priſon for debtors; the town is near a mile long, between two hills, the only ſtaple town of the county. The corporation conſiſts of a Mayor, twelve Aldermen, twenty-

twenty-four common-council, and a town-clerk. A carnival is kept every year about the middle of July, on Helgaven-moor, near this town, which is reſorted to by thouſands of people; and the ſports and paſtimes of it were ſo liked by King Charles II. when he touched here in his way to Scilly, that he became a brother of the jovial ſociety, which is ſaid to be as old as the Saxons: amongſt other gambols played upon that moor, thoſe who know it well make diverſion by drawing the unwary into certain quagmires, and certain criminals are tried there, before one whom they call the mayor of Halgaven, for ſome trivial offence or other, and puniſhed by ſome notable, but harmleſs diſgrace, ſuch as wearing but one ſpur, &c. from hence ſlovens are commonly threatened to be *preſented in Halgaven Court.*

In this town, Perkin Warbeck began his firſt acts of rebellion, but he met with little ſucceſs. To the eaſt of it is the *Hurlers*, a great number of oblong rough ſtones, in three circles, on an extenſive down. The ſuperſtitious vulgar will have it, that theſe ſtones were men transformed into ſtones, for playing at ball on a Sunday. Dr. *Stukely* tells us, that they are the remains of an ancient Druid's temple, as well as the famous Stonehenge on Saliſbury Plain. *Norden* mentions a remarkable ſtone near *Bliſſande*, it is called *Pendre Stone*, and ſtands upon the top of a hill, on which ſtands a beacon, and on the top of the rock lies a ſtone, which is three yards and an half long, and four feet broad, and two feet and an half thick, and is ſo equally ballanced, that the ſmalleſt touch will move it, like that of *Maen Amber*. This moor, on which this ſtone ſtands, is noted for *Temple Pariſh*, where ſuch as committed ſuicide were buried.

From Taviſtock another road leads to

Saltaſh,

Saltaſh, two hundred and twenty-one miles from London, and but a league from the dock of Plymouth, to which there is a ferry over the Tamer, called the Crimble Paſſage. It is a corporation by charter of Charles II. conſiſting of a mayor and ſix aldermen, who are ſtiled the council of the borough, and with the burgeſſes may chuſe a recorder. The town belonged to the honour of Tidmerton caſtle, from which it derived ſeveral large privileges over its haven, viz. a court of admiralty, a yearly revenue from its own boats and barges, anchorage and ſoilage from all foreign veſſels, the profit of the Crimble paſſage, and draging of oyſters, except between Candlemas and Eaſter, with a coroner's inqueſt, arreſts, &c. The harbour is capable of a ſhip of any burden. The inhabitants trade much in malt and beer. Here is a handſome market-houſe and town-houſe, with a free-ſchool. The Lord Mohun took this place in the civil wars for King Charles I. The manor of this borough is veſted in the corporation, who hold it of the Duchy of Cornwall; and on the payment of a fee-farm rent of eighteen pounds a year, have the toll of the markets and fairs. The liſt of repreſentatives for this borough begins the ſixth of King Edward VI. As this town lies ſo near Plymouth dock, being at the mouth of the Ham Ouſe, it is much the better for the increaſe of the inhabitants of Plymouth-dock, who chuſe to come to this market by water, rather than to walk for their proviſions to Plymouth town by land; becauſe the town boat in which they go, brings home what they buy, and becauſe proviſions are much cheaper here. The merchants of this town have ſome ſhips of late, that uſe the Newfoundland fiſhery.

Sheviocke,

Sheviocke, between Eaſtlow and Saltaſh, is moſt remarkable for a monument in its church, of one *Dennis*, a Knight, buried there, of whom there is an old tradition among the inhabitants, that he undertook to build a church, and his lady a barn; and that when they had finiſhed both, and ſummed up the expences, the barn was found to have coſt three halfpence more than the church; and ſo, ſays my author, it might well fall out, for it is a *great* barn, and a *little* church.

Craſthole, a little to the ſouth, is a ſmall village, but a great thoroughfare; of which it is merrily ſaid, *twelve* houſes and *thirteen* cuckolds; which the villagers take in great dudgeon, when they are upbraided with it.

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

IT has its name from *Somerton*, formerly its chief town, and not for its being a ſummer county, as the ancient Britiſh, or the modern Welch, appellation denotes: for, as pleaſant as it is in the ſummer, it is not more ſo than its neighbours. It has Devonſhire on the weſt; Dorſetſhire on the ſouth; the Briſtol Channel, or Severn ſea, on the north; a ſmall part of Glouceſterſhire on the north-eaſt; and Wiltſhire on the eaſt. It is one of the richeſt and largeſt counties in England, being about ſixty miles in length, from Ouſe in the weſt, to Froome in the eaſt; about fifty where broadeſt, from Crewkerne in the ſouth, to Parſhut in the north; and about an hundred and fifty miles in circumference. According to *Templeman*'s ſurvey, it conſiſts of thirteen hundred and thirty-five ſquare miles; in which compaſs are three cities, (which are more than any other county can boaſt of;) and though Glouceſterſhire claims a part of Briſtol, and Briſtol, as a county of itſelf, denies either of them a ſhare in it; yet Somerſetſhire has the beſt pretenſion to it, as will be ſeen in its place. It has forty-two hundreds, an hundred and thirty-two vicarages, three hundred and eighty-five pariſhes; near ſeventeen hundred villages, thirty market towns, and

ſends

ſends eighteen members to parliament; viz. two for the county, and two each for

Briſtol,	Bath,
Wells,	Taunton,
Bridgwater,	Ilcheſter,
Milbourn-Port,	Minhead.

Its area has been computed at one million and ſeventy-five thouſand acres, but it is nearer two millions than one; as in the number of houſes, fifty thouſand; and of ſouls, above two hundred and eighty thouſand.

The air is the mildeſt, and the ſoil, for the moſt part, the richeſt in the kingdom. Dr. *Fuller* is amazed to hear it ſaid, that ſingle acres here have produced fifty-two buſhels of grain; but we muſt increaſe the reader's wonder, by aſſuring him, that an acre of ground, belonging to the late Sir William Wyndham, produced ſixty buſhels of barley; and it is very common for the tillers to have forty or fifty buſhels of wheat an acre. The richneſs of the ſoil ſhews, that it muſt be dirty travelling in the winter, and the proverb here,

What's bad for the rider,
Is good for th' abider.

explains the nature both of the ſoil and the roads. The part which is moſt marſhy, and in the winter ſeaſon, the moſt dirty, lies between Bridgwater and Axbridge; but in ſummer, there is not that length of ground in England ſmoother and pleaſanter. The weſtern and eaſtern parts of the county are hilly and ſtony, and though there are ſome plaſhy roads, the bottom is firm.

As its ſoil is various, ſo is its product. It abounds with grain of all kinds, of which it ſupplies home and

and foreign markets, with vaſt quantities. Its hills afford mines of coal, lead and copper. Wood thrives here as well as in any ſhire in the kingdom; and teazles, (a ſort of thiſtles uſed by the cloth dreſſers) grow ſcarce any where elſe. Oker is dug upon and about Mendip hills; and of *Lapis Calaminaris*, (without which, and copper there is no making of braſs) more is dug up here than in all the kingdom beſides. As this county is rich in paſture, no wonder it yields ſuch great quantities of cheeſe, of which the beſt and biggeſt in England are made at Chedder, reckoned as good as Parmeſan. Its oxen are as large as thoſe of Lancaſhire and Lincolnſhire, and the grain of the fleſh is ſaid to be finer. Its vales feed and fatten a prodigious number of ſheep, and of the largeſt ſize. Its maſtiff dogs, are the boldeſt of all others of the kind, at baiting the bull; a ſport in which the under ſort of people, and, among them, ſome of the low-bred gentry, take perhaps too much delight.

All ſorts of cloth is manufactured here; as broad and narrow kerſeys, druggets, ſerges, duroys and ſhalloons, together with ſtockings and buttons; and in the ſouth-eaſt parts of the ſhire, are made great quantities of linen. The value of the woollen manufactures alone here, at the firſt hands, has been rated at a million a year; and if a calculation was made of its other manufactures, and its produce by mines, tillage, feeding, grazing, dairies, &c. it would undoubtedly exceed any county in the kingdom in riches, both natural and acquired, Yorkſhire not excepted; due allowance being made for the difference in extent; and as to foreign trade, ſure no ſhire but Middleſex will compare with one, that has the city of Briſtol to boaſt of; not to mention the coaſting trade in the little ports of Bridgwater and Minhead.

The

The county is almoſt every where well watered: but beſides its rivulets and brooks; the moſt noted rivers are the Severn, Avon, Parret, Froome, Ax, Torr, and Tone; of theſe, the Avon abounds in ſome ſprings, with blackiſh eels, ſcarce as big as a gooſe-quill, called Elvers, which are ſkimmed up in vaſt numbers, with ſmall nets; and when their ſkins are off, which by management they ſlip of themſelves, the meat looks very white, and it is made into cakes, and fried. The greateſt hills in it are, Mendip, Pouldon, and Quantock; the firſt abounding with lead and coal, the ſecond with corn-fields; and the third, with a berry here, called Wherts, (i. e. whirtle-berries) of which the middling and ordinary people make pies, or eat them with milk, &c. They are as big as currants, black when ripe, and have a ſharp taſte. Theſe hills eſpecially Mendip, go by ſeveral names, taken from the neighbouring pariſhes.

They are in the main, a plain, honeſt, free-hearted people; but they will pardon a countryman who glories in being born and bred among them, and thinks he knows their temper, for charging them in the general with a little two much poſitiveneſs, bluntneſs, or reſervedneſs in converſation; too great contempt of letters, and too much indifference for the reſt of the world; which perhaps is owing to the good opinion they juſtly entertain of their own portion of it. Yet, without diſpute, this ſhire has produced as many men in arts and arms, in ſpirituals and temporals, as any other. In arms we have had our Courcys, our Gourneys, and our Blakes; in arts, our Harringtons, and our Lockes; in the church, our Hoopers, and our Hales; in the ſtate, our Powlets, Portmans, Pophams, and many others of great note in that claſs.

It is too remarkable to paſs unnoticed, that tho' this county is inferior to very few, if any, in a number

number of pious and learned clergymen, of loyal and worthy gentlemen, of honeſt and wealthy freeholders and tradeſmen, of the church of England, as by law eſtabliſhed; who are zealouſly devoted to the ſervice of his majeſty, and the preſent conſtitution in church and ſtate, with a due charity to ſuch as cannot conform to that eſtabliſhment; yet it is computed, that there are near forty thouſand proteſtant diſſenters in this ſhire. This number, perhaps would have been much leſs, had not the rage and fury of ſome ſcandalous and ignorant biggots, too much encouraged, not many years ago, by a diſaffected faction, driven numbers from conformity, whom charity and moderation would have invited into the national church, which cannot be ſupported, nor indeed the Chriſtian religion itſelf by any other principle.

As the county abounds with good barley, it is noted for the beſt October beer in England, which they keep to a great age; yet their moſt excellent liquor is their cyder, of which they have divers ſorts, as in Devonſhire. The beſt is that made of cocaghee apples, firſt brought out of Ireland, and as yet hardly known in any other county of England, which has the piquant reliſh of French white wine, but is more ſtrong and ſpirituous. Beſides the beſt of beef, they have plenty of porkers bred at home, and brought from South Wales, whoſe fleſh is very good. Their cole and bacon (as called there) is among their farmers, the common and a very ſubſtantial diſh. Their peas and beans, which are inferior to none, are, with a little culture, as forward as the forwardeſt about London. Here is plenty of garden ſtuff, wall fruit as well as the other common fruits; and, in ſhort, of every thing neceſſary to furniſh out a complete table. Beſides the fiſh in the other rivers, the ſalmon of the Parret are by ſome preferred to thoſe even of the Thames

and

and Severn. From the ſouth ſhore, they have lobſters, crabs, mackarel, &c. From the Severn, ſoles, flounders, plaiſe, ſhrimps, prawns, herrings and cod. But the greateſt rariety is laver, made of a weed, which grows wild on the beaches and rocks of the coaſts of the Severn ſea. When it is well waſhed, pickled with vinegar, and baked, it makes one of the moſt wholeſome and toothſome diſhes; cavecar, which it ſomewhat reſembles, is not to be compared to it; but the ſight of it is diſguſting to thoſe who never taſted it, becauſe it looks ſo much like cow dung. It is reckoned a very innocent and nouriſhing food, and is commonly ſold for four pence a pound. Here is plenty of wild-fowl; but as the parks here are not many, veniſon is therefore pretty ſcarce. The eaſt part of this county is ſupplied with coals from Mendip hills, but the other parts have theirs from Wales, which are ſold one time with another, at about twenty ſhillings a chaldron. The places about the moors, and Pouldon hills, burn turfs, which are brought ſix or ſeven miles off, at ten or twelve ſhillings a load. They are cut out in the form of bricks, and ſold about an hundred and forty for a ſhilling.

Lowthorp's Abridgment of the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, vol. II. takes notice of a freezing rain in Somerſetſhire, in 1672; the like of which has not been mentioned in any Engliſh chronicle; and the more remarkable, becauſe, though the branches of the trees were ſo loaded with it, that they broke off with the weight, and made the roads impaſſable; yet there was no ice to be ſeen in the rivers and ponds. It is ſaid to have been ſo hot, that immediately after this froſt, it occaſioned ſuch an exceſſive ſweating day and night, and the buſhes and flowers appeared as forward as in April and May. This rain was on or about the 11th of December, and fell chiefly betwixt Briſtol and Shepton Mallet.

This

This county, which is in the dioceſe of Bath and Wells, formerly gave title of Earl, as it does now of Duke, to the family of Seymour, deſcended from Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerſet, uncle to King Edward VI.

Beginning our ſurvey of this county at the ſouth-eaſt angle of it, we follow the road we left at Shafteſbury, and enter Somerſetſhire at

Milbourn Port, an ancient borough, an hundred and fifteen miles from London, though it is repreſented in parliament, it has neither market nor corporation: yet it appears, by Domeſday book, to have been a market town, and had fifty-ſix burgeſſes; it is almoſt ſurrounded by Dorſetſhire. The town is governed by nine capital bailiffs, and has a church, of which Wincheſter college is patron; but the houſes are detached from one another in an irregular manner.

From Milbourn Port, croſſing a ſmall inlet of Dorſetſhire, we come to

Yeovil, an hundred and twenty-three miles from London. The town is large, and ſtands on the river Ivel, from which it takes its name. The inhabitants are induſtrious and thriving; and it has ſo conſiderable a market for corn, cheeſe, hemp, flax, linen, ſail-cloth, &c. that it is thought almoſt as much money is turned here, as in any market in the county, as this town is a great thoroughfare on the weſt road to the land's end, it has a number of inns; and is governed by a portreeve and twelve burgeſſes, and ſaid to contain above two thouſand inhabitants. There is a charity-ſchool for thirty boys, who are taught and clothed.

North of Milbourn Port, in the main road from Maiden Bradley to Bridgewater and Dulverton, in this county, is

Bruton, an hundred and fourteen miles from London, it takes its name from the river *Bru* or

Brew, on which it is ſituated, and has a ſtone bridge over it; it has a fair church, a good free-ſchool, founded by King Edward VI. a ſtately alms-houſe, and the ruins of a priory, which was founded before the Conqueſt. In the church are ſome noble tombs of the family of Mohuns, who were, by a grant of William the Conqueror, lords of the manor. The ſite and demeſne of its monaſtery, which ſtands a little on the left of the town, was given by Sir Maurice Berkeley, Knt. anceſtor to the Earls of Berkley, whoſe family has been ſeated here ſeveral ages, from the time of Edward VI.

About three miles out of the main road from Bruton, in a branch that leads to Exeter, is

Caſtle Carey, which is a very ancient town, and had a caſtle in King Stephen's reign; its lord, William Lovel, held this caſtle out againſt that King, for the Empreſs Maud. It is a ſmall town, of no other note than for its famous mineral water. In this neighbourhood is *Spergrove*, noted for a family of the name of Biſs, of whom was Philip Biſs, Archdeacon of Taunton, in the reign of King James I. a learned man, who, at his death, gave as many folio's as were valued at a thouſand pounds, to Wadham College, Oxford; and had this epitaph made on him, alluding to his name:

Bis fuit hic natus, puer et Bis, Bis juveniſque,
Bis Vir, Bisque Senex, Bis Doctor, Bisque, Sacerdos.

Somerton, the next market town, an hundred and twenty-eight miles from London, ſtands on a branch of the river Parret, and as we before obſerved, gave name to the county. This was anciently ſtiled a borough, and was the chief and moſt celebrated town in the ſhire, till eclipſed by Bath, Wells, &c. The Weſt Saxon Kings had a caſtle here;

here; wherein John King of France was confined, after he was removed from the caſtle of Hertford. The town is governed by a bailiff, choſen by the inhabitants, and it has an alms-houſe for eight poor people, and a free-ſchool.

Taunton, or *Thonton*, an hundred and forty-five miles from London, takes its name from the river Thone, on which it is delightfully ſeated. The town is well inhabited, one of the biggeſt boroughs in England, and *Camden* calls it one of the eyes of this county. Ina, King of the Weſt Saxons, built a caſtle here, which his wife demoliſhed; and another was afterwards built, by one of the biſhops of Wincheſter, to which the town and deanry belonged before the conqueſt: this place was twice poſſeſſed by rebels in the reign of Henry VII. and in the time of the civil wars, a garriſon was firſt placed here by the parliament, which was driven out by the Marquis of Hartford's men; as was the King's garriſon not long after, by Colonel Blake, afterwards General and Admiral; who, being appointed commander of the caſtle, when it was again beſieged by the King's forces, under Lord Goring, defended it till it was relieved: in 1662 King Charles cauſed the walls to be demoliſhed.

After the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth, when the inhabitants of this town were involved in his ruin, as this was the chief ſcene of that Duke's regal pageantry, ſo was it of Jefferys and Kirk's bloody executions; the latter cauſed nineteen wounded men to be hanged here; not only without permitting their relations to ſpeak to them, but with pipes playing, drums beating, and all other military pomp and exultation; he hanged one perſon three times on the White-Hart ſign-poſt, to try if he would acknowledge his fault, but he affirmed, if it was to do again he would engage in the ſame cauſe. Vaſt numbers were condemned

here

here by Jeffreys, who perſuaded the poor creatures to throw themſelves on the King's mercy, and then cauſed them to be executed; above twenty gentlemen were hanged, drawn, and quartered in this town; and nine months afterwards, when King James put out his proclamation of pardon, forty young gentlewomen were particularly excepted out of it, who had preſented the Duke with colours ready made at the charge of the town: but Taunton particularly remembered King James's behaviour to them; for when the Prince of Orange arrived, the whole town ran to him with ſo univerſal a joy, that it was thought, if he had wanted it, he might have raiſed a little army in this town and its neighbourhood.

The corporation conſiſts of a mayor, recorder, juſtice, two aldermen, twenty-four capital burgeſſes, a town-clerk, two conſtables, two portreeves, and two ſerjeants at mace. The mayor has ſmall privileges in conſideration of other corporations; his officers cannot arreſt, and there is no priſon here, but a Bridewell, for vagrants and looſe perſons; debtors and criminals being ſent to the county goal. Nor have the corporation any lands, houſes, nor ſtock of money; but every one ſtands at his own expence; on this account, though the town is the moſt flouriſhing, the corporation is one of the meaneſt in the county. The river Thone, purſuant to an act of parliament, in the reign of William III. is made navigable for barges from hence to Bridgwater, and it has a bridge over it of ſix arches, maintained by the county; the ſtreets are many of them ſpacious, and kept clean; but as they carry on a great manufacture of ſerges, duroys, ſagathees, ſhalloons, &c. the ſmell of the oil, which they are obliged to uſe, is very noiſome to ſtrangers.

Here

Here were two pariſh churches, and ſeveral meeting-houſes, as the inhabitants have been noted for diſſenters, and have an academy here to train youth up for the diſſenting miniſtry. St. Mary Magdalen's church is a large ſpacious edifice, with a high tower, and ſtately pinnacles, adorned with carved work. In this church is the effigy of Robert Grey, Eſq. a native of this place, who went a poor boy to London, but lived to grow rich there and founded an hoſpital here: under his effigy are theſe remarkable lines:

TAUNTON bore him, LONDON bred him;
Piety train'd him, virtue led him;
Earth enrich'd him, heav'n poſſeſs'd him:
TAUNTON bleſt him, LONDON bleſt him;
This thankful town, that mindful city,
Share his piety and pity:
What he gave, and how he gave it,
Aſk the poor, and you ſhall have it.
Gentle reader, may heaven ſtrike
Thy tender heart, to do the like.
And now thy eyes have read the ſtory,
Give him the praiſe, and God the glory.

The hoſpital is a large brick building; on the wall is a *Gray* in braſs; and a badge of the ſame, a *Rebus*, for the founder, is worn on the coats and waiſtcoats of the alms people, at the allowance of two ſhillings a week each; the men have a gown, and the women a gown and petticoat, once every three years; there is a chapel where prayers are read once a day. For the maintenance of theſe, poor Mr. Grey left two thouſand pounds in money, and an houſe adjoining to it, lett at eighteen pounds a year. The election for members of parliament here is very ſingular, every *Pot Walloper*, i. e. that dreſſes

dreſſes his own victuals, is entitled to vote, ſo that the inmates, or lodgers, to qualify themſelves a little before the election comes on, make a fire in the ſtreets, and there boil their victuals, that their names may not be brought in queſtion.

Taunton Dean, is a large, rich, fruitful, tract of country, for about thirty miles round Taunton, the ſoil is ſo exceedingly good, and ſo exceedingly fertile, to uſe their own phraſe, with the *Zun and Zoil alone*, that *it needs no Manure*, and the peaſantry in it, ſays *Fuller*, are as rude as they are rich, and ſo highly conceited of their country, that they think it a diſparagement to be born in any other place.

It would be here inexcuſable to omit taking notice of a little river iſland, formed where the Parret mixes with the Thone, known by the name of *Athenley*, though formerly called *Ethelney*, i. e. an Iſland of Nobles, remarkable in antiquity, for being the ſecreting place of King Alfred, with a few of his nobles, when the Dane over-run all before him to the foreſt of Selwood; and indeed the neighbouring lakes and marſhes rendered it inacceſſible, the firm ground there not being above two acres broad, on which he afterwards built a monaſtery; having nothing to ſubſiſt on but what they got by fiſhing and fowling, the King had recourſe to the poor lonely cottage of a ſwine-herd, by whom his Majeſty, then unknown, was entertained and cheriſhed with ſuch poor fare as he and his wife could get him; for which the King ſet the poor ſwineherd afterwards to learning, and made him Biſhop of Wincheſter, as before related. Biſhop *Godwin*, in his Lives of the Biſhops, informs us, that the ſwineherd and his wife, began to grow weary of Alfred's ſervice, he not being handy enough; inſomuch, that once being ſet to watch ſome cakes that were baking at the fire, he let them burn;

burn; by which ſervice his dame heartily reproved him; which gave occaſion to the following Latin diſtich:

Urere quos cernis panes girare moraris,
Cum nimium gaudes nos manducare calentes.

Tho' you to turn
The cakes that burn
Do make ſo little haſte,
I'll warrant ye,
When bak'd they be,
You'll eat them but too faſt.

Not many years ago, was found near this place, a kind of picture, or medal of St. Cuthbert, with a Saxon inſcription, importing, that it was made by order of King Alfred; and as the form of it ſhewed that it was hung by a ſtring, it is conjectured that he wore it as an amulet, or elſe in veneration of that ſaint, who, as it is reported, appeared to him in his troubles, and aſſured him of his future victories over the Danes. The firſt that he gained was at Edindon in Wiltſhire, where he took their King, and made him a Chriſtian; and he founded the monaſtery above mentioned, which was a Benedictine abbey, in remembrance of his retirement; the foundations of which were diſcovered in 1674, by ſome labourers, who, among other remains, met with the baſis of church pillars, and one grave, near eight feet long, with human bones in it proportionable to that ſize.

Wellington, an hundred and fifty-two miles from London, ſtands on the river Thone, and is a low dirty place. It is chiefly remarkable for having been the reſidence of Lord Chief Juſtice Popham; who, by his laſt will, made proviſion for an hoſpital to be built here, for ſix poor men and as many women,

women, and for other charities, and for its vicar; Mr. Salkeld, who being converted from popery by King James I. and preferred to this living, called himſelf the *Royal Convert*, in compliment to the King; who, in return, to ſhew what a conqueſt he had made, ſtiled him the *learned Salkeld*.

Returning back to Bruton, we purſue the main road to

Bridgewater, an hundred and forty-two miles from London, a very conſiderable town and port, and takes its name from one *Walter*, a Norman, who had this place beſtowed on him among others in the county: and in King John's charter, and all other ancient charters, it is called *Brugge Walter*, or *Walter's Borough*. The caſtle here was built by William de Brevier, Lord of Bridgwalter, in the latter end of King John's reign, and by him was founded St. John's, vulgarly, St. Jones's Hoſpital, near the eaſt gate, for thirteen poor people, beſides friars and ſtrangers, to pray for the ſouls of King Henry II. King Richard I. and King John. The quay, called the haven, was made firſt by him, and then he began the ſtone bridge over the Parret, which was finiſhed by Thomas Trivet, a Corniſhman, the lord of the manor. After the finiſhing of the caſtle and bridge, this place flouriſhed. It was one of the firſt towns the Barons made themſelves maſters of, when they took up arms againſt Henry III.—King Edward II. and King Edward III. confirmed its charter. St. Matthew's fair is kept in a field called the Friars, from a priory of Friars Minors, formerly erected here, and dedicated to St. Matthew.

In the civil wars, this town ſuſtained ſeveral ſieges; it was firſt garriſoned by the parliament; but was, with Taunton and others, reduced by the King's forces, and held a garriſon for his Majeſty till the war was almoſt at an end. In 1653, it ſurrendered

rendered itſelf to Oliver Cromwell, with forty pieces of cannon, great ſtore of ammunition and proviſion, and a treaſure to the value of an hundred thouſand pounds, many perſons of condition having retired hither on the approach of the parliament army. The Duke of Monmouth came hither in 1685, but was defeated, when a ſcene of ſlaughter and carnage of his friends enſued, which can be equalled by none but thoſe inhuman butchers, Jeffreys and Kirk.

Queen Elizabeth granted this town the preſent charter, by which it is governed by a mayor, recorder, two aldermen, who are all juſtices of the peace, and by twenty-four common-councilmen. They have a town-clerk, clerk of the market, water-bailiff, and two ſerjeants at mace; and out of the common-council are annually choſe two bailiffs, whoſe power is equal to that of the ſheriffs of any other counties. The revenues are valued at ten thouſand pounds, and its freemen are free of all the ports of England and Ireland, except London and Dublin. King Henry VIII. having made this a diſtinct county, the ſheriff of the county cannot ſend any proceſs into the borough.

The church dedicated to St. Mary, is large, but plain, with a very high ſpire, ſaid to be the third loftieſt in England. Here is likewiſe a meeting-houſe, which is remarkable for having an advanced ſeat for the mayor and aldermen, when any of the magiſtrates ſhall be of their community. The famous Admiral Blake was a native of this town, as was John Oldmixon, Eſq. the hiſtorian.

In the neighbourhood of Bridgwater, is a fine and noble ſeat, erected by the Earl of Egmont. The draw-bridge here is particularly worthy of notice; which, though it is thirteen feet in length, and ten in breadth, and weighs four thouſand and nine hundred pounds is rendered managable by

one man, who could raiſe it or fall it at his pleaſure, with the greateſt eaſe. The engineer afterwards added other powers, ſo that a child of five years old is able to work it.

That part of the county, between this place and the ſea, and on northward upon the coaſt, lies low, and is chiefly employed in feeding cattle brought out of the weſt part of Devonſhire, and the neighbouring borders of Conwall. There is a road from hence to Briſtol, called the *Lower Way*, not always paſſable, being ſubject to floods and dangerous inundations, and was ſo great a ſufferer by that terrible ſtorm in 1703, that it is ſaid, in one part of it, a ſhip was driven a-ſhore and left upon land, ſeveral hundred yards from the common high-water mark, and the country people have ſet up marks upon their houſes and trees, with this note upon them, "Thus high the waters came in the great ſtorm; thus far the great tide flowed up in the laſt violent tempeſt," and the like.

Dulverton, twenty-ſeven miles from Bridgwater, and an hundred and ſixty-nine from London, ſtands on a hilly moor, with a ſtone bridge of five arches over the Dunſbrook, a branch of the river Fx. It is a pretty town, with a good market; and has in the neighbourhood mines of lead, but the ore is reckoned harder than that of Mendip Hills.

From Bridgewater, another branch of the road ſtrikes off to

Watchet, an hundred and fifty-eight miles and an half from London, is an ancient ſea-port, on the ſea-coaſt. It is a little harbour, of which the late Sir William Wyndham built the pier, and had the quay duties, in purſuance of an act paſſed in the ſixth of the late Queen Anne, and in the ſeventh of George I. This place was ſadly ravaged and harraſſed by the Danes. The inhabitants fetch vaſt quantities of pebble from the coaſt, and burn

it

it into lime for dreſſing their land, and chiefly for building; no cement being more durable for maſonry that is to lie under water, where it grows as hard as marble. The cliffs are ſtored with alabaſter, which falls down by the waſh of the ſea, and is conveyed to Briſtol, &c. in great quantities. The inhabitants burn abundance of ſea weed to ſupply the glaſs-makers of that city.

Minehead, an hundred and ſixty-ſix miles from London, is the ſafeſt harbour on this ſide, and capable of receiving ſhips of any ſize. This port owes great part of its improvements to King William III. who granted it to the family of Luttrells, with all the profits of the quay and pier, for ſecuring and keeping this harbour in repair. This act was continued in the tenth of the late Queen Anne, and in the ſeſſions 1737-8, another act paſſed, in purſuance of which a new head has been built, the beach cleared, and other improvements and additions carried on.

The town is well built, and ſituated under a hill: its chief trade is with Ireland, and this was for many years the principal port in theſe parts, where wool from Ireland was allowed to be imported; but that liberty is ſince enlarged to ſeveral other ports, by act of parliament.

On the beach near Watchet and Minehead, are to be found a particular ſort of ſtones, fluted, in imitation of the ſhells of fiſhes of all kinds. Many of the flat kind are double, and curiouſly tallied, one in another, which may, by a violent ſtroke, be ſeparated. Some of them are as broad as a pewter diſh, and again, others no bigger than a pepper corn; but in all of them the fluſhings are regular, ſome like the eſcallop, in rays from the centre; others, like the perriwinkle, in ſpiral lines.

In the neighbourhood of theſe towns is a very high down, called *Quantock*, from whence, beſides the

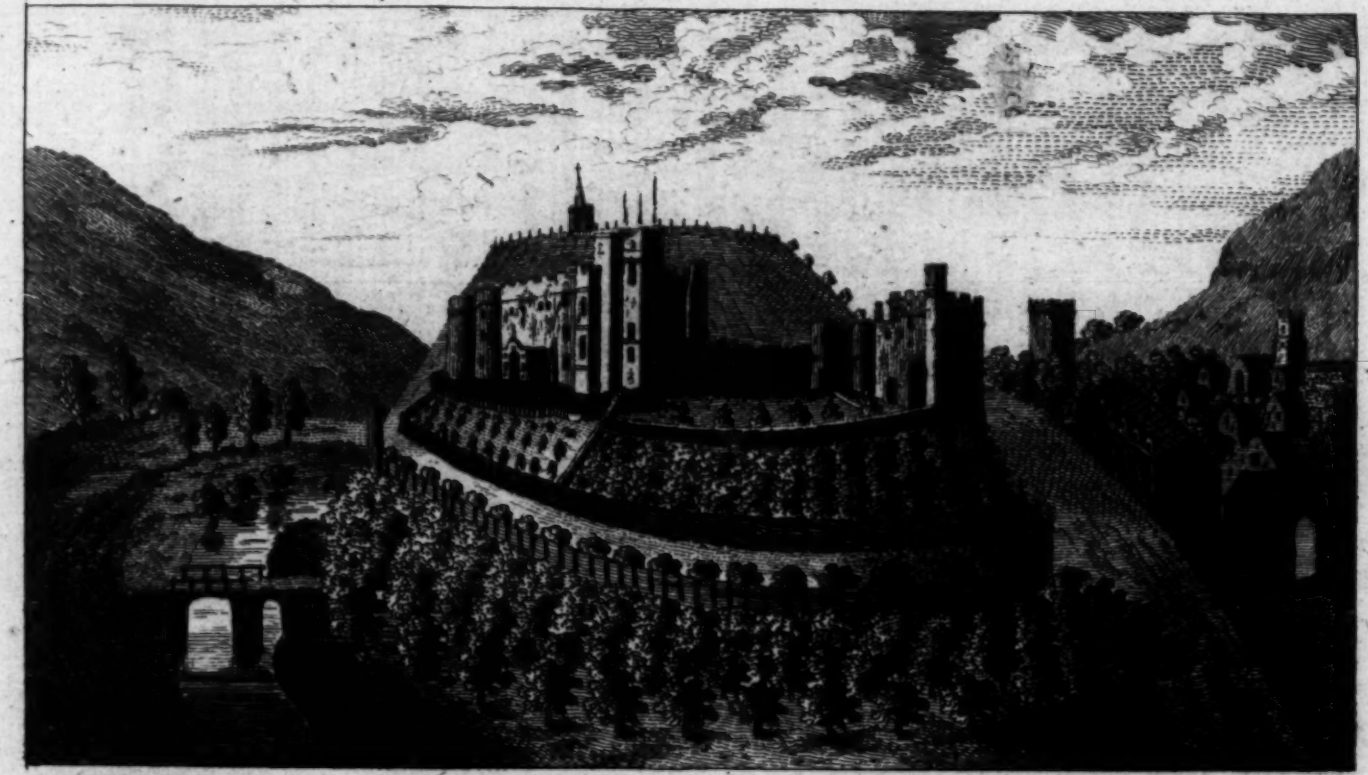
the two little iſlands, called the *Steep Holms*, and *Flat Holms*, and an extenſive view of the Channel, there is a fair and diſtinct proſpect of the Welch coaſt, for many leagues in length.

Dunſter Caſtle, ſituated between Minehead and Watchet, belonged to the family of the Luttrell's. On the rocks, near this place, grows the ſea weed, called laver-bread, of which the people hereabouts make a pickle of a very pleaſant flavour.

The direct road to *Wells* in this county, we laſt left at Trowbridge, in Wiltſhire, it enters this county on the eaſt ſide of Philip's Norton; we meet with nothing particular on the road, except *Stone Eaſton*, the ſeat of Richard Hippeſley Cox, Eſq. about a mile from Old Down.

Wells, about an hundred and twenty miles from London, is a little, but clean city, ſituated at the bottom of Mendip Hills. It takes its preſent name from the number of *Wells* hereabouts. The cathedral here is eſteemed one of the neateſt in England, particularly the weſt front of it, which is a very ancient and compleat draught of imagery. The preſent edifice is of above five hundred years ſtanding, and was erected on the ſite of one more ancient, founded by Ina, King of the Weſt Saxons. In the year 905, it was erected into an epiſcopal ſee; and was reckoned one of the beſt preferments in this kingdom. The fine chapel in the Biſhop's p[illegible] here, was alſo built by Biſhop Fitz Joceline. The palace is ſituated in a part of the city, called the Cloſe, very properly ſo termed, for it is walled in, and locked up like a little fortification. The dignified clergy live in the inſide of it, and the prebendaries and cannons have very agreeable dwellings. The beautiful palace gate was erected by Biſhop Thomas de Bekyngton, who ſat here in 1443, and alſo built twelve ſtately ſtone houſes.

Biſhop



Dunster Castle Somersetshire.

Biſhop Knight and Dean Woolman, made the fine arched fabric in the market place, now called the Croſs.

This town was made a free borough in hme of Henry II. and the charter was confirmed by King John, and afterwards by Queen Elizabeth, who appointed it to be governed by a mayor, recorder, ſeven aldermen, ſixteen common-councilmen, &c. Here is a town-hall, which ſtands over Biſhop Bobwith's hoſpital, which is in the weſt part of the town, near St. Cuthbert's, the pariſh church, and maintains thirty poor men and women. In the middle of the town there was the old market place, called the Croſs; and within this century another market-place has been built, a handſome building, the town-houſe where the corporation meets, and where the Judges alſo hold their aſſizes.

It is ſituated on a ſtony ground and has a little river called Welve, running at the back of it, and the adjacent country is pleaſant enough, though diſagreeable travelling, as the roads to it are all up and down hill, very ſtony, except that to

Glaſtonbury, an hundred and twenty-five miles and an half from London, it is by ſome called an iſland, as it is almoſt encompaſſed with rivers, and formerly had the name of *Avalon*, from a valley of the Britiſh name for Apples; from the great plenty of that fruit which this ſpot naturally bears: its preſent name is derived from *Glauſtrum*, i. e. Dyers Woad, which abounds in theſe parts.

This town, for antiquity, claims pre-eminence over every other in the county. Here being an abbey, formerly the richeſt and moſt magnificent in the world, we ſhall therefore be very circumſtantial in our deſcription of it. The foundation of this abbey is by ſome carried back as far as the time of our Saviour, and ſaid to be conſecrated by him in perſon, and by him dedicated to his mother:

Joſeph

Joſeph of Arimathea, St. Patrick, and St. David, are ſaid by ſome to have reſided here; which has been controverted by others, though it ſtrongly appears, that it was the popular opinion of its being the burial place of Joſeph of Arimathea; and by a record preſerved in *Rymer's Fœdra*, it appears, one John Blome, of London, in the reign of Edward III. obtained a licence, dated at Weſtminſter, June 10, 1345, to go to the monaſtery of Glaſtonbury, and dig for the corpſe of Joſeph of Arimathea, according to a divine revelation, which he ſaid he had on that ſubject in the preceding year.

This abbey was moſt liberally endowed by the munificence of King Ina, who built the great church, and enriched the houſe with ſo much land and privileges, that he has by ſome, particularly Biſhop Stillingfleet, been deemed the founder. It was likewiſe benefited by Edward the Elder, Edred, Edgar, and other Saxon Kings and nobles: but at the Conqueſt, King William ſtripped it of ſeveral of its poſſeſſions, and beſtowed them on his ſoldiers, and in 1083, made one Tuſtin, a Norman, Abbot thereof; but afterwards, that King reſtored to it ſome of thoſe lands, confirming them by his grant.

In the year 1116, or 1120, the church was rebuilt by Harlewinus, ſucceſſor to Tuſtin, and in the year 1184, the whole monaſtery, except part of the lodgings, and the ſteeple, was conſumed by fire; after which, there than being no abbot, King Henry II. ſent one of his chamberlains, Ralph Fitz Stephens, to take care of the revenues of the abbey; who began, and partly finiſhed, a new church, and the offices of the houſe. Theſe were perfected by the abbot Henry de Salieco, or Swans; in whoſe time the tomb of King Arthur was diſcovered in the cemetry. It is ſaid King Henry II.

on

on the faith of ſeveral ancient ſongs, recording his being buried in this place, ordered ſearch to be made, and at about ſeven feet under ground, a kind of tomb-ſtone was found, with a rude leaden croſs fixed on it, on which was a Latin inſcription, in barbarous Gothic characters, the Engliſh of which is, "Here lies buried the famous King Arthur, in the Iſle of Avalonia." About nine feet below this monumental ſtone, was found a coffin hollowed out of the ſolid oak, containing the bones of a human body, ſuppoſed to be that of King Arthur; theſe were, by the care of the abbot, tranſlated into the church, and covered with a magnificent monument.

The Chapel of St. Joſeph of Arimathea ſtands at the weſt end of the conventual church of the abbey, to which it is communicated by an arch and a ſpacious portal. Dr. *Stukely*, in his *Itinerarium Curioſum*, wherein he has accurately conſidered this monaſtery, treating of Joſeph of Arimathea's chapel, thus deſcribes it: "The preſent work is about the third building upon the ſame ſpot. It is forty-four paces long, thirty-ſix wide without. It is ſo entire that we could well enough draw the whole ſtructure. The roof is chiefly wanting: two little turrets are at the corners of the weſt end, and two more at the interval of four windows from hence, which ſeems to indicate the ſpace of ground the firſt chapel was built on; the reſt between it and the church was a ſort of anti-chapel: underneath was a vault, now full of water; the floor of the chapel being beaten down into it, it was wrought with great ſtones. Here was a capacious receptacle of the dead: they have taken up many leaden coffins, and melted them into ciſterns. Hence is the ſubterraneous arched paſſage to the Torr, according to their notion. The roof of the church was finely arched with rib-work of ſtone; the ſides of

of the wall are full of ſmall pillars of Suſſex marble, as likewiſe the whole church, which was the way of ornamenting in thoſe days; they are moſtly beaten down. Between them the walls are painted with pictures of ſaints, as ſtill eaſily ſeen. All the walls are overgrown with ivy, which is the only thing here in a flouriſhing condition; every thing elſe preſenting a moſt melancholy, though venerable aſpect."

In Stevens's Hiſtory of Abbeys, or Additions to the Monaſticon, there is a very particular account of the death of Richard Whiting, the laſt abbot; but from whence taken is not there ſaid. But it appears pretty evident, that it is from ſome zealous Roman Catholic writer; therefore, not altogether an impartial evidence. Nevertheleſs, as it ſhews the almoſt royal ſtate in which the abbots of the great monaſteries then lived, the reader will not perhaps be ſorry to ſee it here tranſcribed.

"Whiting was abbot of this monaſtery; a man both venerable for his age, which was almoſt decrepit, and really wonderful for the moderation of his religious life, which he had preſerved amidſt the greateſt plenty of temporal bleſſings. For this England had ſtill retained, that though the monaſteries were extraordinary wealthy, they ſhould not be governed by any but monks. All the religious men alſo lived in community, were moſt aſſiduous in the choir, and very rarely went abroad without the encloſure of their monaſteries. Whiting therefore being abbot, had an entire and encloſed monaſtery of about an hundred religious men; but according to the cuſtom of the abbots, he maintained three hundred domeſtics in ſeparate houſes and places adjoining; and among them many gentlemen's ſons. Beſides, he kept many at their ſtudies in the Univerſities. He practiſed hoſpitality to all travellers paſſing by upon any account

account whatſoever, that he ſometimes entertained five hundred horſemen. On Wedneſdays and Fridays he beſtowed bountiful and fixed alms on the poor, reſorting from all the villages round about; and this was the cuſtom of almoſt all the other monaſteries and richer abbots in England. The King's officers who went about to the monaſteries, having therefore acquainted Henry the VIIIth. that Whiting could not be prevailed upon to ſign the inſtrument propoſed by his Majeſty; they were directed to bring him immediately to London, without hindering him to take along with him a decent retinue ſuitable to his dignity; but to take care that he ſhould diſpoſe of nothing that belonged to the monaſtery: and laſtly, that a certain Knight, who was the chief of his family, and whom the King's officers had already corrupted, ſhould come with him, as it were to aſſiſt him on his journey, but in reality as a keeper and ſpy. When he was come to London, the King's counſellors did not think fit to ſay much to him, when they underſtood from his ſteward that he was poſitively reſolved never to ſubſcribe to that inſtrument; but the King would not ſeem to exact it from any man by force. Having ſearched Whiting's cabinets, the King had found a little book written againſt the divorce, brought in without Whiting's knowledge by them that ſearched, which he thought a ſufficient pretence to put him to death. Having therefore received a ſlight check, and being ſtripped of part of his retinue (for he came with about an hundred and fifty horſe) he was diſmiſſed from London to receive the King's pleaſure at home. But when he arrived at the city of Wells, which is five miles from Glaſtonbury, he was informed that there was an aſſembly of the gentry, and he ſummoned to it. He went immediately, and entering the court, was going to take his place among the prime of them,

when the crier called him to the bar, and bid him anſwer to the crimes of high treaſon laid to his charge. The old man wondered, looked about him, and aſked his ſteward what the meaning of it might be? He, as he had been inſtructed, bid him be of good heart, whiſpering him, that this was all done to fright him. Soon after Whiting was condemned, and ſent away to Glaſtonbury, yet never imagining that his end was ſo near. When he came near the walls of the monaſtery, a prieſt was preſented to him to hear his confeſſion in the horſe-litter that carried him; for they aſſured him he muſt die that very hour. The old man with tears, begged that he might have a day or two allowed him to prepare for death, or at leaſt that going into the monaſtery he might recommend himſelf to his monk, and take his leave; but neither was granted; for being turned out of the horſe-litter and laid upon an hurdle, he was dragged along the ground to the top of an high hill which overlooks the monaſtery, where he was hanged in his monk's habit, and quartered on the day above mentioned. The ſhepherd being ſlain, the ſheep were eaſily diſperſed; nor were there any religious men found after the death of theſe three abbots to oppoſe the King's tyranny. Henry, therefore, like a conqueror, invaded, threw down, plundered, and demoliſhed all; but the poſſeſſions and revenues of the monaſteries, he, for the moſt part, diſtributed amongſt the nobility, that they might never after be reclaimed or reſtored to the church, by any of the princes his ſucceſſors, exchanging ſome for other lands and revenues, and diſpoſing of others for ready money; and he compelled the catholics, againſt their wills, to buy the ſpoils of the church, to the end he might by that means oblige them to defend his wicked act. And this was the end of monaſteries and monks in England, almoſt a thouſand

ſand years after they had brought the Chriſtian faith into that iſland, increaſing with it, and being advanced by the generoſity of all the Kings. King Henry, that he might rejoice in wickedneſs, and glory in ſin, commanded the Biſhops and other churchmen, that in all their ſermons to the people they ſhould congratulate the expelling of the monks out of England, and inform the multitude how advantageous the ſame would be to them, as being delivered not only from the Pope's yoke, but alſo from the trouble of theſe monks; of which there was frequent gratulation in many places."

The *Abbots' Kitchen* is much more entire than any of the other buildings of this monaſtery, and was probably of more modern conſtruction. This ſurmiſe is ſomewhat juſtified, by a tradition, which ſays, That King Henry VIII. having ſome diſpute with one of the abbots, threatened to burn his kitchen, thereby inſinuating a reproach for his gluttony and luxurious manner of living; to which the abbot haughtily anſwered, that he would build ſuch a one, that all the wood in the royal foreſts ſhould not ſuffice to accompliſh that threat; and forthwith erected the preſent edifice. Perhaps this might be of ſome other King: for the building ſeems rather older than the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Dr. *Stukely*, who accurately conſidered and ſurveyed the remains of this abbey, gives, in his *Itinerarium Curioſum*, the following account of this building:

"Nothing is reſerved entire but the kitchen, a judicious piece of architecture: it is formed for an octagon, included in a ſquare; four fire-places fill the four angles, having chimnies over them in the flat part of the roof; between theſe riſes the arched octagonal pyramid, crowned with a double lantho n, one within another; there are eight

carved

carved ribs within those which support the vault; and eight funnels for the letting out the steam through windows; within which, in a lesser pyramid hung the bell, to call the poor people to the adjacent almery, which ruins are on the north side of the kitchen; the stones of the pyramid are all slanting, with the same bevils to throw off the rain.*

We should be deemed inexcusable, to omit taking a particular survey, and giving an ample description of the great natural curiosities in this part of the country; particularly *Mendip Hills*, the most famous in England, both for lead and coals: they are of a prodigious length and breadth, stretching from Whatley, near Froome Sellwood, in the east, to Axbridge in the west; and Beddminster on the north, to Glastonbury, on the south.

They are called in old records *Moinedrop*, from the many knoles, or hill tops there, and the steepness of their ascent. *Leland* calls them, *Minerary hills*; and are the most famous in England both for lead and coals. They were anciently a forest, till, as *Bishop Godwin* writes, they were disforrested at a great expence, by Ralph de Shrewsbury, Bishop of Bath and Wells. As for their lead mines, any Englishman may work in them, who has not forfeited his right by stealing any of its ore. The *Groviers*, (for so its miners are called, as the pits they sink are called groves) living at some distance, leave their ore and tools open all night upon the hills, or at least in a slight hut. If any of them be found guilty of a theft, he is shut up in a hut, which is surrounded with dry furz, fern, &c. and set on fire, when the criminal, who has his hands and feet at liberty, may therewith pull

* Grose.

down

down the hut, and make his escape through the fire, and be gone; but he must never have more to do there; and this they call *Burning the Hill*.

Those employed in melting the lead, if they work in the smoak, are subject to a disease that will kill them, as it does the cattle too that feed thereabouts; for which reason, the owners set persons to keep them off. And Dr. *Beaumont* writes, that they who live near where the lead ore is washed, cannot keep either dog or cat, or any sort of fowl, but they all die in a short time; and that children sometimes in those houses have died suddenly. When the miners have got the lead ore they beat it small; wash it in a running stream, and sift it in iron rudders; then they set a hearth or furnace in the ground, made of clay, or fire-stone; and on it put some oaken gods, which they light with charcoal, and blow with bellows that are worked by their feet; when the fire-place is hot, they throw the lead ore upon the wood, from whence it melts down into the furnace; and then with an iron ladle they take it out and throw it upon sand, where they cast it into what form they please. The veins, or some of the mines have been known to run up into the roots of trees, which nevertheless look as well at the top as other trees. The air here is moist, cold, foggy, thick and heavy: the soil is red and stony, and the stones are either of the nature of fire-stones, or lime-stones, with not the least of clay, marl, or chalk. The trees near the mines have their tops burnt, and their leaves and bark discoloured and scorched, and grow to no bigness.

The stones that are washed by the brooks and springs, are of a reddish colour, and ponderous. Snow, frost and dew, stay upon Mendip, longer than upon any of the neighbouring grounds, except

cept near the mines, where ſnow and froſt melt quickly; and thunder-ſtorms, nocturnal lights, and fiery meteors, are more frequent here than elſewhere. Sometimes, when a mine has been very near the ſurface, the graſs has been very yellow and diſcoloured. Damps are ſeldom met with in theſe mines. If in ſinking they come to a mooriſhg earth, they expect a *jam*, i. e. a black thick ſtone, that hinders their work, and to be cloſed up with rocks. Their groves are ſupported by timber; a piece of which, no bigger than a man's arm, will prop up ten tons of earth, and laſt a long while; for the ſupply of air they have elm boxes, exactly cloſed, of about ſix inches in the clear, by which they carry it down above twenty fathoms. They make uſe of leather bags, of eight or nine gallons a piece, to draw up by ropes, to free the water; and if they find a ſwaliit, i. e. a quantity of water, breaking in upon them, they drive an adit, or new paſſage upon a level, till it is dry: when they cannot cut the rock, they anneal it with a fire made of wood and coal, ſo contrived, that they leave the mine before it begins to operate, and take care not to enter the grove again till it is quite cleared of the ſmoke; by which ſome have been killed. Their beetles, axes, wedges, &c. unleſs ſo hardened as to make a deep impreſſion upon the head of an anvil, are not fit for their uſe, and yet they ſometimes break them in an hour; others laſt three or four days, as it happens. They work in frocks and waiſtcoats, by light of candles, of fourteen or fifteen to the pound, that will laſt three or four hours, if they have air enough, which, if they want to keep in the candles, the workmen cannot ſtay there. A vein being loſt, they drive two or three fathoms in the breaſt, as the nature of the earth directs them. White, yellow,

low, and mixed earth, are *Leaders to the Country*, as they term it. Changeable colours always encourage their hopes. They go ſometimes twelve fathoms deep, before they meet with ſtones. A black ſtone they reckon a bad ſign, and leads to a jam, the nearneſs of which they alſo gueſs at by a ſhort brittle clay. They carry out their materials in elm buckets, which hold about a gallon, and are drawn by ropes: their ladders are alſo of ropes. The ore runs ſometimes in a vein, at other times it is diſpoſed in banks, and lies many times between rocks. Some of it is harder, and ſome ſofter. Their is ſpar and chalk about it, and another ſubſtance they call *Crootes*, a meally white ſtone, marled with ore and ſoft. The ſpar is white and tranſparent, and brittle like glaſs: the chalk is white, and heavier than any ſtone: the cleareſt and heavieſt ore is the beſt; and thirty-ſix hundred of ſuch ore may yield a ton of lead. The hearth for melting the ore is about five feet high; ſet upon timber, to be turned as a wind-mill, to avoid the inconvenience of ſmoke upon a ſhifting wind; it will hold half a buſhel of ore and coal, there is a ſink upon the ſides of the hearth, into which the lead runs, that holds about a hundred and an half. They have a bar to ſtir the fire, a ſhovel to throw it up, and a ladle made red-hot, to caſt out the melted metal, which, when formed into what the miners call ſows and pigs, is conveyed to Briſtol, and from thence exported elſewhere.

Dr. *Fuller* obſerves, the Mendip lead is not ſo ſoft, pliant, nor ſo eaſy to melt, as that of Derbyſhire, nor ſo proper for ſheeting; becauſe when melted it runs into knots, and being of ſo high a nature, it is generally exported, and employed in caſting bullets and ſmall ſhot. It is almoſt incredible, ſays the Doctor, what great ſums were advanced

advanced to the Biſhops of Bath and Wells by the benefit of lead. Since the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Biſhop Still is ſaid to have had the harveſt, Biſhop Montague the gleanings, and Biſhop Lake the ſtubbles. On the higheſt part of theſe hills, which is a flat of ſome length, there are ſome ſwamps, very troubleſome and dangerous, both to men and horſe: and in ſome places are groves, into which drunken fellows ſometimes fall.

As to the coal mines, of which there is the greateſt plenty, within five miles of Stone-Aſton, we ſhall make uſe of the words of the learned Dr. *Beaumont*, who was born there, lived among Mendip Hills, underſtood as much of natural philoſophy as moſt men, often communicated his experiments to the Royal Society, and made ſuch frequent viſits to the dark worlds in the caverns of Mendip, that no man upon earth was better qualified to ſatisfy the curious with reſpect to theſe mines than he was.

"About two miles to the ſouth-eaſt of Stone-Aſton, at a place nearly bordering on Mendip Hills, begins a running of coal and ſeveral veins, which extends itſelf to the eaſt four miles: there is much working in this running, and fire damps continually happen there, ſo that many men of late years have been killed, many others maimed, and a multitude burnt. Some of them have been blown up at the mouth of the works. The turn-beam, which hangs over the ſhaft, has been thrown off its frame by the force of the blaſt. The middle and moſt eaſterly parts of this running, are ſo very ſubject to have fiery damps, that ſcarce a pit fails of them. To prevent miſchief, the colliers keep their air very quick, and uſe no candles in their work but thoſe of a ſingle wick, ſixty or ſeventy to the pound,

pound, which nevertheleſs give as great a light as thoſe of ten or twelve to the pound do, in other places; they always put them behind them, and and never preſent them to the breaſt of the work. Within five miles northward, are alſo ſix diſtinct coal-works: the chief obſervables I met within them, are,

1. The branched cliff which uſually lies over the coal, and is all wrought with the repreſentation of ſundry ſorts of herbs.

2. A cliff interwoven with *arboreſcent marchaſites*, which lies over the former, and is called by the colliers, the *Thorny Cliff*.

3. We here obſerve, that ſome coal veins are much more tinged with ſulphur than others; and a vein was wrought in one of theſe works, ſome years ſince, which received ſuch a reſplendency from its ſulphureous tincture, that, in all points, it ſeemed as though it was covered with leaf-gold; and hence by the colliers it was called the *Peacock's vein.*

4. In one of theſe works, about four years ſince, was found two or three hundred weight of very good lead ore, growing to a vein of coal, the ore tinged ſomewhat yellow, by the ſulphur. We look upon this as a great rariety; none having ever been found before in a coal-pit, the ſulphureous ſpirit being there generally too ſtrong for the generation of that metal.

We will now deſcend to the pariſh of *Wokey*, on the ſouth ſide of theſe hills, to viſit its famous, or *Ochie Hole*, as it is called by *Camden*; who ſays, the neighbours have broached as many wild fancies concerning it, and imagined as many whimſical figures in it, as the Italians have of their Sibyls Cave in the Apennine Alps, For the petrifying quality of the water, drooping continually from the roof of it, and congealing into a glaſſy ſub-

ſtance, like iſicles, has given room to ſtrong imaginations to fancy the reſemblance of old women, dogs, bells, organ, &c. It is not doubted but it had its name from *Ogo*, a Britiſh word for a cave. At the entrance of it is a ſteep deſcent, for ten or twelve fathoms, at the bottom of which, there always iſſues from the rocks a conſiderable current of water. The rocks above the entrance are about thirty fathoms in height, and to the ſummit of the mountain over them, which is very ſteep, it is a mile. As we paſs into this vault, we go upon a level, but farther within it is rocky and uneven, ſometimes aſcending, and ſometimes deſcending. The roof of it, in the higheſt part is about eight fathoms from the floor, and in certain places, it is ſo low, that one muſt ſtoop to paſs: in ſome parts of it it is not above a fathom or two in breadth; and in others, five or ſix; and in length it is about two hundred yards. The people that ſhew this cave for a ſmall reward, with lighted candles, point to ſeveral pretended figures of men and women, &c. to which they give names, but they are only lumps of common ſpar, without any regular forms. The ſeveral diviſions of it are termed a kitchen, a hall, a dancing-room, cellar, &c. At the farther end of it there riſes a ſtream of water, enough to drive a mill, which paſſes all along one ſide of the cave. The darkneſs of the place, which is bounded by it, the height of the vault, the hollow murmur of theſe waters through the rocks, make a ſtrong impreſſion on the minds of ſpectators, who are of a diſpoſition to melancholy. When one is about the eighth part of a mile under ground, the echo is very ſurprizing, eſpecially to ſuch as are unacquainted with the nature of ſound; and the place taken altogether, ſeems very awful and tremendous. After the ſtream has glided down about ſix or eight fathom betwixt the rocks, it preſſes

preſſes through the clifts of them, and diſcharges itſelf into a valley, and drives ſeveral miles. It is well ſtored with eels, and has ſome trouts. Before we come to the middle of the cave, we meet with a bed of very fine ſand, which is in great requeſt by artiſts, for caſting metals in: to the roof of it, at certain places, there hang multitudes of bats; which indeed are generally found in all caves, whoſe entrance are upon a level, or gently aſcending and deſcending, and not perpendicular; and even in ſuch too, if the paſſage be not narrow, and of a conſiderable height and depth. Near theſe hills are ſome veins of magneſia, and yellow oker; and towards the north, at Biſhop's Chew, is dug up a red bolus, called by the common people *Redding*; which, from thence is diſtributed all over *England*, for marking of ſheep, &c. and is uſed by the apothecaries for *Bolus Armenus*.

This town, which is alſo called *Chew Magna*, lies betwixt Wrinton and Keynſham, is one of the largeſt pariſhes in the county, the vicarage being worth three hundred pounds a year, and has ſeveral conſiderable hamlets, abounding with coal-pits. The houſes here, even of the pooreſt people, are remarkably neat, being generally whited over, and accommodated with pretty large gardens. In this pariſh is *Bow-ditch*, ſo called from its circular form. It was a large camp on a hill, trebly fortified, from whence there is a proſpect of the iſlands called *Flatholm* and *Steepholm*, in the Briſtol channel.

Frome Selwood, ſtands on the eaſt part of Mendip hills, and is the chief of what was anciently one great foreſt: the church is large and handſome, and has a noble organ, which coſt five hundred pounds. Here are ſeveral diſſenting meeting-houſes; two of which, one of the Preſbyterians, and one of the Baptiſts, are as handſome as any in England,

England. The Preſbyterian's is ſupported by two Doric pillars, of white free-ſtone; and of which the whole fabric is built. It is ſixty feet long, and forty-four broad, and has galleries all round it, two very large beautiful windows, beſides others, and a cupola on the top. The Baptiſt's is rather ſuperior to it, in the elegance and expence of its fabric, its pews, its pillars, and pavement.

The woollen manufacture here, is mentioned by Mr. *Camden* as very great in his time, but has ſince increaſed to ſuch a degree, that it is ſaid ſeven waggons have been ſent out with cloth weekly, from this town, for Blackwell-hall, &c. and each of theſe waggons uſed to hold an hundred and forty pieces, which being valued at fourteen pounds, one with another, made the value of the whole amount to above ſeven hundred thouſand pounds per annum, in this quarter of the county.

Here is a ſtone bridge: the river that runs under it, riſes with the woodlands, and abounds with trout, eels, &c. The town has been a long time particularly noted for its fine beer; which they keep to great age, and is not only eſteemed by the common people, but often preferred by the gentry to any other liquor.

Betwixt this town and Whatley, is

Agford, a ſolitary village, which deſerves particular mention, for having been the reſidence of the late ingenious Mrs. Rowe. *Ilcheſter*, indeed, boaſt of being the place of her birth; but this was her beloved retreat in the prime of her days; and here ſhe compoſed moſt of thoſe pieces both in proſe and verſe, which have immortalized her memory, and which all tend to the advancement of that virtue whereof ſhe was herſelf ſo bright an example.

For

For *Heav'n* and *Hymen* all her ſongs were made;
And all her vows to *Heav'n* and *Hymen* paid.

North of Frome, in the road from Chippenham in Wiltſhire, is

Bath, an hundred and eight miles from London, famous even in the time of the Romans, for its medicinal waters, being called by Antoninus, *the Waters of the Sun*, by *Caer baden*, *the City of Baths*, and *Caerramnent*, *the City of Ointment*, and by the Saxons, *Akmancheſter*, or the *City of Valetudenarians*, and, if we believe the inſcription under the figure of King Bladud, placed in the King's Bath, it appears indeed to be of very great age, as it mentions, that this prince, whom Mr. *Camden* calls *Blaydon*, or *Blaydonn Cloyth*, i. e. Soothſayer, found out the uſe of theſe Baths eight hundred and ſixty years before the birth of Chriſt.

This city is pleaſantly ſituated in a valley, ſurrounded with an amphitheatrical circle of hills. The Romans encompaſſed the city with walls; with four gates, beſides a poſtern; and fixed their ſtation here, which they called *Camulodunum*, from the mountain on the ſouth ſide of it, dedicated to *Camulos*, the Britiſh God of War, and ſtill bearing his Saxon name of *Odin*, the hill being ſtiled *Odin's Down*, though its ſummit for the chief part goes by the name of the pariſhes, among which the land is divided. Great numbers of the nobility and gentry reſort here, during the ſeaſon, to drink the waters, for the recovery of their health; though we might with great propriety ſay, that the majority of the company only frequent this city to amuſe themſelves, and to kill time; and indeed no place is better adapted for that purpoſe, here being a conſtant round of diverſion. In the morning, the ladies are brought in cloſe chairs, dreſſed in their bathing clothes, to the Croſs Bath, there the

the muſic plays them into the Bath, and the female attendants preſent them with little floating wooden diſhes, like baſons, into which the ladies put their handkerchiefs, noſegays, &c. Having amuſed themſelves near an hour in the bath, they call for their chairs, and return to their lodgings. Other diverſions fill up the reſt of the day, as, at the rooms, the libraries, the theatre, &c. In the evening, people aſſemble at the great rooms, and there are balls twice a week. It is alſo the faſhion of the place, for the company to go every day pretty conſtant, to hear divine ſervice, at the great church, and at St. Mary's chapel, Queen ſquare, where are prayers twice a day.

Theſe waters, which were held in ſo great repute in ancient times, for their medicinal virtues externally, have been alſo found of late years, no leſs healthful in many caſes, taken inwardly; but for the particular nature and virtue of the waters, we refer our readers to the accounts publiſhed of them, which would take up too much of our time to relate.

As a monument of their virtues, the crutches of thoſe who came hither cripples, and went away cured, are hung up at the ſeveral baths; though at preſent there are more perſons who frequent Bath, to drink the waters than to bathe, the city being but of a ſmall compaſs, and ſo greatly reſorted to, that the ſtreets are rather crouded up, though the houſes are handſomely built, moſt of ſtone. St. Peter's Cathedral, called the Abbey church, is ſuppoſed to be on the ſpot where ſtood the Roman temple of Minerva, Patroneſs of Baths; it is a lofty venerable pile, and has many monuments in it; in the principal front are the figures of angels aſcending and deſcending, in memory of a dream, by which Dr. Oliver King, Biſhop of this ſee, was induced to build this church, in the year 1137; but it was not finiſhed till the year 1612. On the ſouth ſide are

the

the juſtly renowned hot ſprings, collected into a ſquare area, called the King's Bath. This water is admirably grateful to the ſtomach; though you drink off a large pint glaſs, it is ſo far from creating an heavineſs or nauſea, that you immediately perceive yourſelf more alert.

Behind the ſouthern wall of the King's Bath is a leſs ſquare, named The Queen's Bath, with a tabernacle of four pillars in the midſt. This is of more temperate warmth, as borrowing its water from the other.

The Hot Bath is not inferior in heat to the King's Bath; it is a ſmall parallelogram, with a ſtone tabernacle of four pillars in the midſt.

The Croſs Bath near it is triangular, and had a croſs in the middle. Hard by is an hoſpital, built and endowed by a prelate of this ſee. The water in theſe two places riſes near the level of the ſtreets.

Within theſe few years, by a contribution, a cold Bath, for the benefit of the infirm, was made at a ſpring beyond the bridge.

The greateſt decency is obſerved here by both ſexes. There is a very good conveniency of chairs, of which there are great plenty, and very genteel ones, to go to any part within the walls, and even to the adjoining buildings without, for ſix-pence, provided the diſtance does not exceed five hundred yards; but if it does, the fare is one ſhilling, and for this the chairmen are obliged to go a mile.

The acceſs to the hills about Bath grow every day better, by the prudence and good management of the commiſſioners of the turnpike-roads; ſo that, though few people cared to keep coaches here formerly, yet the uſe of thoſe machines here has greatly increaſed of late years. Before the firſt turnpike-act was obtained, the direct road to Lanſdown was ſo ſteep, that Queen Anne was extremely frighted in going up: her coachman ſtopping to give the horſes

horſes breath, and the coach wanting a dragſtaff, it ran back, in ſpite of all the coachman's ſkill; the horſes not being brought to ſtrain the harneſs again, or pull together, for a good while, and the coach putting the guards behind in confuſion; at laſt, ſome of the ſervants, ſetting their heads and ſhoulders to the wheels, ſtopped them by mere force.

The general hoſpital in this city, for the reception of the ſick poor all over the kingdom, is a noble deſign. The firſt ſtone of it was laid the ſixth of July 1738. It is one hundred feet in front, and ninety feet deep, and capable of receiving one hundred and fifty poor cripples.

His late Majeſty King George II. Prince Frederick, the Princeſs Dowager, and ſome of the Princeſſes, were great promoters of this work: and, among other benefactors, the widow of the late Mr. Holding, of London, and the late Mr. Allen, of Prior-Park, near Bath, were the chief: the former giving two thouſand pounds in money, and Mr. Allen permitting the truſtees of the charity to fetch from his ſtone-yard all the wall-ſtone, wrought free-ſtone, paving-ſtone, and lime, that were neceſſary to be added to the ſtone which the buildings that were taken down produced, to complete the maſon's work of the hoſpital, beſides giving a very large ſum of money.

The ſtone-yard juſt mentioned of this great, becauſe good man, who might be ſtiled The Genius of Bath, is on the banks of the Avon. In it is wrought the free-ſtone dug from the quarries on Comb-Down, which is another part of Odin's Down, purchaſed by him. He has likewiſe a wharf to embark the ſame ſtone in unwrought blocks, which are brought down from the quarry by an admirable machine, that runs upon a frame of wood, of about a mile and an half in length, placed partly upon

upon walls, and partly upon the ground, like the waggon-ways belonging to the collieries in the north of England. Two horſes draw one of theſe machines, generally loaded with two or three tons of ſtone, over the moſt eaſy part of the deſcent; but afterwards its own velocity carries it down the reſt, and with ſo much precipitation, that the man who guides it, is ſometimes obliged to lock every wheel of the carriage to ſtop it; which he can do with great eaſe, by means of bolts applied to the front wheels, and lavers to the back wheels.

The free-ſtone of the hills about Bath, can be carried by the Avon to Briſtol, whence it may be tranſported to any part of England; and the new works of St. Bartholomew's hoſpital, in London, as well as the Exchange of Briſtol, are built with ſtone from Mr. Allen's quarry.

This gentleman built for himſelf a very magnificent ſeat; and placed it almoſt at the top of the ſide of the hill, where the chief quarry, from whence the new buildings of Bath have been ſupplied with free-ſtone, is ſituated. The ſeat crowns, with the greateſt beauty, a large court on the north ſide of the mountain, anciently dedicated to the Britiſh God of War; and, from that dent on the aſcent of the hill, a village towards the lower part of it was denominated *Widcomb*, in which there is a good houſe belonging to Mr. Bennet.

Mr. Allen's ſeat, now called Prior Park, commands a proſpect, as delightful as it is poſſible for the imagination to conceive; the city of Bath being the chief object; and towards it the principal front of the houſe is turned. The ſeat conſiſts of an houſe in the centre, two pavillions, and two wings of offices, all united by arcades, and making a continued curved line of building of above a thouſand feet in front, of which the houſe takes about an hundred and fifty, and is of the Corin-

thian order, elevated upon a ruſtic baſement, and crowned with a balluſtrade; the centre advancing forward, and making one of the largeſt and moſt correct hectaſtyle porticoes in the kingdom. The order includes two ſtories, and the houſe has fifteen windows in the length of it. The portico, together with the Corinthian hall in the principal ſtory, a chapel on the ſame floor of the Ionic order ſupporting the Corinthian, and a Corinthian gallery extending over the hall, and the rooms on each ſide of it, all finiſhed with free-ſtones, are the beauties and curioſities of the pile.

The gardens to this ſeat conſiſt of two terraces, and two ſlopes, lying northward before the houſe, with winding walks made through a little coppice opening to the weſtward of thoſe ſlopes; but all theſe are adorned with vaſes and other ornaments, in ſtone-work; and the affluence of water is ſo great, that it is received at three different places, after many little agreeable falls; at the head of one of which there is a ſtatue of Moſes down to the knees, in an attitude expreſſive of the admiration he muſt have been in after ſtriking the rock, and ſeeing the water guſh out of it. The winding walks were made with great labour; and, though no broader than for two or three to walk a-breaſt, yet in ſome places they appear with little cliffs on one ſide, and with ſmall precipices on the other. Theſe things we may eſteem as beauties; but if we leave them, and go to what may be called the greater part of the gardens, I mean to the rides which are made through the adjoining lands, the real beauties of nature will appear in great abundance; and Mr. Allen might put the natural terrace in the brow of the hill above his houſe in competition with the greateſt work that ever was made to adorn a ſeat; and on that terrace the ſtatue of the late Marſhal Wade is placed: for where could the figure of a great

great ſoldier ſtand ſo properly, as on a hill ſacred to to the god of war?

The increaſe of buildings to this city is amazing; and it reflects no little honour on thoſe that are concerned in them, that the ſtreets are built on a regular plan. The Circum, which has been lately finiſhed, is, perhaps one of the beautifulleſt areas in the kingdom, From it the ſtreet leads to a range of buildings in form of a creſcent, which, when entirely compleated, will be an elegant pile. Beſides this, there are ſeveral other new ſtreets, as Paragon Buildings, a Concave Range, York Buildings, Edgar Buildings, &c. amazing edifices, (to uſe the words of Mr. *Young*) for a town ſo parted by pleaſure and diſeaſe, the ſeat neither of government nor commerce. In a ſtately new ſquare, wherein is a fine chapel, is a lofty obliſk, ſeventy feet high from the foundation, and terminated in a point: level with the height is the incloſed inſcription in capitals:

> In memory of honour beſtowed, and in gratitude for benefit conferred, on this City, by his Royal Highneſs Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his Royal Conſort, in the year 1738, this Obeliſk is erected by Richard Naſh, Eſq.

The Bath ſtone affords a fine opportunity to embelliſh and give a noble look to the buildings here, and at a very cheap rate.

The Grove, too, near the abbey-church, now called Orange-ſquare, in compliment of the late Prince of Orange, has ſeveral handſome new built houſes; and a monumental ſtone is erected, with an inſcription, in honour to the Prince of Orange, and the place; his Highneſs having been obliged to viſit Bath for his health, juſt before he married the Princeſs Royal of England, and received great benefit

benefit by the waters. This likewiſe was erected by the late famous Mr. Naſh, to whoſe good management and behaviour, Bath is greatly indebted; every one ſubmitting with delight to the regulations he impoſed regarding decorum, and the good order of the place.

The inſcription on the ſtone above is in Latin, which may be thus tranſlated:

> In memory of the happy reſtoration of the health of the Prince of Orange, by drinking of the Bath Waters, through the favour of God, and to the extreme joy of Britain, 1735.

The late Marſhal Wade, when one of the repreſentatives in parliament for this city, gave a fine altar piece to the great church there: he was alſo at the charge of having the picture drawn of every one of his electors (the members of the corporation,) and ſet up round the town-hall; and his own too he ſuffered to be put over the entrance, as if he would make good that paſs, and keep them all to duty. At the upper end of the hall, are lately ſet up the pictures of the late Prince, and Auguſta Princeſs of Wales, a preſent of their Royal Highneſſes to the corporation, who, likewiſe before preſented it with a fine large wrought ſilver cup and waiter, gilt.

Bladud Buildings, is a very handſome row, with two fronts; and on the ſouth ſide of the abbey church, is a conſiderable building of the Duke of Kingſton's. In digging to lay the foundation of this ſtreet, and on pulling down the abbey houſe for that purpoſe, the workmen diſcovered a very valuable piece of antiquity, under the foundation of the ſaid abbey houſe, in 1755. They fell upon ſome cavities which led to the remains of very noble Roman baths, and ſhudatoras, conſtructed upon their

their elegant plans; with floors ſuſpended upon ſquare brick pillars, and ſurrounded with tuminated bricks, for the equal conveyance of heat and vigour.

Bath is a corporation, conſiſting of a mayor, eight aldermen, two of whom are juſtices of the peace, and twenty-four common-councilmen. St. James's pariſh in this city, gave birth to Mr. Hales, ſtiled, for his learning, the Walking Library. He had his Grammar education here, and was afterwards a Fellow of Eaton College, and a Canon of of Windſor; a man ſo juſt in his dealings, that when he was Burſar of the College, he threw twenty or thirty pound at a time, of bad money, into the Thames, rather than others ſhould ſuffer. He was likewiſe ſo temperate, that he always faſted from Thurſday's dinner to Saturday; yet ſo reduced after being outed of his fellowſhip by the parliament's viſitors, that he was forced to ſell the beſt part of his library, which coſt him two thouſand five hundred pounds, for ſeven hundred pounds only. Dr. *Heylin* ſpeaking of this great man, ſays, that his chamber was a church, and his chair a pulpit, he being as communicative of his knowledge as the celeſtial bodies are, of their light and influence.

On the brow of Landſdown hill is a handſome monument, erected by order of the late Lord Landſdown, to the honour of Sir Bevil Glanville, his lordſhip's anceſtor, with an inſcription recording the action in which he fell. It is built as near the ſpot as poſſible, where that brave gentleman was killed, in the action between him and Sir William Waller, in the civil wars, recorded by Lord Clarendon, and others. Juſt below it we ſee Lilliput Caſtle, a ſmall place of retirement made by Mr. Jerrey Pierce, an eminent Surgeon, who died in 1746.

1746. This ſeat, both for ſituation and other reſpects, is extremely deſirable and beautiful.

From Landſdown hill is a plain and moſt pleaſant country into Glouceſterſhire, in the way to which you paſs two fine houſes; the one built by Mr. Blaithwaite, Secretary at War, in the reign of Queen Anne; the other is called Badmington, a manſion of the Duke of Beaufort's.

About eight miles from Bath is Keynſham, a great thoroughfare in the lower road betwixt Bath and Briſtol. Here was formerly an abbey founded by William Earl of Glouceſter, about the year 1170, and granted by Edward VI. to Thomas Bridges, Eſq. in the year 1553, on the ſite whereof is now a handſome ſeat of his deſcendant, the Duke of Chandois. This place being ſubject to fogs, has given it the name of *Smoaky Keynſham*. The town is ſituated on the ſide of a ſmall river that runs into the Avon, and extends to the confluence of the two ſtreams. It is built upon a rock, productive of an infinite number of foſſils, in the ſhape of ſerpents, coiled up like a rope; and credulous people formerly believed, that they were real ſerpents changed into ſtones by one Keina, a devout Britiſh Virgin, from whom they likewiſe denominated the town.

Cainſham River, is noted for producing multitudes of little Eels in the ſpring of the year. Theſe the people catch when they are about two inches long; and, having boiled them, they make them into ſmall cakes for ſale. Theſe elven cakes they diſpoſe of at Bath and Briſtol; and when they are fried and eaten with butter, nothing is more delicious.

Briſtol, an hundred and ſeventeen miles from London, is of great antiquity, and the ſecond city in the kingdom for trade, wealth, and number of inhabitants. The Britons, according to *Camden*, called

called it *Caer Oder*, *Nant Badin*, i. e. the City *Odera* in *Baden*, or *Bath Vallies*, and the Saxons *Brightſtow*, i. e. a famous place, it being conſiderable in their time, as we read of one Harding, a younger ſon of the King of Denmark, who was Governor of Briſtow, in the reign of Edward the Confeſſor. This city was made a county of itſelf in the reign of Edward III. and always reckoned in Somerſetſhire, though part of it ſtands in Glouceſterſhire. Robert, Earl of Glouceſter, and natural ſon of King Henry I. built a caſtle here in the reign of King Stephen. This city is ſituated low, but on the ſide of a riſing hill, and is almoſt as broad as it is long. The houſes are cloſe and pretty much crouded, eſpecially towards the bridge and heart of the city, where many of them are five or ſix ſtories high. The river here divides a part of it from Somerſetſhire. The government of this city is adminiſtered by a mayor, twelve aldermen, two ſheriffs, and twenty-eight common-councilmen.

Here are many public and noble edifices: a cathedral, formerly the collegiate church of St. Auguſtine's monaſtery; the magnificent ſtructure of St. Mary Radcliffe's, the chief pariſh church in this city; it is built in the Gothic taſte, the roof artificially vaulted with ſtone, and has a fine ſteeple, or tower; in it is a monument of Sir William Cunnings, Burgeſs and Merchant of Briſtol; the founder of the church, and one of the chief benefactors to the city of Briſtol. Here is alſo an inſcription on the monument of Sir William Penn, Knt. Vice Admiral of England, the father of the great William Penn, one of the heads of the Quakers, who was a native of this city.

Here is a very convenient quay along the river Frome, reckoned one of the nobleſt and longeſt in England: it is well ſtored with all ſorts of merchandize, and has a handſome row of houſes which fronts the river.

Queen's Square, (which was called in *Camden's* time *the Marſh*) is reckoned larger than any ſquare in London, except Lincoln's Inn Fields. On the north ſide of it is the Cuſtom-houſe, and in the middle, walks with many trees, which lead to the centre, where is a curious equeſtrian ſtatue of King William III. carved by Ryſbrack.

Many excellent charities adorn this rival of the metropolis. The particular account of which would exceed our limits; we ſhall therefore only take notice of thoſe of Mr. Edward Colſton, whoſe name is an honour to this city, and whoſe memory will ever be revered by every humane heart.

The noble hoſpital, or alms-houſe, which he founded, coſt him twenty-five thouſand pounds. He erected it upon his own ground, on St. Michael's hill, in the year 1691. The front and two ſides are faced with free-ſtone: it contains a chapel, neatly adorned, twenty-four apartments, and other conveniences, for twelve men, and twelve women. The elder brother receives ſix ſhillings, and each of the others three ſhillings weekly, beſides an allowance for coals, &c. To a clergyman is paid the ſum of ten pounds yearly for reading the Common Prayer twice every day, except when prayers are read in St. Michael's church, at which every member of this alms-houſe is to attend.

In the year 1696, he alſo purchaſed a piece of ground in Temple-ſtreet, and built at his own charge a ſchool and dwelling-houſe for a maſter, to inſtruct forty boys, in writing, arithmetic, and the church catechiſm. The boys are likewiſe to be cloathed.

His other charities and benefactions were without number.

On St. Peter's day, June 29, 1738, was opened, at the Mint, an infirmary for this city, for the reception

ception of the ſick, lame, and diſtreſſed poor, after the example of thoſe in London, Wincheſter, &c. It is St. Peter's hoſpital, and very liberal contributions have been made to it; and, particularly, we are told, that John Elbridge, Eſq. Comptroller of the Cuſtoms of this city, who died February 1738-9, with many other charitable donations, bequeathed five thouſand pounds to this infirmary, beſides endowing a charity-ſchool, at St. Michael's hill, which he built ſeveral years before his death, for educating and cloathing a certain number of poor girls.

Large pieces of ground having been cleared for building a handſome exchange, and proper markets behind it; the former, (which is called the Tolzey) to front northward to Corn-ſtreet, and the latter to be entered principally from High-ſtreet; on the 10th of March, 1740-1, the firſt ſtone of the work was laid by the Mayor, with great ceremony, with ſeveral pieces of gold and ſilver coin under it, and a Latin inſcription on the ſtone, thus Engliſhed:

> In the Reign of GEORGE II. Pious, Proſperous, Auguſt, Protector, at Home and Abroad, of Liberty and Trade, HENRY COMBE, Mayor, placed the firſt ſtone of this ſtructure, erected by the Votes of the Citizens, and at the public Expence, A. D. 1740.

This edifice was opened with great ceremony on the 23d of September 1743, and is eſteemed the completeſt of its kind in England. The architect of it having given the public an ample deſcription of the building, illuſtrated with the plans, elevations, and ſections of it, we muſt refer the reader to it for particulars; and in general only obſerve, that the work, together with the purchaſe of the ground, and old buildings deſtroyed, coſt the corporation near fifty thouſand pounds. A work,

which the whole city for ages paſt endeavoured to get accompliſhed; and, when perfected, ſo as to obtain the univerſal approbation of ſtrangers, the corporation had no ſooner preſented the trading part of the city with the free uſe of it, than the body of the people ſhewed a greater inclination to the common ſtreet; where, to their reproach, they aſſembled, mixing themſelves with the refuſe of the city, and looking like ſuch as dared not to appear in the exchange among the moſt reputable merchants: they ſtood expoſed, like the bankrupts expelled from the exchanges in other countries; and foreigners, whoſe curioſity led them to Briſtol to view the building, often took them to be ſuch.

The Wells here are greatly frequented for their waters, which are reckoned of peculiar uſe in all ſcorbutic and inflammatory diſorders; being impregnated with a ſoft alcatious quality, from the lime quarries through which they paſs.

The Hot-well Water-ſpring riſes perpendicularly out of the rock in the ſloping muddy bank of the river Avon, about a mile below the city of Briſtol, between high and low water mark, where the river makes its entrance between thoſe ſtupendous cliffs of rocks, which ſeem to have been torn aſunder by the violence of an earthquake, or the general deluge, at the foot of a hill, where once ſtood a chapel dedicated to St. Vincent, from which the rock and well take their names.

The water was originally incloſed in a brick ciſtern. Out of this ciſtern came a wooden pipe, which emptied itſelf into a little pond beneath. In this pond people waſhed their ſores.

It has been computed to diſcharge about forty gallons in a minute.

The city of Briſtol, in 1692, raiſed a wall of ſtone round the well, higher than the tide ever roſe; but the weight of ſuch a column of water had wel

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nigh altered the courſe of the ſpring. In 1695, the merchants company granted a building leaſe to certain proprietors, who recovered the ſpring, and made a foundation for pumps, which now raiſe the water up thirty feet high, in the centre of a houſe called the Pump-room; whoſe thick wall keeps off the tide from the ſpring. Yet, in ſpite of all the art hitherto contrived, it is found, that the high tides, as well as exceſſive rains, do mix with the ſpring, and foul it, for ſome hours after the tide is ſunk: at which time the water in the well is not ſufficient to counterbalance the weight of the external tide; and this continues till the river water is all pumped out, and the well-water recovers its priſtine colour and temperament. How this happens we cannot gueſs, unleſs it be that it penetrates particularly in dry weather, through ſome clifts of the rock. The pumpers, however, know when to leave off and when to begin.

The ſoil near the well is, for the moſt part, fruitful, with a conſtant verdure all the year. The tops of the hills, called Downs, are flat, and covered with a thin dry turf, upon lime-ſtone, producing great variety of plants, ſuch as heath, eyebright, wild thyme, marjoram, maiden hair, wild ſage, geraniums, &c. which breathe forth a pleaſant odour, and afford paſture for cows, horſes, ſheep, and aſſes. On theſe downs, the company exerciſe themſelves daily in riding; from whence they command the beautiful proſpect of the ſhips lying at anchor in Kingroad, of the Briſtol Channel, and South-Wales, enjoying at the ſame time the benefit of the ſea air, which affords a conſtant breeze even in the hotteſt weather, and ſtrengthens and refreſhes the lungs.

Proviſions of all ſorts are to be had in plenty, during the ſummer, which is the ſeaſon allotted, by

by cuſtom for drinking theſe waters. Garden ſtuff is early and excellent. There are lodgings near the wells, convenient enough for ſuch as are real invalids: there are magnificent lodgings in the beautiful village of Clifton, on the top of the hill, for ſuch as have carriages, and whoſe lungs can bear a keener air.

There are balls twice a week, and card-playing every night.

The river is (it is true) muddy, and unſeemly at low water; nor do fiſhes, of any value, care to inhabit ſo filthy a ſtream. But this is amply made up by the conſtant viciſſitudes of the tides, which purify the air. When the river is quite full, the tide is ſuppoſed to riſe near forty feet, the common tides thirty; and when the ſhips are carried up and down by the tide, paſſing and repaſſing through the meadows and trees, the proſpect is indeed inchanting; eſpecially when the beholder is ſo ſituated as to ſee the rigging of the ſhips, and not the water.

We cannot quit our ſurvey of this county, without giving our readers the deſcription of the following delightful ſeats, from Dr. *Young*.

" In the way from Henlade to Bridgewater, I went out of the direct road, for the pleaſure of ſeeing three places, which I had heard of before I came into Somerſetſhire: theſe are *Heſtercomb*, the ſeat of —— Bampfield, Eſq. *Haſwell*, Sir Charles Tynte's; and *Enmore Caſtle*, the Earl of Egmont's.

" The gardens at Heſtercomb are the object; a rural ſequeſtered vale, with wood; much of the ground wild and romantic: Mr. Bampfield, has filled this canvaſs in a manner that does honour to his taſte. A walk winds round the whole, in ſome places along the ſides of the hills, at others, it dips into the retired bottoms, and riſes again over the eminences,

eminences, commanding views of the diſtant country. Here was no water, but it was brought from the higher lands, and is exhibited in various forms. The grounds are finely thickened with woods, which are ſo artfully managed, as to make the extent appear vaſtly larger than it is.

" The walk firſt leads from the houſe behind ſome thick wood, on the ſide of a fine falling valley, to a bench, which is elegantly ſituated: at the bottom of a bold declivity is a lake, quite environed with an amphitheatre of hanging woods; the varied waving ſlopes of green, break into the dark grove in the moſt beautiful manner: an urn on a riſing knole, is excellently ſituated, half obſcured by the ſhade of the trees: a ſmall fall of water, from out of a moſſy bank, thickly tufted with wood, enlivens this moſt agreeable ſcene. Above the whole, a hermitage is ſeen, ſituated on a projecting point of the hill; from whence it looks down on all the objects beneath. The parts of this view are extremely well connected, though various. The lake at your feet, the ſhelving lawn, and the thick woods, unite moſt happily with the water-fall; from thence your eye feels no pain in paſſing to the urn, which is in the very ſhade of the woods, that thicken quite to the hermitage.

" Riſing the hill, you come to a winding terrace, from which you look down to the right, on the hollow, with the water at the bottom: the effect fine. Between the hills, you catch the diſtant county, which is compoſed of rich incloſures. From hence the ſcene changes totally, to a cool ſequeſtered vale, almoſt wholly ſhaded by the thick woods, that hang on the ſides of the hills: no building or diſtant proſpect is ſeen, but a tranſparent ſpring guſhes out of a little ſpot of rock, moſs and wood, and trickles over a pebble courſe through the lawn: the

the path then leads through a dark wood, and comes out at a ruſtic ſeat, from which you look at once on a caſcade that will rivet you to the ſpot with admiration.

" A bold ſtream ruſhes from out a rock, and falls in the moſt natural manner imaginable about forty feet, nearly perpendicular, over a bank of rock-work, moſs, ivy, and weeds. Never was nature ſo admirably imitated. The back ground is a wood quite impervious, and as ſteep as the fall of the ſtream: the whole ſpot is a little opening in a thick wood, and no object is to be ſeen but that which engroſſes your attention. The accompanyment is as happy as the principal: a gloomy wood, whoſe branches bend about with all the eaſe of nature, and exclude every thing but the ſun beams, which ſparkle on the falling water; the floor of this ſequeſtered dell is a ſmall lawn, in which the water is loſt. So compleat a ſcene, in which every thing is complete, and nothing to offend, will not often be ſeen.

" Leaving this moſt agreeable ſpot, the walk leads through a piece of wild ground, which contraſts the more intereſting ſcenes we have paſſed; but the ſhrubbing graſs, ſcattered with ſingle trees, whoſe tops unite with the woods that ſpread over the hills, form a retirement that will not allow you to drop your attention.

" The path winds from hence up the hill through a dark wood, from whence it breaks ſuddenly into an alcove bench, opening at once on a fine proſpect over the vale of Taunton. Croſſing the paſture, and again entering the woods, you come to a ſmall bench, from which you have a very pretty bird's-eye landſcape through the branches of the trees, on a part of the vale of Taunton, with the ſteeples of the town. It is managed with taſte. Riſing the hill again, you next come to the hermitage, or witch-

witch-houſe, from the figure of an old witch painted in the centre pannel: the occaſion of a very genteel compliment to the grounds, from Dr. *Langhorn*;

O'er *Bampfied*'s woods, bw various nature grac'd,
A *witch* preſides!—But then that *witch* is taſte.

"The view from hence is very ſtriking, as the ſpot is the top of a hill, which projects boldly over the vale, and being lofty, the declivity is ſteep; the hollow vale, with the lake at the bottom, deep ſunk in the hanging woods, has a great effect; the union of lawn, hill, and wood and water, romantic. The diſtant country above opens to the eye, and renders the whole complete.

"From hence, the walk leads to a ſeat, which looks full into a fine hollow, totally ſurrounded with impervious woods; not one intruding object, but an enchanter ſeems to have torn up a caſcade, and flung it into the dark boſom of theſe noble groves. A ſcene more perfectly pictureſque I have not viewed: never was a falling water more happily united with the various ſhades of retiring woods; not an edging, or flat bank of trees, or mere back ground; but this is ſeen deep in the receſſes of a woody hollow, and beneath the eye, with the peculiarity of looking down on a water-fall, with a greater effect than ſeeing it upwards: a circumſtance I remember no where beſides. It is a ſcene which ſets the pencil at defiance.

"From this ſpot, the path carries you to many natural openings in the wood, which let in a great variety of proſpects, excellently managed, to ſet off the preceding ſcenes by contraſt; they are, in general ſequeſtered, and borrow half their charms from the gloomy ſhades, in which they are viewed: theſe are more open and gay: in ſome places you look down

down on the vale, with the oppoſite hills varied with woods and ſcattered trees: in others, over the home fields, and catch through the plantations, diſtant objects, with the rich vale of Taunton opening in various breaks. The whole admirably contrived for the introduction of uncommon variety, in a ſmall ſpace of ground.

" Mr. Bampfield has ornamented his houſe with ſeveral paintings of his own performance. His copy of Vandyke's King Charles on horſeback, is executed with all the fire and freedom of the original. The landſcape over the chimney in the dining-room, a compoſition of his own, is beautiful; the brilliancy and warmth of the tints are very pleaſing. In the drawing-room, is a piece of birds, in needlework, by Mrs. Bampfield, in which the colours are aſtoniſhingly fine; the hen's back is nature itſelf, and the relief uncommonly bold. Some ſmaller pieces in the ſame room, of other birds, &c. are touched with a ſpirit and livelineſs that do honour to the lady's genius.

" From Heſtercombe to Enmore Caſtle, I took the road by by *Cutherſtone Lodge*, a very high ground, which commands a moſt extenſive view of the Briſtol Channel, acroſs Glamorganſhire, to the mountains of Brecknock. The Channel, with the Holmes is a fine object, and the waving hills and vales around the lodge, cut into incloſures, are pleaſing; but the whole is not equal in beauty to ſeveral proſpects I have elſewhere ſeen. The objects are too indiſtinct. You look over a country twelve miles to the channel, that is twenty-one miles over; then the whole county of Glamorgan, and far into Brecknockſhre: this is too great, the eye receives no pleaſure from being told that it ſees four-ſcore miles. A channel five miles wide, at the bottom of the declivity, and winding round a cultivated

cultivated country, with the Welch mountains riſing immediately from the oppoſite ſhore, would be ten times more ſtriking than Cutherſton. The view of the Iſle of Wight Channel, from the hill above Cowes, much exceeds this in real beauty.

" Excuſe this digreſſion, which I ſhould have avoided, had I not been told, that this view was the nobleſt in England.

" *Enmore Caſtle* is ſituated on a gradually riſing hill, in the midſt of a fine rich country, about four miles from Bridgewater. It is one of the moſt peculiar buildings in the kingdom. It is a large quadrangle caſtle, built of a dark-coloured ſtone, round a court; it is ſurrounded by a dry foſſe, forty feet wide, and ſixteen deep. This opens all round into the offices under the caſtle, and likewiſe (which is the peculiarity) into a whole range of others, under the lawn, which ſurrounds it; and among the reſt to the ſtables, which are all under ground: an excellent contrivance to have them conveniently near the houſe; how it agrees with the conſtitution of the horſes, I know not. The principal way into the ſtables is at a diſtance from the caſtle, where the entrance is at the ſide of the hill. The following is a liſt of the rooms,

" The hall, forty feet by twenty-eight, and twenty-ſeven high; a gallery round it; but it is too dark.

The armoury, thirty-ſix by twenty-two.

The anti-chamber, twenty-five by eighteen.

Bed-chamber, twenty-two by eighteen.

Dreſſing-room, twenty-two by fourteen. Here are ſeveral good portraits.

The reſt offices.

In the principal ſtory are,

The gallery, ſixty-ſix feet by twenty-two, and nineteen high.

The dining-room, forty-one by twenty-two and nineteen high.

The library, forty-ſix by nineteen.

Lord Egmont's dreſſing-room, nineteen by ſeventeen.

Bed-chamber, twenty-nine by ſixteen.

Lady Egmont's dreſſing-room, nineteen by ſeventeen. Over the chimney, the taking down from the croſs, in the ſtile of Albert Durer. There are many figures, and moſt minute, though unmeaning expreſſion. There is neither compoſition, nor any knowledge of the clear obſcure.

Lady's wardrobe, fifteen feet by eleven.

Lady's woman's room, nineteen by thirteen.

Another room, twenty by nineteen.

The cabinet, eighteen by ſeventeen. So called, but it is a mere waiting room.

Dreſſing-room, twenty-two by fourteen. Here are ſeveral pictures, landſcapes, ſtill life, &c.

Bed-chamber, twenty-two by twenty. Crimſon velvet, hung with tapeſtry.

Anti-chamber, twenty-five by nineteen. Hung with tapeſtry: ſome of it fine.

Saloon, forty-four by thirty, and twenty high. The windows of this room are ſo low, and ſmall, that it is rather dark. Over the chimney a very good portrait. It is hung with fine tapeſtry.

Drawing-room, twenty-five by nineteen. Here are four admirable portraits of fine colouring and excellent expreſſion.

" *Halſwell*, the ſeat of Sir Charles Tynte, Bart. is beautifully ſituated, in the middle of an ornamented park, about two miles from Enmore Caſtle. What chiefly attracts the attention of ſtrangers, are the decorated grounds. The riding, which leads to the pricipal points of view, croſſes the park from the houſe, commanding a fine view of the rich vale of Bridgewater. It then runs by the ſide of a woody precipice, and up through ſome new plantations; from a dark part of which you enter

enter through a door into a temple dedicated to Robinhood; upon which a moſt noble proſpect breaks at once on the beholder; which acts not a little by the ſurprize of the entrance. The ground gradually ſhelves from it in front, and to the right; but to the left, in bolder ſlopes; where the dips are beautifully grouped with woods: and the hills above them riſe in waving incloſures.

"About the houſe the groves thicken: and a vaſt vale of rich incloſures, ſpotted in a beautiful manner, with white objects, ſtretch beyond it to the diſtance of twelve miles; then you command the channel, which is here nine miles over, the Holm riſing in the midſt of it, very boldly; and beyond the whole, the mountains of Wales riſe one behind another. This view, I think, much excels that from Cutherſtone Lodge.

"From hence, the riding leads up the hills, commanding all the way a moſt extenſive proſpect. After which, it turns down through a plantation to a ſingle ſmall oak, with a few pales about it, and a bench. Here the grounds ſinking from the eye, form a moſt ſweet landſcape. The lawns undulate in the fineſt manner, and the groves of oak ſeem to drop into the hollows. The clumps and ſcattered trees have an uncommon elegance, and unite the fore ground of the ſcene with Robin Hood's temple, which is ſeen to great advantage. Beyond the whole, you have the diſtant extenſive proſpect.

"From hence the riding leads down the hill, to a wood of noble oaks, which ſhade a wild ſequeſtered ſpot; where a limpid ſpring riſes at the foot of a rock over hung in a fine bold manner by wood, which grows from its clefts. The water winds away through the grove in a proper manner. Here is a tablet with theſe lines:

When

When Iſrael's wand'ring ſons the deſart trod,
The melting rock obey'd the prophet's rod;
Forth guſh'd the ſtream, the tribes their thirſt allay'd,
Forgetful of their God, they roſe and play'd.
Ye happy ſwains, for whom theſe waters flow,
Oh! may your hearts with grateful ardors glow;
Lo, here a fountain ſtreams at his command,
Not o'er a barren, but a fruitful land;
When Nature's choiceſt gifts the vallies fill,
And ſmilling Plenty gladdens ev'ry hill.

"Turning the corner, you catch a bridge, under a thick ſhade, and then come to the Druid's temple, built in a juſt ſtile of bark, &c. the view quite gloomy and confined; the water winds ſilently along, except a little guſhing fall, which hurts not the emotions raiſed by ſo ſequeſtered a ſcene.

"Following the path towards the bridge, you catch, juſt before you come at it, a little landſcape through the trees, of diſtant water, finely united with wood. From the bridge, the river appears to great advantage; nobly embanked on one ſide with tall ſpreading trees; and on the other with green ſlopes, ſcattered with ſingle ones.

"From theſe retired and gloomy ſpots, you leave the dark groves, and open into a more chearful ground; the river is bounded only on one ſide by a thick wood, and on the other by waving lawns open to the fields, and ſcattered thinly with trees. From a bench on the banks, you view a ſlight fall of water well ſhaded.

"Advancing, the character of the ground again changes moſt happily; the woods open on both ſides the water; waving lawns of the moſt lively verdure; trees thinly ſcattered, brighter ſtreams, touches of diſtant proſpects, and elegant buildings, all unite to raiſe the moſt chearful ideas, which were prepared for, by gradually leaving the gloom of the more

ſequeſtered

ſequeſtered woods. A break through the trees to the right, lets in a view of the rotunda.

"Paſſing to the Ionic portico, which is excellently placed, the ſcenery in view is truly enchanting; the lawn is gently waved, and ſpotted with trees and ſhrubs in the happieſt taſte. The water ſeems to wind naturally through a falling vale; and a ſwelling hill, crowned by the rotunda, forms a compleat picture. The whole ſcene is really elegant: every part is riant, and bears the ſtamp of pleaſure.

"As you croſs the bridge, you look to the right on a very beautiful caſcade, which makes five or ſix ſlight falls over a moſs and ivy bank, under a dark ſhade of wood. The ſlopes, wood, and water, unite to render the ſcene ſtriking. But the point of view being the bridge, and ſtanding on another caſcade, is not agreeable; it ſomewhat weakens the effect.

"Turning down by the water, you have from a bench under a ſpreading wood, an agreeable view of a bridge; and a little further, another commands the ſame object, and has alſo a very pleaſing opening through the trees to the portico. The view to the left, up to the water, is a confirmation of Shenſtone's obſervation.

"The riding which follows on the bank of the river, under the gloomy ſhade of numerous moſt venerable trees, is a fit reſidence for contemplation to dwell in. The openings acroſs the water on the oppoſite lawn, are juſt ſufficient to heighten by contraſt. The awful ſhade, the ſolemn ſtillneſs of the ſcene, broken by nothing but the fall of diſtant waters; have altogether great effect, and impreſs upon the mind a melancholy ſcarcely effaced by the chearful view of a rich vale with the water winding through it, which is ſeen croſſing the park toward the houſe.

Halſwell

" *Halſwell*, upon the whole, has received rich gifts from nature, and very pleaſing ones from art. The riding is of large extent, and commands a great variety of diſtant proſpects, and rich landſcapes; the homes are elegant, and ſet off by the ſhade of ſuch noble wood, that every impreſſion they make is reckoned forcible. The buildings are in a light and pleaſing ſtile."

MIDLAND CIRCUIT

Conſiſts of the following Counties, viz. Lincolnſhire, Nottinghamſhire, Derbyſhire, Leiceſterſhire, Warwickſhire, Northamptonſhire, *and* Rutlandſhire.

LINCOLNSHIRE,

A Maritime County, and one of the largeſt in England. It is divided from Northamptonſhire on the ſouth, by the river Welland; as it is from Yorkſhire, on the weſt, by the Humber; has the German Ocean on the eaſt; and is bounded on the north with ſome part of Yorkſhire, Nottinghamſhire, Leiceſterſhire, and Rutlandſhire.

It is generally reckoned almoſt ſixty miles from north to ſouth; and in the middle, where it is wideſt, thirty-five: according to which computation, it is an hundred and eighty in compaſs. Mr. *Templeman* gives a greater extent both ways, by making the length ſixty-ſeven, and the breadth forty-three; being an area of two thouſand one hundred and ſixty-two miles; or, according to others, one million ſeven hundred and forty thouſand acres.

It contains thirty warpentakes, or hundreds, wherein are ſix hundred and eighty-eight pariſhes, one city, five parliamentary boroughs, thirty-four other market

market towns; about forty thouſand five hundred and ninety houſes, and two hundred and forty-five thouſand five hundred and forty inhabitants; beſides thirteen parks and two caſtles.

It is uſually divided into three parts, viz. Holland, on the ſouth-eaſt ſide; Keſteven, on the ſouth-weſt; and Lindſey, on the north; which laſt is by much the biggeſt, for its diviſion takes in all that lies north of Lincoln City, and of the Foſs Dyke, which King Henry I. cut betwixt the Witham and Trent.

The firſt is a ſoft marſhy ground, abounding with rivers and fens, and has therefore bad air.

The ſecond has an air more wholeſome, as it is leſs affected by the fogs and fens; and a ſoil more fruitful.

The third is generally reckoned healthy, eſpecially on the weſt ſide.

It has many rivers, particularly the Nen, Welland, Gnaſh, Witham, Bone, Trent, Dun, and Ankam, which abound with all the common fiſh; and of wild fowl, here are two ſorts, which are exceeding good, viv. knutes and dottereles. The former were firſt brought out of Denmark, as it is ſaid, for the uſe of King Canute. The latter, a very mimical bird, is taken by candle-light, when it mocks the motion of the fowler, till he comes near enough to throw a net over it.

The inland county produces corn; the fens coleſeed, and the richeſt paſture; ſo that their cattle are bigger than any other county, except Somerſet, which took a breed from thence four ſcore years ago, and has much improved the ſize by the richeſt paſture. In the fens, trunks of trees are ſometimes dug up. Their hunting hounds and hares are noted for their exceeding ſwiftneſs. They have all the common fruits, and better pippins than

thoſe

thoſe of Kent, eſpecially thoſe that grow in the diviſion of Holland, and at, and about Kirton; both of which are very wholeſome and delicious, but being grafted on their own ſtock, are much improved, and there called Remates.

The churches of this county, which are entirely in the dioceſe of Lincoln, are ſaid to be its chief ornaments; ſo that it has been obſerved, that no county has better churches, and worſe houſes. The poorer ſort of people waſh their clothes with hogs dung, and burn dried cows dung, for want of better fuel: from whence comes the proverb of *Lincolnſhire, where the hogs ſhite ſoap, and the cows ſhite fire.* Beſides the two knights for the county, and two citizens for Lincoln, it ſends eight other members to parliament, viz. two for Boſton, two for Great Grimſby, two for Stamford, and two for Grantham.

We ſhall begin our ſurvey of this county at the eaſt part, and enter it at

Market Deeping, an old, ill-built dirty town, ninety miles from London. From hence the roads paſs through Bourn, to *Folkingham*, near which are the ruins of the ancient magnificent Priory of Sempringham, for Gilbertine nuns; who were famous for their auſterity. Not far from here is another piece of decayed magnificence, the ancient ſeat of the Lord Clinton, Queen Elizabeth's Admiral: the preſent remains bear the marks of its having been once a noble and ſplendid ſtructure. The plaiſter of the cielings and walls, in ſome rooms, is ſo fine, and ſo entire, that they break it off in large flakes, and it will bear writing on with a ſteel pen or pencil, like the leaves of a table book.

On the left of the road from Folkingham, is *Ancaeſter*, the ancient Roman village called *Crococolana*, though this name bears no anology to the preſent

one, yet the many Roman coins and vaults found here, ſufficiently evince its great antiquity.

Sleaford, an hundred and ſixteen miles from London, is pleaſantly ſituated on the ſide of a pretty little river, which runs ſo quick through the town, that it is never frozen. The town is populous and continually improving in its buildings; the church is large and handſome; and here is a free-ſchool founded and handſomely endowed, in 1603, by Mr. Robert Carr, who alſo erected and endowed an hoſpital here, for twelve poor men. Alexander, Biſhop of Lincoln, in the reign of Henry I. built a noble caſtle in the ſouth-weſt part of the town; little of which is now remaining.

Lincoln, an hundred and thirty-two miles from London, is a very ancient city. The Romans had a colony here, and gave it the name of *Linduom Colona*, from whence the preſent name is derived. From its bold and noble ſituation upon an high hill, it ſeems a collection of five cities. For,

1. Below the hill, and weſtward of the city, the river throws itſelf into a great pool, called Swan Pool, from the multitude of ſwans upon it. All around this place the ground is moory, and full of bogs and iflets: and the place is now called *Carham*, i. e. a dwelling upon the *Car*, or Fen. Here was the old Britiſh city, which they uſed as a faſtneſs for themſelves and cattle in times of diſtreſs. From this Carham is a pleaſant view of the weſt front of the cathedral.

2. The Romans, pleaſed with this eminence, placed their city upon it, which they firſt built in the form of a large ſquare. The ſouth wall being ſufficiently ſecured by the precipice, they ſurrounded the other three ſides by a deep trench, which ſtill remains, except on the ſouth eaſt angle. This city was divided into four equal parts, by two croſs ſtreets. The two ſouthern quarters were taken up,

one

one by the caſtle, the other by the church, which Remigius built. But when Biſhop Alexander projected a ſtructure of much larger dimenſions, the incloſure was carried beyond the eaſtern bounds of the city, and a new wall built farther that way, as at preſent, with little battlements and towers. The north Roman gate of this part of the city ſtill remains intire, called Newport gate, the nobleſt remnant of this ſort in Britain, It is a vaſt ſemicircle of ſtones, laid together without mortar, and cemented only by their wedge-like ſhape. This magnificent arch is ſixteen feet diameter, the ſtones four feet thick at bottom. From this gate eaſtward ſome part of the old Roman wall is to be ſeen, made of ſtone and very ſtrong mortar. The weſt gate, towards the gallows, was pulled down within memory. That on the ſouth ſide ſtill ſhews one jam from between the houſes, and two or three ſtones of the ſame make as the former; the reſt has been pulled down. On the eaſt ſide one poſtern is viſible, big enough for a bed to ſtand in. By Newport gate is another large and curious piece of Roman workmanſhip, called the Mint Wall. This is ſtill ſixteen feet high, and above forty feet long, compoſed of brick and ſtone, laid alternately.

3. The Romans finding this city not well ſituated for navigation, added another to it upon the declivity of the hill, and the moſt ſouthern ſide lay upon the river. Eaſtward, the ditch without is turned into a broad ſtreet, called the Beaſt Market; and there below Claſkgate a great part of the old Roman wall is left, made of ſtone. One piece of it is now eighty feet long, and eighteen high. A little of it lower down is twelve feet long, and as much high. Between that gate upwards, and the old city wall, by the Greeſtone-ſtairs, the old ditch, called Weredyke, is to be ſeen. To the weſt, the ditch

ditch and foundation of the wall are ſtill left, though many times repaired and demoliſhed in the frequent ſieges this town has ſuſtained, eſpecially in the wars of the Empreſs Maud. At the bottom of it, towards the water, is a round tower, called Lucy tower, much known in her hiſtory.

4. Another great addition to the length of this city, northward, above the hill, was called *Newport*, or the New City, five hundred paces long. This probably was done in the time of the Saxon Kings. It lies on both ſides the Harman-ſtreet, and was fenced with a wall and ditch hewn out of the rock. At the two farther corners were round towers, and a gate, the foundations of which remain. There were ſeveral churches and religious houſes in this place. It was chiefly inhabited by Jews, who had ſettled here in great numbers, and grown rich by trade. There is a Well, ſtill named Grantham's Well, from a child they impiouſly crucified, as was ſaid, and threw it into that place.

5. After the Norman conqueſt, when a great part of the city was turned into a caſtle by King William I. it is probable they added the laſt intake ſouthward in the angle of the Witham, and made a new cut, called Sinſil-dyke, on the ſouth and eaſt ſides, for its ſecurity. It is obſervable, that the Normans could not well pronounce *Lincoln*, but vitiated it to *Nichol*, as we find it written in ſome old authors; and, to this day, a part of Swan-pool is called *Nichol-pool*.

This city abounded with monaſteries and other religious houſes; the ruins whereof appear in many barns, ſtables, out-houſes, and even in ſome hog-ſties, which are obſerved to be all built in church faſhion, i. e. with ſtone walls, and arched windows and doors. In other parts of the city are divers fragments of the old Roman wall; and here were many

many funeral monuments of the Normans, ſome of which are dug up to this day. Over againſt the caſtle, to the weſt, is an intrenchment, made by King Stephen: and here are carved in ſtone the arms of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, who lived here like a King, and had a mint.

The communication betwixt the upper and the lower towns is very troubleſome, the ſtreet being ſo ſteep and ſtrait, that coaches and horſes are obliged to fetch a compaſs round; yet the ſteepeſt part of the aſcent is ſaid to be the beſt for trade and buſineſs. The little river Witham that runs through the town, ſometimes flows into the main ſtreet, but it is ſo arched over, that it is not to be ſeen as one goes through it at other times. It makes a large canal on the weſt ſide; and has another called the Foſs-dyke, by which it has a communication with the Trent. There are very good buildings of the modern taſte in the upper city, where many gentlemen have houſes, beſides the prebendaries, and others of the clergy; but in the lower part they are generally old. In the centre of the ruined old caſtle, there is a handſome modern ſtructure for holding the aſſizes.

This city is a county in itſelf, and a viſcontial juriſdiction twenty miles round, which is a privilege that no other city in England can equal. It is governed by a mayor, twelve aldermen, who are all juſtices of the peace, two ſheriffs, a recorder, four chamberlains, a ſword-bearer, four coroners, and above forty common-councilmen; and has given title of earl to the family of Clinton ever ſince the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Here are four charity-ſchools, in which an hundred and twenty poor children, viz. thirty in a ſchool, are taught by the widows of clergymen.

The Cathedral is a magnificent fabric, and reputed the largeſt in extent, of any in England, except

except that of York. The ſituation is infinitely to its advantage, as it ſtands upon an hill, and has a proſpect into five or ſix counties. It has a double croſs or tranſept. The weſt end receives a great addition to its breadth, by reaſon of two chapels, viz. one on the outſide of each ſouth aiſle; but the two towers and ſpires are very mean, though not for want of height.

This cathedral has many bells; and particularly the northern tower is filled up, as one may ſay, with the fineſt great bell in England, which is called *Tom of Lincoln*; being probably conſecrated to Thomas Becket, Archbiſhop of Canterbury.—— *As loud as Tom of Lincoln*, is a phraſe. It weighs four tons, one thouſand eight hundred and ninety-four pounds, and will hold four hundred and twenty-four gallons ale meaſure; the circumference is twenty-two feet eight inches. An exact model of this bell has been lately made (1767) in order to gratify the curioſity of ſtrangers, without putting them to the trouble of climbing up to the original.

The middle, or rood tower, is the higheſt in the kingdom; and, when the ſpire was ſtanding on it, it muſt, if in proportion to the height of the tower, have exceeded that of old St. Paul's, which was five hundred and twenty feet. The monks were ſo proud of this ſtructure, that they would have it that the Devil looked upon it with an envious eye; whence the phraſe of a man who looks invidious and malignant, *He looks as the Devil over Lincoln.* At preſent there are only four very ordinary pinnacles, one at each corner. This church has two great gate-ways or entrances from the weſt, The lower part of this front, and of the two towers, are of Remigius's building, and is eaſily diſcoverable by the colour of the ſtones, and the manner of architecture: but Alexander built the additions upon it, as likewiſe the body of the cathedral, the choir,

and

and St. Mary's tower, which once had a very lofty ſpire. St. Hugh, the Burgundian, built the eaſt end, or St. Mary's chapel, (where he had a ſhrine) and the chapter-houſe, which is cieled with a beautiful ſtone roof, with one pillar in the middle.

The cloiſters and library are fine; and the latter is well furniſhed with printed books and manuſcripts.

Two catherine-wheel windows, as they are termed, at the end of the larger tranſept, are remarkably fine for mullion-work, and painted glaſs.

Here are great numbers of antique braſſes and monuments.

South of the church, upon the very brow of the hill, are the remains of the Biſhops palace, built by Robert de Cheſney, who gave two great bells. Biſhop Beck, and other ſucceſſors, improved it into a magnificence equal to the cathedral. It ſtands a little ſouth of the Roman wall. It had many large bow windows of curious workmanſhip, looking over the lower city into Nottinghamſhire. The kitchen had ſeven chimnies. The hall was ſtately. The gate-houſe remains entire, with the arms of the founders. This palace was ruined in the time of the civil wars; but might be rebuilt with no very great expence. The church and dioceſe are both very large; but the revenue of the biſhopric is now only about fifteen hundred pounds per annum, though it was formerly immenſely great, as may be ſeen in the Monaſticon, in which is an aſtoniſhing account of the wealth of this church.

The church, as it is the ſeat of the biſhoprick, is not ſo ancient as ſome others; the ſee having been removed, ſince the Norman invaſion, from Dorcheſter, a little town in Oxfordſhire, on the river Thames, not far from Tame.

Mr.

Mr. *Camden* ſays, that the valiant King *Vortimer* died here, and was buried in the church of the great monaſtery.

The biſhoprick of Lincoln, in the time of William I. contained all that now is compriſed in the dioceſes of Ely, Peterborough, and Oxford, beſides what is now its own; and it is ſtill the largeſt dioceſe in England; containing the ſeveral counties of Lincoln, Leiceſter, Huntingdon, Bedford, Bucks, and part of that of Hartford; and in them twelve hundred and fifty-five pariſhes, whereof five hundred and ſeventy-ſeven are impropriations; and there are in theſe bounds ſix arch-deacons, viz. Lincoln, Leiceſter, Bedford, Buckingham, Stow, and Huntingdon.

Here was the famous battle fought between the friends of the Empreſs Maud, mother to King Henry II. and King Stephen, in which that magnanimous prince was overthrown, and taken priſoner.

The ſituation of this city, as before mentioned, is extremely delightful, ſurrounded by a rich, pleaſant and agreeable country; on the north and ſouth-eaſt is Lincoln heath, a noble tract of ground, extending like the plain about Saliſbury, for above fifty miles, viz. from Sleaford and Ancaſter ſouth, to the banks of the Humber, north; on the weſt ſide again, the Trent waters make a rich and pleaſant valley, running from Newark to Gainſborough, thence to Burton, and ſo on into the Humber.

There is another road which leads to Loncoln, through

Stamford, eighty-nine miles from London; it is a very ancient town, ſituated in an angle of this county, upon the edge of Northamptonſhire and Rutlandſhire. The town is well built, wealthy and populous, ſtanding on the declenſion of a hill to the river Welland, over which it has a ſtone bridge

bridge of five arches. It conſiſts of ſix pariſhes, including that of St. Martin's in Stamford Baron; that is to ſay, in that part of the town which ſtands over the river, which, though it is not part of the town, critically ſpeaking, being not in the liberty, and in another county, yet it is all called Stamford, and is rated with it in the taxes. The churches here are well built, and adorned with lofty ſpires, and the town being walled in, and entered by ſpacious gateways, gives it a very venerable appearance.

That Stamford is of great antiquity is indubitable; ſome authors trace it back as far as 863 years before Chriſt, and ſay that it was firſt built by the Britiſh King Bladud, who endeavoured to form a kind of univerſity here for philoſophy, his favourite ſtudy. In 116, Canute and his ravaging Danes, entered England, and among the reſt of their depredations, burnt this town. Here are the remains of two colleges, one called Black-hall and the other Brazen-Noſe; on the gate whereof is a great Brazen Noſe, and a ring through it, like that of Oxford, nor could it take that from Oxford, but Oxford from that, which is as old as Edward III. at the leaſt; for that at Oxford was not built before Henry VII. Near the town are many Roman camps and military ways; the famous Roman highway paſſes from here through Lincoln, and from thence by the Humber, by Spittle in the Street, by Hiberſtow, Scawley Wood, &c. In the civil wars betwixt the houſes of Lancaſter and York, the Lancaſter party deſtroyed this town with fire and ſword, ſince which it could never recover its former glory, though it carries on at preſent a conſiderable trade.

Edward the Fourth was the firſt that incorporated this town, and the government is now veſted in a mayor, twelve aldermen, and twenty-four burgeſſes. It returns two members to parliament.

There are many ancient monuments in and about this town. On the north ſide of the town and near Clement's gate, King Edward the Firſt, erected in the year 1293, a very curious croſs of free-ſtone, called the Queen's Croſs, in memory of his conſort Eleanor, who died at Herdeley, in this county, the 9th of November, 1290, and wherever her corpſe reſted in its way to London, the King ordered a croſs to be built, (as we have before ſpoken of.) In the upper windows of St. George's church, are the paintings of Edward III. his Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Henry Duke of Lancaſter, all in their robes of the order of the Garter, &c. In the upper end of the middle choir of the church of St. Martin's, near Stamford, is a noble and ſplendid monument to the memory of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Lord High Treaſurer to Queen Elizabeth; and oppoſite to it is a more ancient, but handſome monument, though not ſo magnificent as the former, in memory of Richard Cecil, Eſq. and Jane, his wife, the father and mother of the ſaid famous Lord Burley; alſo a more modern monument for the fifth Earl and his Counteſs, ſiſter of the firſt Duke of Devonſhire. This is a finiſhed piece, it is all of the fineſt marble, made at Florence, and ſent over. The ſaid Earl died on his return from Rome, at Iſſy, near Paris, Auguſt 29, 1700.

On the ſouth bank of the river Welland, here was formerly a very ſtrong caſtle, called Stamford Baron; and *Stowe* ſays, that in the year 930 there was a mint; and in King Stephen's time, there was a caſtle in the middle of the town. On a day, ſix weeks before Chriſtmas, the inhabitants of this town have a very abſurd and ſavage ſport, which they call *bull-running*. It is performed in the following manner. The butchers of the town, at their own charge, provide the wildeſt bull they can get, which

which they put into ſome ſtable or barn belonging to the Aldermen; the next morning proclamation is made by the common bellman of the town, that each perſon ſhut up their doors and gates, and that none, upon pain of impriſonment, offer any violence to ſtrangers, for the preventing whereof, (the town being a great thoroughfare, and then term time) a guard is appointed for the conducting of travellers through Stamford without hurt; that none have any iron upon their bull clubs, or other ſtaff which they purſue the bull with. The proclamation made, and the gates and ſhops all ſhut, the bull is turned out of the Alderman's houſe. Men, women, and children, immediately purſue him in full cry, driving the creature before, while all the dogs of the town join the party, and form ſuch a ſcene of confuſion, noiſe and uproar, as can ſcarce be conceived, and not much to the credit of many of the principal inhabitants, that aſſiſt in this *bulling* paſtime. This ſport has given riſe to the proverb, *As mad as the baiting bull of Stamford.*

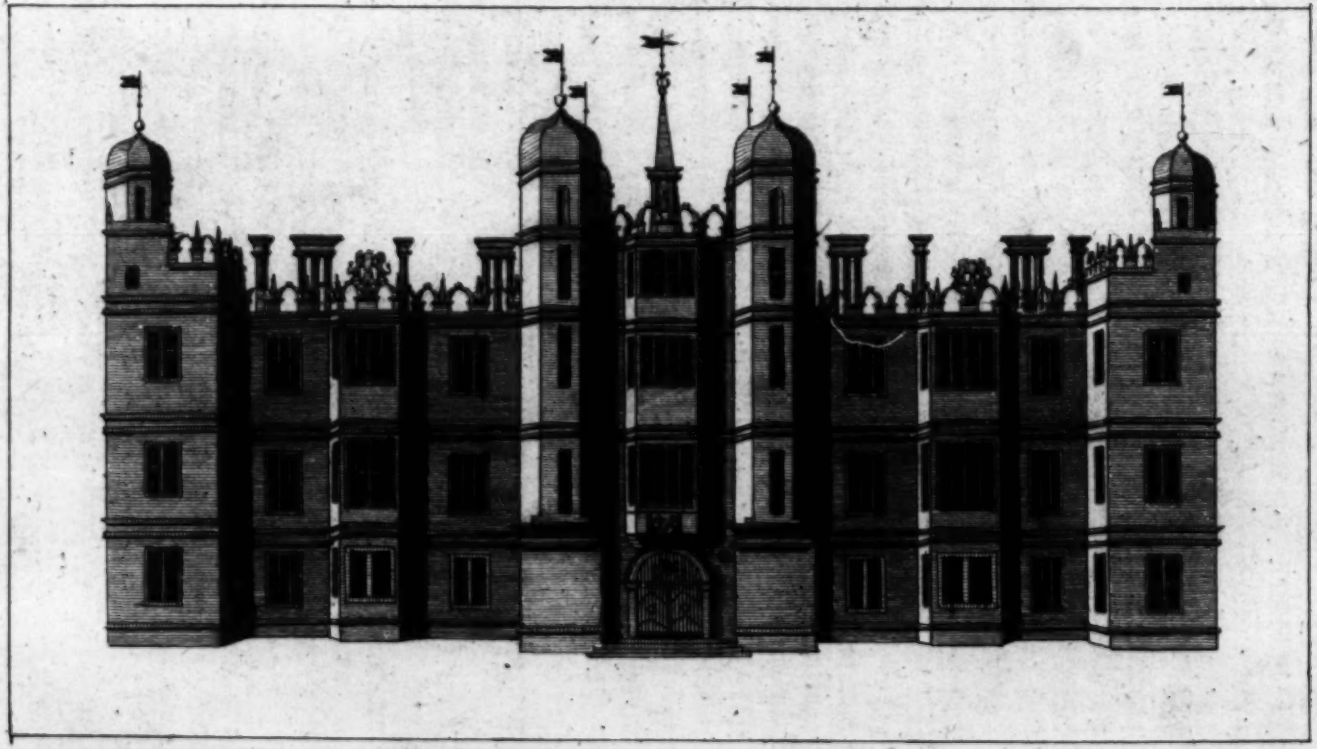
The origin of this cuſtom is thus handed down to us. William Earl of Warren, in the reign of King John, the firſt lord of this town, ſtanding upon the caſtle walls, obſerved two bulls fighting for a cow: a butcher of the town, the owner of one of the bulls, accidentally coming by with a great maſtiff dog, ſet him upon his own bull, and forced him into the town; there all the butchers dogs followed in purſuit of the bull, now drove ſo mad by the dogs and people, that he did a great deal of miſchief in the town. The noiſe of the butchers now drew the Earl to ſee this mad diverſion, who was greatly pleaſed with the ſcene before him, and immediately gave all thoſe meadows in which the two bulls were in at firſt, now called the Caſtle Meadows, perpetually as a common to the butchers of the town, after the firſt graſs is eaten, to keep their cattle in till

till the time of ſlaughter; but the Earl *wiſely* judging his deſcendants might enjoy this *innocent* diverſion as well as himſelf, *prudently* made this condition, that the butchers of the town, ſhould annually on that day find a mad bull for the continuance of that *noble* ſport, which has ſince produced ſuch prodigious effects; for the beſt of the burgeſſes have at times been honoured with a ſalute from the bull's horns, to the great diverſion of the *humane* inhabitants of Stamford.

They boaſt in this town of great privileges, eſpecially to the Mayor; ſuch as being freed from the ſheriff's juriſdiction, and from being impanelled on juries out of the town; to have the return of all writs, to be freed from all lord lieutenants, and from their muſters, and for having the militia of the town commanded by their own officers, the Mayor being the King's Lord Lieutenant, and immediately under his Majeſty's command, and to be eſteemed (within the liberties and juriſdiction of the town) the ſecond man in the kingdom; and the grant of thoſe privileges concludes thus: *Ut ab antiquo uſu fuerunt*; 'As of antient time they had been accuſtomed:' So that this charter, which was granted by Edward IV. anno 1461. ſeems to be only a confirmation of former privileges, not a grant of new ones.

But the greateſt ornament of Stamford is the noble palace of the Earl of Exeter, called *Burghleigh houſe*. This delightful ſeat is in the county of Northamptonſhire, but as it is in the neighbourhood of Stamford, and as few perſons of any curioſity, who paſs this town, but pay it a viſit, we ſhall therefore be excuſed for giving our deſcription of it in this part of our work.

Burleigh Houſe, is a very antient building, in the form of a quadrangle, very ſpacious, ſurrounding a large



Burleigh House near Stamford.

a large court, in the old ſtile of building, very handſomely ornamented with turrets, carving in ſtone, &c. &c. Many of the rooms are but ſmall, and therefore I have minuted but few of them diſtinctly; nor have I marked all the paintings as they hang in each room, as it would be difficult to diſtinguiſh them by peculiar phraſes. Some are little more than cloſets.

"The Billiard-room, newly fitted up, thirty-three by twenty-one, the chimney-piece of white marble poliſhed, and a rounding of Siena; it is light and pretty.

"The Chapel, not finiſhed; thirty-three by thirty-four: beſides the anti-room, which is ornamented with very elegant carved wainſcot.

"The Bow-window-room, forty-five by thirty-three; painted by Le Guere, who, with Verrio, painted all the cielings, &c. in the houſe. Out of this you enter into another, thirty by twenty-four, with ſilver ſconces around it, and furniture of the hearth the ſame. Next is a bed-chamber, rich work on a black ſattin, and lined with yellow ſilk; the fringe of the counterpane, and ornaments at the head of the bed, are in a pretty taſte. In the cloſet are,

"Three pieces by Gieuſeppe Chierera.

Adoration of the ſhepherds, by Baſſan; the colouring good.

Two lanſcapes, by Gaſper Pouſſin; one of them excellent.

In the ſmall cloſet adjoining, are two pieces by Wright of Derby; boys blowing bladders, and girls dreſſing a cat; admirable: the diffuſion of light ſtrongly expreſſed, and very ſtriking.

In the dreſſing-room, eighteen by twenty-ſeven,

Two flower-pieces, by Baptiſt, very fine.

Henrietta, King Charles's Queen, by Vandyke; the drapery well done.

Two

Two fruit-pieces; Michael Angelo; very fine.

A bunch of grapes, by Miſs Grey, in worſted; inimitable.

Honey-ſuckles, by ditto; very pretty.

Landſcape, a water-fall, by Harding; the water well done.

Here are likewiſe a Chineſe pagoda in ivory and mother of peal; very pretty; and ſome fine China jars: nor ſhould you forget to remark the Indian cabinets in theſe apartments, and the Japan card tables, both which, with a great variety of furniture, are elegant. In the following rooms are,

Fruit and flowers, by M. Angelo; fine.

Venus and Cupid, by N. Pouſſin; fine; but the ſky-blue a ſtrange one indeed.

Four pictures, by Carlo Marratt, but not in his beſt manner.

Deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt, by Le Brun; heads amazingly fine.

Virgin and Child; Correggio; the colouring, &c. of this picture, does not equal the idea one has formed of this great maſter.

Wiſemen's offerings; Carlo Dolci. The finiſhing of this picture is very fine; the airs of the heads noble, the attitude of the child excellent, and the colours and clear obſcure of great merit.

Martyrdom of St. Catherine, by Julio Romano; a piece containing numerous figures, and is very fine.

Virgin and Child, by Carlo Cignani; noble.

A ſleeping Chriſt, by Pouſſin; moſt exquiſite.

Virgin's head, a ſketch by Raphael.

Joſeph's head, a ditto by ditto. The name of Raphael is great; but theſe ſketches will not anſwer any ones idea who has ſeen theſe alone of this maſter.

St. Euſtachius's Viſion, by Albert Durer; prodigious expreſſion of the minute ſort.

Virgin

Virgin and Child; Correggio; the attitude fine.

Chriſt bleſſing the elements, by Carlo Dolci. To deſire you to make a pauſe when you come to this picture, would ſurely be needleſs; for all, from the connoiſſeur to the clown, muſt be ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the firſt entering the room: ſure never piece was finiſhed in ſo perfect a manner. The divine reſignation, — attention to the moment,—religious complacency of ſoul;—all is moſt exquiſite: there is not only a pictureſque beauty in this piece, but an ideal one, and in a noble ſtile; for the ſentiments in the countenance of our Saviour, are rather thoſe of an imaginary exiſtence, ſomething ſuperior to humanity, than a repreſentation of what is ever beheld. The finiſhing and colouring, down-to the bread and napkin, are inimitable; the general glow and brilliancy, the bold relief of the right-hand, the hollowneſs of the opened mouth, all ſurprizingly touched. In a word, every part of this great work proves that Carlo Dolci deſerves to be ranked among the firſt of painters.

Adoration of the ſhepherds, by ditto; amazingly fine.

Chriſt in the garden; Baſſan. The ſtrong reflection of the light very ſtriking, but the ſtile of painting coarſe, and almoſt like tapeſtry.

Martyrdom of St. Catherine, by Parmegiano, after Coreggio; moſt ſweetly elegant.

Virgin and Chriſt's body; Hani. Carrache; very fine.

Holy Family; Andrea del Sarto; fine. The old female head excellent.

Head; a ſketch by Correggio; diſagreeable.

Morning and evening, two landſcapes, by Tempeſta; fine.

Venus and Adonis; Gieuſeppa Chierera: Venus's fleſh is well painted; clear, but natural.

The

The dreſſing-room hung with green cut-velvet with elegant gilt papié machée borders, is very handſomely fitted up: the chimney-piece, a ſmall baſs-relief let into the centre, with a border around the whole, of Siena marble; very elegant.

Chriſt's head; Carlo Marratt; very fine.

Adoration of the ſhepherds; Ferara. This picture is a good one, but the principal action ſtrangely abſurd; the Virgin holds the Child in her lap, as a crier would a parcel of oranges.

Virgin ſupporting the dead body of Chriſt; Vandyke; a ſmall but aſtoniſhing picture. The body is painted in the moſt admirable ſtyle; the expreſſion exact, but great; the colouring exquiſite; the group and general effect ſurprizingly fine. In a word, this piece is truly capital.

Virgin, by Ferrato; fine.

Holy Family. Theſe four by Carlo Marratt, and very fine.

Virgin, copied by Patours; attitude, colour, and turn of the ſhoulders, good.

The offering the tribute money, in two colours, by Vandyke. The group, airs of the heads, and attitudes, admirably fine.

Eliſha; Carlo Dolci; prodigious fine. The colouring, expreſſion, and general effect, great.

Aſſumption; Hannibal Carrache.

Virgin at our Saviour's tomb; Carlo Marratt, after Raphel; very fine.

Virgin and Child; Correggio; a fine, but an unpleaſing picture; the faces very ugly.

Flight into Egypt; Carlo Dolci. The thought, manner, colours and expreſſion, very beautiful.

A ſatire on the Capuchines; David Teniers; very great expreſſion.

Adoration of the Shepherds, and Offering of the Wiſe Men; two pieces by Polenburgh; colouring, finiſhing, and deſign of the heads very fine.

St. John

St. John, by Parmegiano; very fine.

Centaur and Dejanira; Jordanus; finely expreſſive. The female fleſh ſoft and beautiful, and well contraſted with the roughneſs of the Centaur.

St. Sebaſtian and St. Lucia, by Carlo Dolci; fine.

A cat and dead birds, and pigeons in a baſket, by Dav. Conich; extremely well done.

Venus riſing from the Sea, by Titian; very capital. Moſt of the pictures of this maſter are either in bad preſervation, or the colouring gone off and hard. We look in vain for that glowing brilliancy of pencil, of which we read ſo much in many works on painting. But in this exquiſite piece, the colours are admirable; nothing can be more beautiful than the expreſſion of the naked; the roundneſs and elaſtic ſoftneſs of the breaſts are inimitable; the beauty of the face very great, and moſt elegantly painted; her attitude very pleaſing: in a word, you will view this picture with uncommon pleaſure.

Albano; Amphytrite; fine.

Roleant Savary, landſcape; very fine. It is painted in the ſtile of Salvator Roſa.

In the blue damask drawing-room are ſeveral exquiſite pieces; and the glaſſes, frames, &c. very elegant.

Carlo Marratt. Our Saviour and the Samaritan Woman; fine.

Celeſti. Adam and Eve lamenting over the dead body of Abel; very fine.

Guido. The Perſian Sybil; prodigiouſly fine; the colouring and expreſſion wonderfully great.

Jordanus. Iſaac bleſſing Jacob; amazingly fine. The dying expreſſion in Iſaac's face, and that of the whole piece, very capital.

Carlo Marratt. Virgin with the dead body of Chriſt; noble.

Salutation. The colouring fine; but the clear obſcure appears very faulty.

Jordanus. Tobit; exquiſite.

Carlo Marratt. Magdalen; inimitable.

Titian. Virgin and Child; the colouring a good deal gone off.

Girendo de la Nocte. The reconciliation of St. Peter and St. Paul; the heads and hands very fine.

Ludovico Carrache. Virgin, Chriſt, and John; extremely fine.

Carlo Marratt. Magdalen.

In another drawing-room, thirty by twenty-ſeven, is a moſt noble chimney-glaſs in one plate ſeven feet by four; it is hung with crimſon damaſk: Here are ſeveral very fine pictures.

Jordanus. Jupiter and Europa.

Marcus Curtius.

Fortune.

Death of Seneca.

Theſe four pieces are all fine; but the laſt moſt inimitable. The expreſſion in the whole of Seneca's figure is wonderfully great; nothing can be truer than the repreſentation of the muſcles.

Guerchino. Chriſt, the Virgin, and St. John; very fine.

The dining-room is an excellent one, forty by twenty-five, richly fitted up; the receſs is within ſome very elegant carved and gilt pillars. Here are, by

Ferara. Paſſage of the Children of Iſrael over the Red Sea; fine.

Morellio. Diogenes daſhing his cup to the ground; prodigiouſly fine attitude and expreſſion. It is life itſelf.

Jordanus. The beheading St. John; fine.

Genario. Armida enchanting the ſword of Rinaldo; extremely pleaſing.

Jordanus.

Jordanus. Diana and Acteon; the figure of Diana great; the naked backs inimitably done; the clear obſcure excellent, and the general effect very ſtriking.

A head in Moſaic; the only piece in that noble invention that I remember having ſeen; at a ſmall diſtance the colours are natural and fine; but near, the effect is by no means good.

This collection, upon the whole, will afford any ſpectator the greateſt entertainment; for here are pictures that muſt kindle raptures in thoſe who remark nature alone; and others ſufficient to afford the moſt noble enjoyment to the moſt learned eye. The pieces are extremely numerous; very few of them indifferent, and many exquiſitely fine. The collection of the works of Jordanus is moſt capital; they are in great numbers, and of amazing expreſſion. The death of Seneca is one of the fineſt of this maſter that is any where to be ſeen. Carlo Dolci is likewiſe ſeen here in ſurprizing perfection; his pieces in this collection are all good, and ſome of them ſuperlatively ſo; particularly our Saviour bleſſing the elements. The two hiſtoric pieces by Vandyke are particularly valuable, as that painter did ſo few of them: the dead Chriſt is of moſt capital merit. Of Carlo Marratt we find many very fine pieces, but not upon the whole equal to thoſe ſeen at Houghton. Titian is exhibited in the Venus riſing from the ſea, to very great advantage, conſidering how few of his capital pictures are to be found in England. Guido's Sybil is worthy of the higheſt admiration; and Pouſſin appears to advantage in ſeveral pieces. In a word, many of the great painters here are to be ſtudied with profit and delight, in works that will remain the laſting admiration of every ſpectator. Among ſuch a number of exquiſite pictures, it is difficult to draw compariſons; but I believe you will be

be beſt pleaſed with Chriſt bleſſing the elements, by Carlo Dolci; the dead Chriſt by Vandyke, and Seneca by Jordanus."*

Grantham, an hundred and ten miles from London, is a neat ancient town; and greatly reſorted to, as it lies in the great north road. The town is populous and well built. It is governed by an alderman and twelve juſtices of the peace, a recorder, a coroner, an eſcheator, twelve common-councilmen, and twelve conſtables to attend the court: the church is handſome and large, with a fine ſtone ſpire, two hundred and eighty feet high, ſaid to be one of rhe loftieſt in England, and by the deception of the ſight ſeems to ſtand a-wry.

Here is a good free-ſchool, built and endowed by Richard Fox, Biſhop of Wincheſter, a native of this town: it is noted for having given Sir Iſaac Newton his firſt education. It is ſuppoſed to have been a Roman town, from the remains of a caſtle which have been formerly dug up in it; and before the reformation it had many religious houſes. On the neighbouring courſe are frequent horſe-races.

About three miles weſt of Grantham, is a fine hill, from which is a delightful proſpect over an extenſive vale; but, however, not equal to that of Belvoir caſtle, which is ſituated on the ſummit of a vaſt hill. From the houſe may be plainly diſcerned Lincoln minſter, and part of the counties of Leiceſter, Nottingham and Derby.

It is an ancient edifice, the ſeat of the noble family of Manners, Duke of Rutland. There is a good collection of pictures in the different apartments. The ſight of this ſtructure is fully repaid by aſcending the road to it, which is dreadfully bad, and ſcarcely to be equalled.

Between Stamford and Grimſthorpe, is a pleaſant ſeat belonging to the Duke of Ancaſter. The houſe is magnificent, and admirably ſituated on an eminence,

* Young's Tour.

eminence, with ſome woods on each ſide; it ſtands in an extenſive park, through which the road cuts for upwards of three miles; before the houſe is a vale, in which is a noble piece of water, ornamented with two pretty yachts.

The apartments in the houſe are convenient, and very elegantly fitted up. The hall is fifty feet long by forty broad, the height proportionable; at each end is a ſtone ſtair-caſe, parted from the room by ſtone arches. The chapel is neat. The tea-room, with a bow window is pretty; the chimney-piece of marble, dug out of the park. Turning through the hall, you are conducted up the ſtair-caſe, into the principal apartments: the firſt, is a tea-room, richly ornamented with fluted pilaſters, of the Corinthian order, finely carved and gilt, the cieling, cornices, &c. in a moſt light and elegant taſte, gilt ſcrolls on a light lead colour. Next is the dining-room; forty by twenty-ſeven, with two bow windows, fitted up with gilt ornaments on a blue ground; the cieling ditto on white, in compartments. The feſtoons of gilt carving among the pictures, &c. in a light and pleaſant taſte. The chimney-piece, is one of the moſt elegant in England: under the cornice, three baſſo relievoes in white marble, (but not poliſhed;) the centre, a man pulling a thorn out of a lion's paw, well executed: theſe are upon a ground of Siena marble, and have a fine effect; they are ſupported on each ſide by a fluted Ionic pillar of Siena. In this room are ſeveral family portraits.

King Charles and his family, by Vandyke; Cocles defending the bridge; two landſcapes; a fire at night in a town; Chriſt crowned with thorns; a battle; two large pieces of cattle; a Dutch fair.

The blue damaſk bed-chamber is elegant; it is hung with blue paper, on which is painted many different landſcapes, in blue and white, with repreſentations

ſentations of frames, and lines and taſſels, in the ſame; the toilette in the bow window; all blue and white. Out of this room, you enter the breakfaſting cloſet, which is extremely elegant, quite original, and very pleaſing: it is hung with fine India paper; the cieling is arched compartments, the ribs of which join in the centre, in the gilt rays of a ſun; the ground is prettily dotted, with coloured India birds; the window-ſhutters, the doors, and the front of the drawers, (let into the wall) all painted in ſcrolls and feſtoons of flowers, in green and white and gold, the ſofa, chairs, and ſtool-frames of the ſame.

Near *Harlaxton*, a village not far from Grantham, a brazen veſſel was ploughed up, wherein was an old-faſhioned gold helmet, ſtudded with jewels, which was preſented to Catherine, Queen Dowager of King Henry VIII.

From Harlaxton, a road leads through *Market Raſen*, to *Grimſby*; near the firſt, at *Oumby*, many braſs and ſilver coins have been ploughed up in the fields adjoining to the road, with the figure of Rome on one ſide, and this inſcription, *Urbs Roma*; and on the reverſe, *Pax & Tranquilitatis*.

Grimſby, an hundred and ſixty-eight miles and an half from London, lies near the Humber, and is governed by a mayor, high-ſteward, recorder, twelve aldermen, twelve common-councilmen, two bailiffs, two coroners, a town-clerk, and three ſerjeants at mace. The chief trade of this town is in coals, and ſalt brought by the Humber; but its harbour is not very ſafe for ſhips to ride in, as appeared at the time of the great ſtorm in 1703, when all the ſhips were driven from their anchors, and moſt of them loſt. It is ſaid to be one of the oldeſt corporations in the kingdom; and having formerly a large good port, the inhabitants held it in fee-farm, on the annual rent of fifty pounds, which in

thoſe

thoſe days was far from being a contemptible ſum. In the reign of King Edward III. it made a great figure in the northern ports, and furniſhed eleven ſhips to that monarch. But, ſince that time, thro' want of care, or, more probably, through want of ability in the inhabitants to diſburſe the ſum neceſſary to preſerve it, is quite choaked up. However there is a pretty good road before this town, which has ſaved it from ſinking.

The church here is very large and ſumptuous, which has greatly the appearance of a cathedral. It had anciently two monaſteries, a nunnery and a caſtle. The town returns two members to parliament.

Caſtor, or *Thong Caſtor*, twenty-four miles from Lincoln, and ten from the Humber, is a ſmall market town, which takes its name from its caſtle, built by Hengiſt the Saxon, on a tract of ground which he encompaſſed with an ox's hide (cut into thongs) purſuant to a grant from the Britiſh King Vortigern, whom he had aſſiſted againſt the Picts. This town is remarkable for the great number of horned cattle, and ſheep, ſold at its market, and of which the neighbourhood abounds. A correſpondent has favoured us with the following whimſical ceremony, performed annually at this place. We ſhall relate it in our correſpondent's own words.

" An old gentleman who reſided near Caſtor, above a century ago, having ſomething deficient in his upper ſtory, made a Will to this effect; That a certain relation of his ſhould enjoy his eſtate after his deceaſe, provided he procured a whip every year, covered with white leather, and a purſe containing ſilver medals, to be tied at the end of it; this whip to be cracked, every Palm Sunday, in Caſtor

Caſtor church, during divine ſervice, over the miniſter's head; or, on point of omiſſion, the eſtate to devolve to another. The method by which it is done, is as follows;—During the reading of the firſt leſſon, the whip is cracked by ſome perſon appointed; in the ſecond, he waves it three times over the miniſter's head, then kneels down, and holds it over the miniſter until he has finiſhed the ſecond leſſon. This performed, he riſes up, walks into the choir, and thus ends the ceremony.

"The above cuſtom has as yet been regularly kept up, with only this mitigation, that it is now performed in the church porch, ever ſince an unlucky circumſtance happened. The man that cracked the whip, whether from inadvertency, or want of judgment, I cannot ſay, unfortunately brought the thong over the eyes of the miniſter, and had nigh reduced the prieſtly teacher among the number of the blind. I have heard that the eſtate had once like to have devolved to the heirs of the other party, who claimed it from an omiſſion of this whimſical ceremony, but by interceſſions, mingled with the powerful rhetoric of a heavy purſe, the affair was made up. The cuſtom is ſtill continued. The gentleman that performs the office at preſent, is one Mr. Rider, of Broughton, in Lincolnſhire.

"This is ſtrictly true, as Caſtor is the place of my nativity.

R. B."

Another road branches off from Lincoln, to *Gainſborough*, an hundred and fifty miles from London. The town is ſituated on the river Trent, is well built, and carries on a conſiderable trade, ſhips of great burthen being able to come up this river with the tide. The church was rebuilt by act of parliament in 1735, and here are ſeveral meeting-

meeting-houſes of Proteſtant diſſenters. This town is noted for being the place where the Danes landed when they came up the river Trent. A little above Gainſborough is

Axholm, a little river iſland, formed by the Trent, Dun, and other rivers. It is about ten miles long, and four broad, and yields alabaſter, and flax in the middle part, and a ſweet-ſcented ſhrub, called *Gall* or *Pelts*. At the end of Marton, a little north of Gainſborough, a Roman way enters this county from Doncaſter, and paſſes by Little Borough to Lincoln; and about a quarter of a mile from it, two or three conſiderable pieces of the old Roman pavement, are ſtill to be ſeen by the curious traveller.

On the top of the heath, by Tilbridge-lane, is a ſpring, which is ſaid to ebb and flow with the Trent, though at five miles diſtance. There are many of theſe ſprings. Sir *Cecil Wray* attributes them merely to heavy rains on the Derbyſhire hills. He has a friend on the peak with whom he correſponds on the ſubject, and finds, that the ſprings always riſe a few days after heavy rains on thoſe hills; and, what is extraordinary, ſome without floods in the Trent.

Spittle, twelve miles north from Lincoln, called alſo *Spittle in the Street*: this was part of the Roman Cauſey leading from London, by Lincoln, to the Humber, which the common people call the High-ſtreet; it being caſt up to a great height, and in ſome places ſeven yards broad. Tradition ſays, that here were formerly a city and a caſtle; and there are two ſprings here, one called Julian's well, and the other Caſtleton well. Great quantities of Roman coins have alſo been dug up in this village. From hence to Lincoln it is extremely pleaſant riding, the country being wholly champain or heath; with miliary ſtones all the way, of which

ſome are thought to be Roman, and the latter ones in the forms of croſſes, to ſupply their place. The hoſpital here is ſaid to have been founded in 1308; and there are great foundations here abouts, ſuppoſed to be Roman; at preſent the village conſiſts of a few farm houſes, a chapel, an inn, and a ſeſſions-houſe. Upon the latter is this inſcription;

Hæcce domus dat, amat, punit, conſervat, honorat,
Æquitiam, pacem, crimina, jura, bonos. 1620.
That is,
This court does right, loves peace, preſerves the laws,
Corrects the wrong, honours the righteous cauſe.

Retreating to the ſouth part of this county, on the borders of Northamptonſhire, and Cambridgeſhire, ſtands,

Crowland, ninety-four miles from London, a place which claims the foremoſt rank for religious antiquity, and the remains of its once famous abbey are ſtill viſible; there are a great many ſtories related of the Monks of Crowland, and the converſation that paſſed between them and the Devils of Crowland.

This abbey was founded a thouſand years ago, by Athelbald, King of Mercia, in the midſt of bogs and Thorns, in honour of his chaplain Guthlac, who choſe this place to mortify in. The foundation is laid on piles of wood, ſeveral of which have been found in heaving up the ruins of the eaſtern part of the church; for what remains is only part of the weſt end, and of that, only one corner in tolerable repair, which is at preſent their pariſh church. In the middle of the croſs ſtood once a lofty tower, and in it was a fine ring of bells, the firſt, as is ſaid, in the county. The roof, which was of Iriſh oak, finely carved and gilt, fell down about

about fifty years ago, and pieces of it are to be found in almoſt every houſe. People at pleaſure dig up the monumental ſtones for private uſe, and what are left in the pavement are covered over with ſhrubs. It was made a garriſon in the civil wars, and the ſoldiers deſtroyed the painted glaſs in it. All the eaſtern part of the church is entirely razed to the foundation. The monaſtic buildings, cloiſters, hall, and abbots lodgings are entirely demoliſhed. In the north-weſt corner of the church ſtands a ſtrong tower, with a very obtuſe ſpire, and a pleaſant ring of ſmall bells. Over the weſt gate are the images of divers Kings, Abbots, &c. among the reſt Guthlac, with a whip and knife, his uſual ſymbols.

Not far from the abbey is the remnant of a little ſtone cottage, called *Anchor Church Houſe*, where was a chapel, in which St. Guthlac was buried, and where he lived an hermit.

Over againſt the weſt end of the abbey, is the famous triangular bridge, hardly to be equalled in Britain, if in Europe. It being too ſteep for horſes and carriages to go over, they paſs under it. It is formed of three ſegments of a circle, meeting in a point; and each baſe, they ſay, ſtands in a different county.* Here meets the rivers Nyne and Welland, ſo that the bridge being fixed at the very point where they join, ſtands upon a centre, in the middle of the united waters, and then parting into two bridges, lands you one to the right, on Thorney, and one to the left, upon Holland. On one ſide ſits an image of King Athelbald, founder of Crowland Abbey, with a crown fleur on his head, and a globe in his hand.

* The form of this bridge may be ſeen among Meſſieurs Buck's Views of Caſtles, &c. in England.

Spalding, ten miles from Crowland, and an hundred and four from London, is a neat, well-built, and populous town, though not very large; its ſituation is no ways deſirable, either for health or pleaſantneſs, as the drains of Boſton and Langtoft, as it were, centers upon it, and the river Welland almoſt incloſes it. It has a bridge over the river, and it has a handſome large market, a free grammar-ſchool for the inhabitants ſons, and a charity-ſchool. Here are the ruins of an old monaſtery, particularly deſcribed in the Monaſticon.

A little north-weſt of Spalding, is *Goſberton*, and *Dunnington*; the firſt of which has a port for barges, is reckoned a good market-town, and is only noted for producing large quantities of hemp and hemp-ſeed.

Boſton, an hundred and twenty miles from London, is a ſea-port town, at the mouth of the river Witham, over which it has an high wooden bridge, through which it paſſes, and ſoon falls into the ſea. Its ancient name was *Botclph's Town*, from a Saxon ſaint of that name, who, according to *Bede*, founded a monaſtery here; beſides which, it had formerly four friaries, a priory and three colleges, whoſe lands King Henry VIII. gave to the town.

It is ſaid to have been firſt incorporated by King Henry VIII. Queen Elizabeth gave the corporation a Court of Admiralty over all the ſea-coaſt hereabouts. It is governed by a mayor, recorder, twelve aldermen, common-council, &c. and returns two members to parliament. This is one of the towns that holds an annual fair by the ancient name of *Mart*, only uſed for this town, Gainſborough, Lynn, Beverley and Heydon.

Here is ſaid to be the largeſt pariſh church in the univerſe, which, according to Dr. *Stukely*, was begun in the year 1309, when the foundations of its tower

tower were laid upon a ſtratum of entire clay, nine feet below the bed of the Witham, which flows near it; the firſt ſtone being laid by the Lady Margery Tilney, who contributed five pounds of Engliſh money towards the promotion of the ſacred work. Mr. John Trueſdale, Vicar, and Richard Stephenſon, Merchant, beſtowed each the like ſum. From ſo ſmall expences, this noble ſtructure advanced to ſo elevated an height, namely, three hundred feet, and three hundred and ſixty-five ſteps to the top. Whither, when with much difficulty of breathing, you are aſcended, your eyes will be delighted to exatiate over the ſurrounding plain of Holland in Lincolnſhire, which may rival the moſt pleaſant garden, and abounds every where with the neateſt churches; as well as other religious piles, and innumerable abbies, ſeparated by an incredible diſtance; and far and wide even over the ocean. In like manner, the tower itſelf gives a flattering proſpect from far, by its deluſive ſtature, to mariners and travellers; being compacted with the utmoſt elegance, and uncertain whether more to be admired for the beauty or ſlenderneſs of the work. The height of this church is equal to its length; but it is much more antient than high, being dedicated to St. Botolph, patron of mariners. In the width it is two hundred feet. It is ſupported by twelve pillars, worthily admired for their tall and taper form. The roof within is arched with beams of Iriſh oak and timber, and adorned with gilding, engraving, and various paintings throughout. What could not antient piety perform?

The tower, which is exceedingly high, with a beautiful octagon lanthorn on the top, is ſeen for above forty miles round this level country, and is a uſeful ſea-mark to mariners, to guide them into this port, and conſidered as ſuch in the reign of Queen Anne,

Anne, when a particular act paſſed for enabling aſſeſſments, for repairing, and keeping in repair, this church.

There was a prodigious clock bell, which could be heard ſix or ſeven miles round, on which was inſcribed many old verſes; but in the year 1710, it was knocked in pieces, and the inſcription not taken. The town is at preſent, and has long been of conſiderable note. It ſuffered greatly by fire about the end of the reign of Edward I. when a gang of rogues came in the fair time, in the diſguiſe of monks and prieſts, ſet fire to many parts of it, carried away the merchants goods, and burnt more; for which one Robert Chamberlain, the ring-leader, was hanged; but though he confeſſed the fact, he would not diſcover his accomplices.

Horncaſtle, an hundred and forty-two miles from London, is an ancient well-built town, large and populous; it ſtands on the river Bane, and is nearly ſurrounded with water. That this has been a Roman camp, or ſtation, there is no doubt, not only from the deſcription of its caſtle, which was of Roman work; but alſo from the many Roman coins, turned up in the ground near the place where the caſtle formerly ſtood

The Fens of Lincolnſhire ſtill remain to be taken notice of; the hiſtory of draining them would take up too much of our room for a very minute deſcription, we ſhall only, therefore, remark, that an act paſſed February 23, 1737, to enable the adventurers, owners, and proprietors of the taxable lands, in *Deeping Fen*, *Pinchbeck* and *Spalding South Fen*, *Kherly Fen*, *Bourn South Fen*, and *Crowland Fen*, &c. in the county of Lincoln; containing in the whole about thirty thouſand acres; to raiſe a competent ſum for the more effectual draining and future preſervation of the ſaid fens.

We

We ſhall only obſerve further, that the late Sir John Heathcote, Bart. made ſo good a progreſs in the draining three hundred and ſixty-ſix acres of the Therlby Fen paſtures belonging to him, that he was particularly exempted from paying towards the ſum levied upon others by this act.

Theſe fens of Lincolnſhire, are of the ſame kind with, and contiguous to thoſe in the iſle of Ely, in the counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon; and here, as well as there, we ſee prodigious numbers of cattle, which are fed up to an extraordinary ſize, by the richneſs of the ſoil.

The method of draining theſe levels, is by mills or engines, one of which is ſaid to throw up twelve hundred tons of water in half an hour, and goes by wind-ſails, twelve wings, or ſails, in a mill.

Here are alſo an infinite number of wild fowl, ſuch as duck and mallard, teal and widgeon, brand-geeſe, wild-fowl, &c. For the taking the four firſt kinds, here are a great many decoys, from all which the vaſt numbers of fowl they take are ſent up to London.

The accounts which the country people give of the numbers they ſometimes take, are ſuch, that one ſcarce dares report it from them. It is ſaid, that ſome of theſe decoys are of ſo large an extent, and take ſuch quantities of fowl, that they are let from one to three, four and five hundred a year rent.

The art of taking the fowls, and eſpecially of breeding a-ſet of creatures called decoy ducks, to entice and betray their fellow ducks into the ſeveral decoys, is very ingenious, and deſcribed as follows:

The decoy ducks are hatched and bred up in the decoy ponds, in which are certain places where they are conſtantly fed; being made tame, they

they are uſed to come to the decoy-man's hands for their food.

When they fly abroad, it is not known whither they go; but ſome conjecture, they fly quite over into Holland and Germany, where they meet with others of their own kind, and ſorting with them, they, by ſome art unknown to us, draw together a vaſt number of the fowls, and, in a word, kidnap them from their own country; for, being once brought out of their knowledge, they follow the decoys as a dog does a ſportſman; and it is frequent to ſee theſe ſubtle creatures return with a vaſt flight of fowls along with them, after they have been abſent ſeveral weeks together.

When they have brought them, the firſt thing they do is to ſettle with them in the ponds, to which the decoy ducks belong. Here they chatter and gabble to them in their own language, as if they were telling them, that they ſhould ſoon ſee how well they ſhould live.

When the decoy-men perceive they are come, and that they are gathering and increaſing, they go ſecretly to the pond-ſide, under the covering which they make with reeds, ſo that they cannot be ſeen; where they throw over the reeds handfuls of corn, in ſuch ſhallow places as the decoy-ducks are uſually fed, and whither they are ſure to come for it, and to bring their new gueſts with them for their entertainment.

This they do for two or three days together, and no harm follows to the poor ſtrangers; till throwing in their bait one time in an open wide place; another time in another wide place; the third time it is thrown in a narrower place, where the trees, which hang over the water, and the banks ſtand encloſed together; and then in another yet narrower, where the ſaid trees are over head like an arbour, though at a good height from the water.

Here

Here the boughs are ſo artfully managed, that a large net is ſpread near the tops of the trees, among the branches, and faſtened to hoops, which reach from ſide to ſide. This is ſo high, and ſo wide, and the room is ſo much below, and the water ſo open, that the fowls do not perceive the net above. Here the decoy-man keeping unſeen behind the hedges of reeds, which are made perfectly cloſe, goes forward, throwing corn over the reeds into the water. The decoy ducks greedily fall upon it, and calling their foreign gueſts, ſeem to tell them, that they now may find how well the ducks live in England. So inviting, or rather wheedling them forward, till by degrees they are all gotten under the arch, or ſweep of the net, which is on the trees, and which, by degrees, imperceptibly to them, declines lower and lower, and alſo narrower and narrower, till at the farther end, it comes to a point like a purſe, and perhaps two or three hundred yards from the firſt entrance.

When the whole flight of ducks are thus greedily following the decoys, and feeding plentifully as they go, and the decoy-man ſees they are all ſo far within the arch of the net as not to be able to eſcape, on a ſudden a dog, which till then he keeps cloſe by him, (and which is taught his buſineſs) ruſhes from behind the reeds, and jumps into the water, ſwimming directly after the ducks and barks as he ſwims.

Immediately the frighted ducks riſe upon the wing, to make their eſcape, but are beaten down by the net which is over their heads. Being forced into the water, they neceſſarily ſwim forward, for fear of the dog; and thus they crowd on, till by degrees the net growing lower and narrower, they are hurried to the very fartheſt end, where another decoy-man ſtands ready to receive them, and takes them out alive with his hands.

As for the traitors that drew the poor ducks into the ſnare, they are taught to riſe but a little way, and ſo not reaching the net, they fly back to the ponds, and make their eſcape; or elſe, being uſed to the decoy-man, they go to him fearleſs, and are taken out as the reſt; but, inſtead of being killed with them, are ſtroked, made much of, and put into a pond, and plentifully fed for their own ſervices.

MIDLAND CIRCUIT

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,

IS bordered by Lincolnſhire, on the eaſt; Leiceſterſhire, on the ſouth-eaſt and ſouth; Derbyſhire, on the weſt; and Yorkſhire on the north-weſt and north. It is forty-three miles in length, and twenty-four in breadth, and an hundred and ten in compaſs, being five hundred and ſixty thouſand acres; or, according to *Templeman*, ſix hundred and ninety-four ſquare miles in the area. It enjoys as healthy, mild and pleaſant an air as any part of England.

It is watered with at leaſt twenty rivers, great and ſmall, which, with the meers and ponds, are well ſtored with fiſh; and at the ſeaſon there is plenty of wild fowl. The chief rivers are the Trent and the Idle. The Trent is the fourth capital river of England, next to the Thames, Severn and Humber; riſes in the Highlands of Staffordſhire, enters this county from Derbyſhire, at the ſouth-weſt point, where it is joined by the Erwaſt, paſſes through it to the north-eaſt, where it enters Lincolnſhire, and after having run near two hundred miles in all, falls into the Humber. Some derive the name from the French, *Trente*; or the Latin, *Triquinta*; on account of its receiving thirty ſmaller

ſmaller rivers; or becauſe it abounds with thirty different kinds of fiſh. The Idle riſes in Shirwood Foreſt, and running through the north parts of this county, to the edge of Yorkſhire and Lincolnſhire, there joins the Trent with a gentle navigable ſtream from East Retford.

The Trent, and rivulets that run into it, water it on the ſouth and eaſt, and the Foreſt of Shirwood, formerly noted for Robinhood and his gang of highwaymen, takes up all the weſt ſide of it. This part the inhabitants call the Sand, as they do the other the Clay, from its different ſoils. The eaſt ſide is very fruitful both in corn and paſture, but the weſt is generally woody, and in ſome places produces nothing but coal and ſome lead. The chief commodities are cattle, corn, malt, wool, coal, wood, liquorice, cheeſe, butter, leather and tallow. It alſo yields marle of ſeveral ſorts; and and a ſtone not unlike alabaſter, only ſofter; which when burnt, makes a plaiſter harder than that of Paris, wherewith they generally floor their upper rooms. The chief manufactures are, ſtockings, glaſs and earthen wares; and it is noted for fine ſtrong ale.

It lies in the dioceſe of York, and ſends eight members to parliament, viz. two knights of the ſhire, and two burgeſſes each for Nottingham, East Thetford, and Newark upon Trent.

The ſpacious foreſt of Shirwood, takes up ſo great a part of it, that it may not be improper to give ſome account of it, before we deſcribe the towns in it. As for the bounds of it, they are particularly ſet down by Dr. *Thoroton*.

In the reign of King Stephen, it ſeems to have been the eſtate of one William Peverel. Afterwards it devolved to the crown, and was managed by the ſheriffs, a conſtable, eight forreſters, and a warrener. Since the reign of King Edward I. it has

has been granted by the princes to the nobility and gentry as a mark of ſpecial favour. It is governed by a warden, his lieutenant, and a ſteward, a bow-bearer and a ranger; four verdurers, twelve regarders, four agiſters, and twelve keepers, or foreſters, in the main foreſt, all of them lately, if not now, under the Earl of Cheſterfield, the chief foreſter, whoſe Anceſtor, Sir John Stanhope, had the ſame granted in fee, with liberty to deſtroy and kill at their pleaſure, reſerving an hundred deer in the whole walk. There are, moreover, as members of the foreſt, ſeveral woodwards for every townſhip within the foreſt, and one for every principal wood. The pit-coal here is ſaid to be more unctuous and ſulphurous than that of Yorkſhire and Lancaſhire. The road through this foreſt is a hard bottom, and pleaſant way for thirty miles together.

Newark, an hundred and twenty-four miles from London, is a handſome well-built town, and is a vaſt thoroughfare on the great northern road. It is ſituated on the river Trent, over which it has bridges. The river in this part forms an iſland, by dividing itſelf into two ſtreams two miles above the town, which meet again two miles below it. The manor of Newark was given by Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and his wife Godiva, to the monaſtery of Stow, near Lincoln. Alexander, Biſhop of Lincoln, built a caſtle here in the reign of King Stephen, from which *New Work* the town took its name. It held out ſtoutly in the Barons wars for King John, who died here in his way to Lincoln; as it likewiſe did for King Charles I. to the laſt; but after he had put himſelf into the hands of the Scots army, which lay before it, the governor, by his command, ſurrendered it, after which it was demoliſhed, and the greateſt part to the north by that means laid open.

King

King Henry the ſecond founded a priory here, of the order of Sempringham: the church was erected in the reign of Henry VI. it has a lofty ſpire, and reckoned one of the fineſt churches in this kingdom. The market-place is ſo very ſpacious, that Lord Bellafyſe drew up ten thouſand men in it, when he defended this town for King Charles I. againſt the Scots army.

King Edward VI. incorporated this town in the third year of his reign, under the name of one alderman and twelve aſſiſtants; but King Charles II. converted the alderman into a mayor, and the aſſiſtants into aldermen; and in gratitude for their loyalty gave it the privilege of ſending two members to parliament. A free-ſchool was founded here by Thomas Magnus, who, according to *Fuller*, was found here in the church porch; but it appears otherwiſe in his deed of ſettlement, as he there mentions his parents.

Many antiquities have been found about the north gate, which are ſuppoſed to be of Roman conſtruction, and four urns were dug up by the ſide of the Foſſe road, and a braſs lar, or houſhold god, an inch and an half long, from which it is ſuppoſed the Romans had ſome town in the neighbourhood. Farther on in this road, is

Tuxford, an hundred and thirty-ſix miles and an half from London; it is ſituated in a part of the county called South Clay, to diſtinguiſh it from North Clay, both denominated from the nature of the ſoil in theſe parts. This town was nearly conſumed by fire in the year 1702. Here is a good free-ſchool built by Charles Read, Eſq. and endowed with fifty pounds a year for a maſter, and twenty pounds a year for an uſher.

In the ſouth part of this county, the London road enters it at *Normanton*, and paſſes on to

Nottingham,

The Petrifying or Dropping Well near Knaresbrough Castle Yorkshire.

and though they were again drove from it farther to the north, they returned to it a third time, and kept poſſeſſion of it till 940, when it ſubmitted to William the Conqueror, whoſe natural ſon, William de Peverell, built a caſtle on a ſteep precipice on the weſt ſide of the town, where ſtood one before, of ſo great antiquity, that its age could never be traced: the firſt account we read of it, is, that there was a tower here which the Danes obſtinately defended againſt King Alfred and his brother Ethelfred.

The caſtle was rebuilt by King Edward IV. and conſiderably enlarged by King Richard III. and made ſo ſtrong, that, as *Camden* obſerves, it was never taken by ſtorm. Indeed Robert, Earl Ferrers, in the Barons wars, took it by ſurprize, ſtripped the townſmen of all they had, and gave it to his ſoldiers. David, the ſecond King of Scotland, is ſaid to have been kept priſoner in this caſtle; and that Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was hid in a vault, called to this day, Mortimer'sHole, whence he was taken by order of King Edward III. and hanged for treaſon.

Although this ſtory is greatly obſcured by vulgar tradition, yet it has ſome foundation in hiſtory; for though Mortimer, with the Queen, the Biſhop of Lincoln, and others, being in poſſeſſion of the caſtle, could have no reaſon to hide himſelf under ground; yet there being a private paſſage which goes by ſteps through the rock up to the keep, Sir William Montacute, with others, found means in the dead of the night to enter the caſtle through it, and ſeized him, and ſent him up to the tower of London, where he was beheaded.

King James I. granted it to Francis Earl of Rutland; and King Charles I. erected his Royal ſtandard there, in the year 1642, but the parliament

ment ſoon got poſſeſſion of it; kept it till the end of the war, and then gave orders to have it demoliſhed. Some parts of it, however, eſcaped their fury; and at the reſtoration, George Villers, Duke of Buckingham, whoſe mother was ſole heireſs of the aforeſaid Earl of Rutland, ſold it to William Cavendiſh, Marquis of Newcaſtle, who in 1674, erected the preſent moſt ſtately fabric on part of the ruins of the old one.

This modern ſtructure is very advantageouſly ſituated for diſtant proſpects, on an high perpendicular rock, the ſouth ſide of which is inacceſſible. Vaſt ſubterraneous grottoes are cut underneath, and a winding ſtair-caſe quite to the bottom ends in Mortimer's hole, before noticed.

In the park there is a ledge of perpendicular rocks, hewn into a church, houſes, chambers, dove-houſes, &c. The altar of the church is natural rock, and there have been paintings on the walls; a ſteeple, where perhaps was a bell and regular pillars. The river here winding about makes a fortification to it, for it comes to both ends of the cliff, leaving a plain before the middle. The way to it was by gates cut out of the rock, and with an oblique entrance for more ſafety. Between this and the caſtle is an hermitage of like workmanſhip. Here were anciently ſeveral monaſteries. St. Mary's church is a fine light Gothic building, with a deep peal of ſix bells; but the great tower makes a mean appearance.

The town-houſe, called the change, is erected upon piazzas, and is an handſome building. The buſineſs of the corporation is tranſacted here. Not many years ago, the hall where the aſſizes were held gave ſuch a crack, that the people were exceedingly frightened, and all ran out of it, leaving Mr. Juſtice Powis upon the bench, calling out after them, *Is there nobody will take care of the Judge?*

for he was ſo aged and infirm, that he could hardly walk. But finding himſelf neglected, he made ſhift to deſcend from the bench, and hobble out at the door, where he denounced vengeance againſt the county, which, with a very reaſonable piece of juſtice, he fined, for neglecting to keep the hall in repair.

Marſhal Tallard was brought hither priſoner from the battle of Hockſted, and lived here very pleaſantly ſeven years. During his eaſy confinement, he amuſed himſelf with making a ſmall, but a beautiful parterre, after the French taſte, which he gave to his landlord at his departure. The malt liquor which is here brewed ſo exceedingly good, occaſioned this diſtich in a ballad made while he was in Nottingham;

" If he'll take 'tother bout, we'll let Tallard out,
And much he's improv'd, let me tell ye;
With Nottingham ale, at every meal,
And good pudding and beef in his belly.

The town is governed by a mayor, recorder, ſix aldermen, two chamberlains, and twenty-four common councilmen, whereof ſix are called juniors. Here they hold a court of pleas, have two ſerjeants at mace, and another officer, which they call a bill-bearer, and two more called pinders, one for the fields, and the other for the meadows. The firſt is alſo the town woodward, and attends the foreſt courts, for this town is within the juriſdiction of the foreſt.

Dr. *Thoroton*, in his Survey of Nottinghamſhire, ſays, that the ſcavenger of the town, whoſe duty it is to ſee the ſtreets kept clean, upon extraordinary occaſions, attends upon the mayor's wife.

Many good eſtates belong to the corporation, ſome for general, others for particular uſes; as for the

the maintenance of their free ſchool and coſtly bridges over the Trent, called Heathbret Bridges; the town has been at a great expence in making the Trent navigable for veſſels, or barges of burden, by which all their heavy and bulky goods are brought from the Humber, and even from Hull.

Here is a noted hoſpital called Plumtree's Hoſpital, built and endowed in the ſixteenth of Richard the Second, for the maintenance of thirteen poor old widows, which falling to decay was pulled down in 1654, and rebuilt by his deſcendant, Dr. Huntingdon Plumbtree, a learned poet and phyſician of his time. Here is another alms-houſe built in 1640 by Henry Healey, Eſq. and endowed for twelve poor people. Beſides theſe are three charity-ſchools.

The ſituation of this town is remarkable and peculiar, it being bounded by four counties towards the four cardinal points. It ſends two members to parliament; the town abounds with many good houſes, particularly the manſion of Mr. Plumtree, juſtly admired for its elegant front. In the neighbourhood of this town, is

Clifton, a handſome ſeat with pretty gardens and a noble proſpect; the houſe is ſituated on the ſide of an hill, and the gardens riſe in three terraces. On the top is a handſome room which faces the caſtle at Nottingham, and commands a delightful view of the meadows underneath, and the Trent winding through them. The many fine plantations made about this ſeat, by the late Sir Gervais Clifton, are worthy of imitation.

Three miles from Nottingham is *Wallaton-hall*, the noble ſeat of Lord Lyttleton. It is ſituated in a fine park, well planted with timber, and encloſed within a brick wall; there is a pretty ſummer-houſe pannelled, and cieled with looking-glaſs, which produces a pleaſing effect. Underneath, is a water-houſe, with groteſque work of ſhells, &c.

The

The late Sir Thomas Parkyns, of Bunny Park in this county, ſo noted for his athletic exerciſes, particularly for the art of wreſtling, of which he wrote a treatiſe, lies buried in Bunny chancel, under a marble monument, on which is repreſented the ſturdy baronet in a wreſtling poſture, old Time, with his ſcythe, mowing him down, as if nothing elſe could ſubdue him. He had cauſed a ſtone coffin to be depoſited for himſelf in the family vault for years before he died. Theſe verſes are inſcribed on his monument.

Quem modo ſtraviſti longo in certamine, Tempus,
Hic recubat Britonum clarus in orbe pugil.
Jam primum ſtratus præter te vicerat omnes:
De te etiam victor, quando reſurget, erit.

Which may be thus tranſlated:

Here lies, O Time! the victim of thy hand,
The nobleſt boxer on the Britiſh ſtrand:
His nervous arm each bold oppoſer quell'd,
In feats of ſtrength by none but thee excell'd:
Till, ſpringing up at the laſt trumpet's call.
He conquers thee, who wilt have conquer'd all.

From Nottingham to Mansfield we paſs over the Foreſt of Shirewood before deſcribed; it is at preſent waſte land, but highly improveable; for the ſand, though light, is not devoid of fertility In our way, on the right hand of the road, we meet with Newſted-Abbey, founded by King Henry II. for canons regular, of the order of St. Auguſtine, and which he handſomely endowed. It was given by King Henry VIII. to Sir John Byron, one of whoſe deſcendants having ſignalized himſelf very remarkable in favour of King Charles I. was created a Baron.

Newſtead

Newstead Abby Nottinghamshire.

Newſtead abbey is retiredly ſituated, in the midſt of an extenſive park, finely planted. The houſe is antient, and has on each ſide two noble pieces of water; the beauty of theſe lakes is greatly aſſiſted by a twenty gun ſhip, and ſeveral yachts and boats lying at anchor; the banks on one ſide covered with fine woods; on the other, ſcattered groves and a park. On the aſcent of the hill is a Gothic building, from whence is a noble view of the lakes, the abbey, its fine arch, the plantation, and the park, &c. Two caſtles are waſhed by the waters of the lakes, furniſhed with a ſmall battery, the corners (to make uſe of Mr. Young's words) are unfortunately levelled at the parlour windows.

Among the fine collection of paintings, the following are ſet down as worthy of notice.

In the HALL.

A garden piece by Snyders, the figures by Rubens.
Lions and tygers; by Rubens.
Lions in a den; by Rubens.
Poultry, &c. by Snyders.
Foxes, &c. by Devoſs.
Two dogs; by Snyders.
A ſtag-hunt; ditto.
A boar-hunt; ditto.
Wolf, deer and dogs; by De Voſs.
Dog and cat; by Snyders.

In the Green Withdrawing-Room.

Holofernes; by M. Angelo.
The rialto; by Caraletti.
Duke of Somerſet; by Holbein.
The binding our Saviour; unknown.
An old man reading; Brower.
The ſending away of Hagar; by Rubens.
A crucifix;

Newstead Abby Nottinghamshire.

A crucifix; unknown.
A lady; by Miens.
A farm; by Teniers.
Herodias bringing John Baptiſt's head; unknown.
A candle-light; by Schalken.
Baſket of fruit; by Hulſdine.
A battle; by Kabraal.
A man playing on a flute.
A battle; by Borgonone.

In the Red Withdrawing-Room.

Ruins; by Panini.
A converſation; by Miens.
Judith and Holofernes; by Caſſali.
A man offering a purſe to a woman; by Raphael.
Apoſtles bearing a dead Chriſt; by Vandyke.
Triumph of Bacchus; unknown.
Chriſt, the Virgin and St. John; by Raphael.
Rachael and Laban; by P. Veroneſe.
A Flemiſh ſchool. A woman wiping a child's backſide. Mr. Young remarks, that it is a pity the Dutchman was ever employed in any other buſineſs; this ſubject was abundantly more fertile in his imagination, than the graces attiring Venus.
Diogenes; by Titian.
An half length; by Titian.
Jacob and Eſau; by Raphael.
St. Jerome; unknown.
A man with dogs; by Hondires.
Two inſides of churches; by De Niff.

In the Gallery.

Dead game; unknown.
An half length; by Titian.
Triumph of Venus; by Ricci.
Chriſt, the Virgin and St. John; And. del. Sarto.

A ſtorm;

A ſtorm; by Vanhagen.
Virgin and Child; by Raphael.
Adoration of the ſhepherds; by Baſſan.
Sea pieces; by Serg.
A candle-light; by Rubens.
A man preſſing a woman's breaſt; by Moricks.
The raiſing of Lazarus; by Marconi.
An old woman's head; by Rubens.
Charity; by And. Del Sarto.
The marriage of St. Catherine; unknown.
The attitudes; by Titian.
Chriſt taken down from the croſs; unknown.

In the Dreſſing-Cloſet to the Oval Room.

Lady Biron; unknown.

In Lord Biron's Dreſſing-Room.

A lady's dreſſing-room; by Titian.
Nell Gwyn; unknown.
Beggar boys; unknown.

Lady Biron's Dreſſing-Room.

An old man reading; unknown.
Monkies; unknown.
Mary, Queen of Scots; ditto.
The blackſmith painter's wife; ditto.

In the Great Dining-Room, ſixty-three by twenty-ſeven.

An half length with a chain acroſs the neck; unknown.
St. Sebaſtian; ditto.
King Charles on horſe-back; by Vandyke.
An old woman weighing money; unknown.

Diana,

Diana, &c. by Rottenhammer.
Hercules and Dejanira; unknown.
A feaſt of painters; by Vandyke.

Anſley, near this place, is only noted for having given name to a family that were poſſeſſed of it from the Norman invaſion to the time of King Henry VI. from whence are deſcended the Earls of Angleſey; but for want of heirs male, it then came by marriage into the family of the Chaworths; who have a good ſeat here, well wooded, and watered with beautiful fiſh-ponds.

Mansfield, or *Mansfield Wood-houſe*, an hundred and thirty-ſix miles from London, is a large, well-built populous town, ſituated in the foreſt of Shirwood. Its chief trade is in malt, and it is noted for having been the place where the Kings of England uſed to retire for the pleaſure of hunting in the foreſt: and it appears from an old inquiſition, that Henry Fauconburg, held the manor of Cukeney, in this county, for ſhoeing the King's horſe, whenever he came to Mansfield.

This town was burnt September the 14th, 1304, with part of the church, and its wooden ſteeple. Sir Robert Plumtree held an eſtate here, called *Wolf-Hunt-Land*, by the ſervice of winding a horn, and driving and frightening away the wolves in the foreſt of Shirwood. North of this town is

Workſop, which has a market noted for plenty of liquorice and malt. A monaſtery was founded here for canons of the order of St. Auguſtine, by William Lovetoft, in the reign of Henry I. from whom deſcended the noble family of Talbot, who for a long time had a ſtately ſeat here, which at preſent belongs to the Duke of Norfolk: it was formerly a very noble and grand ſtructure, but unhappily burnt down in 1763. His grace has

ſpared

ſpared neither pains nor expence to rebuild it in the compleateſt and moſt beautiful manner; the front is exceedingly light and handſome, three hundred and eighteen feet long, with a fine projecting portico in the centre, formed by ſix elegant Corinthian pillars; upon the points of the triangle are three figures, and other ornaments. In ſhort, the whole has a noble ſimplicity, and is erected in a judicious taſte.

The entrance is into a veſtibule, in the front of which is the ſtair-caſe; the grand appearance to the left, and the following rooms to the right; firſt an anti-room, fifty-five feet ſquare, the chimney-piece of white marble, and handſome, and over it a painting in freſco, an imitation of a baſſo-relievo of boys; by Bruin, a Flemiſh artiſt.

Bedchamber, twenty-five ſquare: Vulcan boys, by the ſame hand, excellently done.

Dreſſing-room, twenty-five by twenty-four: the chimney-piece, eagles, in white marble, taking a twiſted ſnake; handſome.

Chintz bed-chamber, twenty-five ſquare: chimney-pieces of black and white marble, very elegant; a fruit-piece, fine.

The grand apartment conſiſts of—firſt, a drawing-room, thirty-ſix by thirty, very elegantly furniſhed with crimſon-damaſk, and magnificent ſlabs of marble. Secondly, the grand drawing-room, fifty-three by thirty, hung with moſt beautiful tapeſtry of the Gobeline manufactory. The chimney-piece of Siena and white marble poliſhed; the pier and chimney glaſſes large and magnificent. Thirdly, the dining-room, forty-two by twenty-eight: here are two large landſcapes, brilliant and pleaſing. Cain and Abel; Dido and Æneas.

The area of the ſtair-caſe is thirty-ſeven by twenty-five; it is painted in pannels of freſco, in imita-

tion of relievo, by the above-mentioned Fleming, and moſt excellently done; a dead Chriſt, very fine.

Not far from the houſe is a pleaſant ground, laid out and decorated with great taſte. An artificial lake and river are made, in which nature is very happily imitated, and the ground ſurrounding laid out in a very agreeable manner. Near the entrance is a Gothic bench, in a ſhady ſequeſtered ſpot, looking immediately on a creek of the water, over hung with wood; the ſhore broken and rocky: at a little diſtance the banks ſpread themſelves, and open a fine bend of the water, ſurrounded with trees, and at a diſtance, in the very boſom of a dark wood, the water winds through the arches of a moſt elegant bridge; the effect as happily as can be conceived; for the ſun ſhining upon the bridge, gives it a brilliance which contraſts admirably with the browneſs of the ſurrounding hills.

From this river, a walk winds to the left, thro' the wood, to a lawn, at the bottom of which, to the right, flows the water, which is ſeen as you move along, very beautifully: on the left, at the upper part of the opening, is a Tuſcan pillar, properly ſituated for viewing part of the lake. Other ſerpentine walks lead from hence to different parts of the ground; one to the new managerie, and another down to the bridge, which is in itſelf very light and pretty.

After croſſing this bridge, you find the banks riſing ground, ſcattered with trees and ſhrubs: the effect truly beautiful. At a little diſtance is a ſlight trickling fall of water, in the midſt of wood juſt ſufficient for the neighbourhood of a temple in a ſequeſtered ſpot, where the water is heard and not ſeen.

Southwell, an hundred and forty miles from London, is the place ſuppoſed by *Camden*, to be the

Vul

Vul Fingaceſter of Bede; it is divided into two parts, viz. the town betwixt the market-place and the river Greet, and the prebendage or liberties of the church. It has a famous church, called a minſter, which is both parochial and collegiate, and ſuppoſed to have been founded by Paulinus, the firſt archbiſhop of York, in the year 630. There belongs to it ſixteen prebendaries, or canons, ſix vicars choral, an organiſt, ſix ſinging men, ſix choriſters, beſides ſix boys who attend as probationers, a regiſter to the chapter, a treaſurer, an auditor, a verger, &c. It was ſurrendered at the diſſolution to King Henry VIII. but it appears, from an inſcription on a pillar in the church erected by Gervaſe Lee, that the ſaid King, at the inſtance of Lee, archbiſhop of York, refounded it, and reſtored it to its ancient privileges, and that Queen Elizabeth and King James I. confirmed them. The chapter has a particular juriſdiction over twenty-eight pariſhes, to moſt of which it has the right of repreſentation, beſides others in Lincolnſhire and Yorkſhire. This juriſdiction is exerciſed by a commiſſary, or vicar general, choſen by the chapter, out of their body, who hold viſitations, &c. twice a year. Beſides theſe there are two yearly ſynods, to which all the clergy of Nottingham there pay their attendance, and a certain number of the prebendaries and others of the clergy, appointed commiſſioners by the archbiſhop of York, to preſide at the ſynods.

The civil government of its juriſdiction is diſtinct from the county at large, and is called the *Soke of Southwell cum Scrooby*, which is another town in this county. There are about twenty towns ſubject to this juriſdiction. The Cuſtos Rotulorum and the juſtices of the peace, are nominated by the archbiſhop of York, and conſtituted by a commiſſion under the great ſeal of England,

England, who hold their ſeſſions both at Southwell and Scrooby, and perform all other judiciary acts diſtinct from the county. The church is built in the form of a croſs, with a great tower in the middle, in which are eight bells, and two ſpires at the weſt end. It being a plain Gothic building, without painted windows, images, or ſo much as niches, it is therefore ſuppoſed to have been built before chriſtianity was infected. On the 5th of November, 1711, the ball of one of the ſpires being ſet on fire by lightning, the wind drove it ſo upon the body of the church, that in a few hours it burnt down the ſpire and roof, and conſumed even the organ, but ſtopped at the choir, after it had done four thouſand pounds damage. It is three hundred and ſix feet in length from eaſt to weſt. The length of the croſs aiſle from north to ſouth is an hundred and twenty-one feet, and the breadth of the church is fifty-nine. It being reputed the mother church of the town and county of Nottingham, King Henry VIII. allowed it to the ſee as archepiſcopal: and on the ſouth ſide of it are the ruins of a very grand palace, which belonged to the archbiſhop of York, who had three parks here, which though diſparked, ſtill retain the ſame name; it was ſuppoſed to have been built by one of the archbiſhops of the name of Booth, there being a chapel by the ſouth wall, which to this day is called *Booth's Chapel*: but though the archbiſhops have no ſeat, they have been all along from the conqueſt, lords of the manor; and by the grants of ſeveral Kings, enjoy great privileges here; for they have the return of writs upon all and ſingular their lands, tenements, and fees, here; and beſides a great leet, which they do or may hold over divers townſhips. They have a ſeſſions of peace

peace, kept by turns at this place and Scrooby, by certain juſtices of peace, of their own nomination, though under the King's commiſſion. Adjoining to the church is a free-ſchool, under the care of the chapter, where the choriſters, with other boys belonging to the town, are taught gratis. The maſter is choſen by the chapter, and muſt be approved of by the archbiſhop of York. There are alſo two fellowſhips and ſcholarſhips in St. John's College at Cambridge, founded by Dr. Keton, Canon of Saliſbury, in the reign of King Henry VIII. to be preſented by the maſter and fellows of the ſaid College, to ſuch as have been choriſters at the church of Southwell.

This place, which ſtands on a rivulet that falls into the Trent, has given name to a very conſiderable family diſperſed into ſeveral counties, of which the greateſt ornament was Sir Robert Southwell.

Blythe, an hundred and forty-eight miles from London, is the laſt town in this county, to the north, except Scroby, a little town on the very edge of it, that belongs to the archbiſhop of York. The church is large, as is the pariſh, and here are ſome few marks of an old priory and caſtle.

The reſt of the towns not yet taken notice of, are,

Gotham, which lies on the ſouth ſide of the ſhire, is a place publickly known by the uſe of a jeering trite proverb, that we cannot refuſe mentioning it. It ſtands upon a rivulet that falls a little below it into the Trent. It is called in the Conqueror's Survey, *Hiſcall Gotham*, and at the ſame time *Goats-Home*, as ſuppoſed from the great number of goats that were then kept here. Part of

of this manor was in the poſſeſſion of one Story, a Saxon, till the Conqueror gave it to the Earl of Leiceſter, of the Beaumont family, who erected a caſtle here.

It has been a cuſtom in all ages to fix on ſome place for the ſtaple of ſtupidity; Gotham has been long fixed upon as the village of Leaden-headed Clowns, but notwithſtanding the fable of its inhabitants, who went about to look in a hedge for a cuckow, and an hundred other blunders equally groundleſs, that have been fathered upon them through mere waggery, and given occaſion to the proverb, it is known to have bred as wiſe people as thoſe who have held them in deriſion. *The Wiſe Men of Gotham*, has been the proverbial ſaying, but were there no other inſtance, but Sir William, ſurnamed De Gotham, from this his birth-place, who flouriſhed in the reign of Edward II. was twice chancellor of the Univerſity of Cambridge, and as eminent a governor as any in that age, both for his learning and wiſdom, it ought to put an end to the abuſive ſarcaſm on the inhabitants of this village.

Eaſt Retford, ſo called from its ſituation on the eaſt ſide of the Idle. It is an ancient bailiwic town, and noted for an exemption of all tolls and foreign ſervices, and ſends two members to parliament. It holds pleas without limitation of ſums, and enjoys many other valuable privileges and immunities. It has alſo a ſteward, who is generally a perſon of quality.

Weſt Retford, is ſo called from its ſituation with regard to the other, though it ſeems to be but one town, the Idle only dividing them. Here is a famous hoſpital, founded by Dr. Dorrell, in 1666, and ſince incorporated. It has a maſter,

ten

ten brethren, a ſteward, and a nurſe; and they have a garden and orchard divided into ſhares. Great quantities of hops are grown in this neighbourhood, and of very good quality.

The village of *Chaworth* is noted for its fine rectory of two hundred pounds per annum.

At *Tylnne*, in the pariſh of Hayton, near Eaſt Retford, was found, ſome years ago, a druid amulet of an aqueous tranſparent colour, with ſtreaks of yellow, and many cornelians, with Roman engraving.

At *Eaſt Bridgford*, or *Bridgford on the Hill*, in the vale of *Belvoir*, through which the Foſſe paſſes, there is a field, in which are the remains of a Roman ſtation, near the Old Work ſpring, and in the ſame field to this day called Barrow-field, Roman coins have been ſometimes ploughed up.

MIDLAND CIRCUIT

DERBYSHIRE,

THIS is another inland county, bounded on the eaſt with Nottinghamſhire and a part of Leiceſterſhire, which alſo bounds it on the ſouth; on the weſt by Staffordſhire and part of Cheſhire; and on the north by Yorkſhire. The river Erewaſh parts it from Nottinghamſhire, the Trent from Leiceſterſhire, the Trent and the Dove from Staffordſhire, and the Goyl from Cheſhire.

It is nearly forty miles in length from ſouth to north; about thirty in breadth on the north, tho' but ſix on the ſouth ſide; and about an hundred and thirty in circumference. Mr. *Templeman* extends the length ten miles beyond the common computation, and gives it an area of eight hundred and forty-five ſquare miles. According to others, it contains ſix hundred and eighty thouſand acres, an hundred and ſix pariſhes, fifty-three vicarages, ſix hundreds, five hundred villages, eleven market towns, about twenty-one thouſand two hundred houſes, and an hundred and twenty-ſeven thouſand inhabitants.

Its rivers abound all with fiſh. The chief are the Dove and the Derwent.

The Dove is ſo called by the inhabitants from its blue tranſparency, which, as they fancy, reſem-

bles the feathers of that bird. It riſes in that called the Peak of Derbyſhire, and parts this county from Staffordſhire, till it falls into the Trent, five miles north of Burton. It is famous for the fiſh called graylings, and for trouts, reckoned the beſt in England. Its current is thought to run through a bed of lime-ſtone; becauſe when its waters overflow the banks, eſpecially in the ſpring, they make the ſoil over which they ſpread, exceeding fruitful. It is thought very ſtrange, that ſometimes this river ſwells ſo much in twelve hours, that it carries away many of their ſheep and cattle, and returns in as little time to its old channel; but the ſuddenneſs of the inundations will ceaſe to be a wonder, when it is conſidered that it runs through a mountainous country, which it fills ſuddenly with ſhots of water.

The Derwent, which riſes alſo in the Peak, runs quite through the county from north-weſt to ſouth-eaſt, and falls into the Trent about eight miles below Derby. Its waters are black from the ſoil it runs through. The two parts into which it divides the ſhire, are different both in air and ſoil. The air, eſpecially on the eaſt ſide of it, is wholeſome and agreeable; but in the peak, which is on the weſt ſide of it, it is ſharper and more variable, as to rain and wind; but as to the ſoil, the eaſt and ſouth parts, which are full of gentlemens parks and ſeats, are well cultivated and fruiiful in all kinds of grain. The weſt part on the other ſide of the Derwent is barren, conſiſting of nought but black hills and mountains, except ſome fields of oats, and is therefore called the Peak.

Entering this county at the ſouth part, the firſt place that attracts our attention, is

Formark, where is the new built ſeat of Sir Robert Burdet; the houſe is large and oblong; four Ionic pillars ſupport a noble portico in the centre, and the corners project enough to form bow windows. The hall, parlours, library, and other apartments, are ſpacious, and handſomely fitted up. In

the common parlour, is a fine painting of the Holy Family, by the ſchool of Rubens. From the principal front of the houſe is a moſt extenſive proſpect over a rich vale, through which the river Trent runs; which, with the addition of ſome woods, has a pleaſing effect.

The pleaſure ground is very beautiful, and the walks laid out in great taſte. A winding walk extends from the houſe thro' a wood of very fine oaks, down a falling valley to the banks of the river Trent, and turns up a cliff of rock and wood; which is one of the greateſt curioſities in this county. The ſcenes are truly romantic, bold perpendicular rocks, and woods hanging over the cliffs in a ſtriking manner, and almoſt overſhadowing the water. In ſhort, the walks are extremely judicious, and planned to catch different beautiful and pictureſque views. Having croſſed the river Trent, we come to

Derby, an hundred and twenty-ſix miles from London. It is the county town, and well ſituated on the weſt bank of the Derwent, over which it has a fine ſtone bridge. It takes its name from having been formerly a park, or ſhelter for deer, which is partly confirmed by the arms of the town, viz. a buck couchant in a park. It is watered by a little rivulet on the ſouth, called Mertin Brook, which has ſeveral bridges over it before it falls into the Derwent.

Though there is no perfect and ſatisfactory account when this town was firſt built, yet from ſome old churches, and certain privileges, which it enjoys, it is ſuppoſed to be very ancient; for we read it was a royal borough in the reign of Edward the Confeſſor, exempted from paying toll in London, or any place except Wincheſter, and ſome few other towns. In the time of the Saxons, the Danes had their head quarters here, till Ethelfleda, at the head of the Mercian forces, took it by ſurprize, defeated an army of the Danes here, and put them all to the ſword. In the ſouth-eaſt corner there

there was formermerly a caſtle, of which there are now no tokens, but a hill called Cow Caſtle Hill, and a ſtreet leading to St Peter's, which in ancient deeds is called Caſtle Gate.

The town has a number of genteel people reſiding in it. It is, notwithſtanding, populous, neat, large, and well built. It is divided into five pariſhes, has a large market-place, a beautiful town-houſe built of free-ſtone, and very handſome ſtreets. But the entrance of it is rather choaked up with dirt and mire, which requires ſome attention of the inhabitants of ſo genteel a place to remedy.

The principal edifice here is the church of *All Saints*, the body of which has been re-built in an elegant taſte, and is remarkable for the architecture of its beautiful Gothic tower, an hundred and ſeventy-eight feet high, very light and beautiful, the ornaments elegant, and its height not to be equalled in this or the neighbouring counties.

An inſcription in this church ſays, it was erected about the reign of Queen Mary, and one half of the expence paid by the batchelors and maidens of the town; on which account, when ever a maiden, a native of the town, was married, the bells uſed to be rung by the batchelors, which is at preſent diſcontinued. In the church, among other monuments, is one to the family of the Cavendiſhes, and one to Richard Craſhaw, Eſq. of London, who died 1631. The latter was a poor nailor's ſon in this town, went to London in a leathern doublet, grew rich by his induſtry, and left four thouſand pounds to charities.

The town is governed by a mayor, an high ſteward, nine aldermen, a recorder, fourteen brothers, fourteen capital burgeſſes, and a town-clerk. This place has been repreſented, by even modern authors, of but little trade, when it is well known it is full of manufactures;

manufactures; the ſtocking branch in particular, which employs a number of hands. There is alſo a porcelain manufactory, ſomething in the ſtile of Worceſter, but inferior.

Here is a curioſity of a very extraordinary nature, and the firſt of the kind in England: which are thoſe mills on the Derwent, that work the three capital Italian mills for making organzine or thrown ſilk, which, before theſe mills were erected, was purchaſed by the Engliſh merchants with ready money, in Italy; by which invention one hand could twiſt as much ſilk as before could be done by fifty, and that in a much truer and better manner. This engine contains 26,586 wheels, and 97,746 movements, which work 73,726 yards of ſilk-thread, every time the water-wheel goes round, which is three times in one minute, and 318,504,960 yards in one day and night. One water-wheel gives motion to all the reſt of the wheels and movements, of which any one may be ſtopped ſeparately. One fire-engine likewiſe conveys warm air to every individual part of the machine, and the whole work is governed by one regulator. The houſe which contains this engine is of a vaſt bulk, and five or ſix ſtories high.

This patent paſſed the fifth of George I. to ſecure to Sir Thomas Lombe, the ſole property of this invention for fourteen years; but the requiſite buildings and engines, and the inſtructing of proper perſons to work them, took up ſo much time, and when all was completed, the King of Sardina prohibiting the exportation of raw ſilk from his dominions, all which rendering the undertaking expenſive and difficult, and the term of fourteen years being near elapſed, without any great benefit accruing from the invention, Sir Thomas applied for a conſideration from the public; and the parliament accordingly, to preſerve ſo uſeful an undertaking

taking for the benefit of the kingdom in general, allotted fourteen thouſand pounds to be paid to Sir Thomas, on condition that he ſhould allow a perfect model to be taken of his new-invented engines, in order to ſecure and perpetuate the art of making the ſame. The preamble to this act ſets forth, That Sir Thomas Lombe did, with the utmoſt difficulty and hazard, and at a very great expence, diſcover the art of making and working the three capital engines made uſe of by the Italians to make their organzine ſilk, and did introduce thoſe arts and inventions into this kingdom. At the expiration of the fourteen years ſome capital tradeſmen in Stockport (where there are now ſeveral of theſe mills) erected, with great improvements, a larger ſilk mill, which brings great profit to its owners.

The old Roman *Derventio* ſtood about a mile below Derby; it is now called *Little Cheſter*. Remains of the old walls, vaults, wells, Roman coins, aqueducts, human bones, braſs rings, and other marks of antiquity, have been from time to time diſcovered and dug up. The river being too rapid for a ford, a bridge was anciently there, the foundation of which they can ſtill feel with a ſtaff.

A little farther north is *Honeſton Caſtle*, whoſe ruins, on an hoary rock, are ſcarce diſcernable.

Weſt of Derby is *Radburn*, where is the fine ſeat of Colonel Pole, very beautifully ſituated on one of the higheſt grounds in the ſouth parts of Derbyſhire, commanding very beautiful views into Leiceſterſhire, Warwickſhire, Staffordſhire, Cheſhire, &c. and is well ſheltered from bleak winds by fine plantations and noble woods.

The houſe is exceedingly well diſpoſed, the rooms ſpacious, and the whole well fitted up. Though it is not entirely conſiſtent with our plan, yet as we would wiſh not to paſs over merit, and particularly

cularly diſtinguiſh thoſe officers who have been an honour to their country. We ſhall make a ſhort digreſſion to give this gentleman's character in the words of a modern author.

" Colonel Pole is an honourable inſtance of a change from war to agriculture; he has long trod the field of *Mars* with ſpirit; I have little doubt but he will now ſacrifice to *Ceres* with equal ardour. Six campaigns in Flanders; ſix more in Germany; ſhut up with Lord Blakeney in the caſtle of St. Philip's, and preſent in the ſuppreſſion of the rebellion in 1745,—have been to this gallant officer hot ſcenes of action. Shot through the head at Fontenoy; and twice wounded on the plains of Minden, have left him the honourable marks of bravery exerted in the ſervice of his country."

Kedieſton, two miles beyond Derby, is noted for having one of the fineſt houſes in the kingdom, the ſeat of Lord Scarſdale. The approach to the houſe from Derby is through a fine wood of noble oaks. In front of the houſe, a fine piece of water winds through the vale, in the moſt agreeable manner.

The principal front of the houſe is beautiful; it extends three hundred and ſixty feet, conſiſting of a centre and two wings, or pavilions; the portico is light, and conſiſts of ſix very fine pillars. The garden front is a very uncommon one, but light; the centre has no windows in it, but four pillars project from the wall, and ſupport as many ſtatues; between them are niches with ſtatues in them alſo.

The walks are laid out with great taſte, and the landſcape properly varied. The winding lawn is finely decorated with trees, ſhrubs, and knots of wood, and a gravel walk through it. It winds up the vale between two hills to the right, parted from the park on each ſide by a ſunk fence.

In

In the houſe, the apartments are well laid out. The hall is a noble room; twenty Corinthian pillars of alabaſter, twenty-five feet high, and two feet ſix inches in diameter, give it a moſt magnificent appearance. The rooms are ornamented as follow:—In the hall, a fine chimney-piece of ſtatuary marble. The tablet repreſents the rape of the Sabines; by Michael Angelo, Buono Rotti. Another the ſame. The table the continuance of Scipio; by Michael Angelo. Two fine ſtatues; Apollo by Belvedere: Meleager; by Paulo Pichini.

The north muſic-room, thirty-ſix by twenty-four, and twenty-two high; finiſhed with ſtucco, an Ionic entablature, antique cieling, compartments, and ornaments. The chimney-piece of ſtatuary marble. The table in the frieze an Epithalamium, from the Adm. Rom. in baſſo-relievo. The pictures are—Prince Henry, ſon to Charles I. by Corn. Johnſon. A very capital picture of Bacchus and Ariadne, by Guido; the temple of Flora, by Viviano; ſeveral fine landſcapes, by Viviano, and others; flowers, by Baptiſte; Port of Naples, by Gaſper Ochali; milking cows, by Baſſan; old man's head, by Rembrandt; triumph of Bacchus, exceedingly capital, by Giordanus.

The withdrawing-room, forty-four, by twenty-eight, and twenty-eight high; hung with blue damaſk; antique cieling; coved and very elegant; exceedingly well executed, and Venetian window, and the door-caſes finely finiſhed with Corinthian columns in alabaſter. The chimney-piece of ſtatuary marble. The cornices ſupported by two whole length female figures, very neatly executed: the tablet in the frieze, Virtue rewarded with riches and honour, in baſſo-relievo. Here is an expreſſive painting, Olympia and Orlando, by Caracci; Alexander, Veroneſe; landſcapes; thieves gaming,

gaming, an excellent piece, by Bamboccia; death of the Virgin, by Raphael; Holy Family, by Guido; a fine and expreſſive picture of Chriſt, and the woman with the box of ointment, by Lutti; Cain and Abel, ditto; Madona's, a ſleeping Cupid, &c.

The library, thirty-ſix by twenty-four, and twenty-two high; the cieling moſaic: the chimney-piece of ſtatuary marble, Doric columns, with baſes to ſupport the cornice. In the frieze a tablet from plate X, of Raphael's Cupid and Pſyche, in baſſo-relievo; the ground of the whole, Siena marble. Very fine heads of Diogenes, and others, by Giordana; Adam and Eve, and Lot and his daughters, by Carlo Lotti; Daniel interpreting to Nebuchadnezzar, a very fine piece, by Rembrandt; Rinaldo and Armida, by Nich. Pouſſin; Andromeda chained to a rock, by Guido; Holy Family; figure of winter, &c.

The ſaloon, a very elegant room; a circle forty-two feet diameter; fifty-four feet ſix inches high, to the top of the dome, and thirty-four feet ſix inches to the top of the cornice; there are four large niches, eleven feet diameter. In this room are, a land ſtorm, a ſea ſtorm, a rural ſcene, after the manner of Rubens; and four baſſo-relievoes. The ſtatues of Santa Suſanna; Antinous; Prieſteſs of Iris; Flora of the Capitol; Venus of Medicis; dancing Faun; Muſe Urania; Ganimede; of the Villi Medici; dancing Faun; Mercury; the Idol.

The anti-chamber, which is twenty-four by twelve, and twenty high, has a fine landſcape, by Nich. Pouſſin.

The principal dreſſing-room, twenty-four by twenty-four, and twenty high, is hung with blue damaſk, and richly ornamented with elegant glaſſes and the pictures of Lord and Lady Scarſdale, by Hone. King Charles I. by Vandyke; Prince Rupert's daughter, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; two whole

length portraits, by Lely; and two landſcapes, by Cimeroli.

The ſtate bed-chamber, thirty by twenty-two, and twenty-high; hung with blue damaſk; here are ſeveral good portraits by Vandyke, Lely, and others.

The wardrobe, twenty-two by fourteen, and twenty high; hung with India paper. Here are a ruin, by Griffier, and two landſcapes. Matlock high tower, and the vale of Matlock, by Coſens; Turkiſh port, &c.

The dining-room, thirty-ſix by twenty-four, and twenty high; finiſhed with ſtucco; the cieling painted and very elegant. In the circles Europe, Aſia, Africa, and America. In the middle circle, Love embracing Fortune. In the oblong ſquares, the four ſeaſons expreſſed by a triumph of Venus; a triumph of Apollo; a triumph of Bacchus; and a triumph of Æolus; the whole executed neat and elegant. The chimney-piece of ſtatuary marble, Thermes of Bacchus and Ceres. Tablet, an ancient repaſt. The glaſſes elegant; the ſlabs of Siena marble. A niche for the ſide-board, twelve feet diameter. The paintings here are, hawks and ducks, by Snyders; dead game, ditto; two pieces of Hagar and Iſhmael, by Cerri Ferri; a brilliant and pleaſing landſcape from Milton's Allegro, by Zuccarelli; another landſcape from the ſame poet, and by the ſame maſter; Porſenna, an admirable painting, by the ſame: game and dogs; landſcape by Claud Lorrain, &c.

The great ſtair-caſe, thirty-one by twenty, and forty-nine high, finiſhed with painting chiaro obſcuro and pictures. Madona, Carlo Marratti; Paris and Helen, Hamilton: Diana, Caliſta, &c. by old Stowe: Bucchus, Apollo, Venus, Camillus of the Capitol, &c.

In the family pavillion, are an anti-room, then a breakfaſt room, eighteen feet ſquare, finiſhed with freſco paintings, and antique ornaments, after the baths of Diocleſian.

Lady Scarſdale's dreſſing-room, twenty-four by eighteen, hung with blue paper. Here are ſeveral landſcapes.

Lady Scarſdale's bed-chamber, eighteen ſquare, hung with blue paper.

Lord Scarſdale's dreſſing-room, twenty-four by eighteen, hung with blue paper and coloured prints upon it.

Venus and Cupids, a cartoon, by Carlo Maratti.

North-weſt of Kedleſton, is

Akeover, late the ſeat of —— Akeover, Eſq. remarkable for a very famous picture of the Holy Family, by Raphael, for which fifteen hundred guineas have been refuſed: this is an extremely fine piece, and is ſaid to have been hid among ſome old lumber during the civil wars. Here are ſeveral other capital pictures in the ſame room, by Rubens, Raphael, Titian, and others.

About three miles from Akeover, is

Ilam, the ſeat of —— Port, Eſq. where the gardens are laid out in the moſt romantic manner. At the foot of them, on one ſide, is a rapid ſtream; and on the other, is a fine walk. The rocky cliff here has a noble effect, up which a walk winds at the entrance; on the ſide of the water is a ſeat, which looks full on the entrance of the ground, which ſeems quite blocked up by a diſtant mountain of a very regular coned ſhape, black at top; it is called *Thorpe Cloud*. Here is a handſome bridge over the water; and under the rock in the garden two rivers riſe, one is the Manifold, which runs under ground ſeven miles; chaff thrown in at Wetton in Staffordſhire riſes here; it boils up like a vaſt ſpring, and ſoon after falls into the Dove.

At

At a ſmall diſtance from Ilam is a valley called *Dovedale*, which is a narrow winding glen, among a variety of hills and rocks, through which the river Dove takes its courſe for about two miles. This is a romantic ſcene, and worthy the attention of the traveller. Keeping to the right, we meet with

Wirkſworth, or *Workſworth*, an hundred and thirty miles from London; it is a large well-frequented market-town, eſpecially for lead, being reckoned the chief market for it in England. Between here and Creich, a village on the other ſide the Derwent, are the ſmelting furnaces. It is obſervable, that the time they generally chuſe for their work, is when the weſt wind blows, as the moſt laſting and conſtant of all. They uſe large wood fires for the purpoſe of ſmelting the lead.

The people concerned in this work are called *Peakrills*, and are a rude, booriſh people, but bold and daring in their ſearches under ground; for which reaſon they are often employed by our engineers in the wars, to carry on the ſiege, when they beſiege fortified places.

Here is a remarkable court kept here to determine controverſies among the miners; it is called the *Barmoot*. It conſiſts of a maſter and twenty-four jurors, who, when any perſon has found a vein of ore in another man's land, (except it be in orchards and gardens) aſſign two meres of ground in a *pipe* (as they term it) and a *flat*; the firſt being twenty-nine yards long, and the latter fourteen yards ſquare, appointing to the finder one more; and other perquiſites, to the owner of the land, for paſſage of carts, uſe of timber, and other conveniences. This court alſo judges any little differences that may ariſe among the miners.

The produce of the mines in this hundred is very conſiderable; the King claims the thirteenth penny duty;

The Cascade near Matlock Bath Derbyshire.

duty; for which (it is ſaid) they compound at the rate of one thouſand pounds a year, and the tythe of Wirkſworth has been computed to be worth near that ſum annually to the incumbent.

They dig alſo hereabouts, mill-ſtones and grind-ſtones, as well as lead-ſtones; and veins of antimony are likewiſe found here.

Wirkſworth is ſituated in a fine valley, bounded by very high hills. A little higher up, on the other ſide of the river, is *Matlock*, which ſtands on the very edge of the Derwent. It is noted for its Bath, the water of which is milk-warm, therefore exceedingly pleaſant to bathe in. The ſpring iſſues from a rock, into a delightful vale of above three miles, through which the river Derwent runs. The vale is bounded by cultivated hills on one ſide; and very bold rocks, with pendent woods on the other.

The environs of Matlock appear to ſome tremendous; while others look on them as a natural beauty, ſuperior to the moſt regular piece of art in the world. The following abſtract deſcription (from Mr. *Young*) will give the reader ſome idea of its beauties.

" After having croſſed the river, you aſcend the rock by a winding path, on the top of which is a fine range of fields, forming a fine natural terrace. On the left, from the projecting point, called *Hag Rock*, is a perpendicular view, down a vaſt precipice to the river, which here forms a fine ſheet of water, fringed with wood on the oppoſite ſide: continuing your walk along the precipice, the different ſcenes are truly picturesque; in ſome places down on the water alone; in others, into glens of woods, dark and gloomy; with ſpots here and there, quite laid open, which let in various chearful views of the dale and the cultivated hills; theſe continue till you come to an elm with divided branches, grow-

The Cascade near Matlock Bath Derbyshire.

ing on the rocky edge of the precipice: it forms a natural balluſtrade, over which you view a very noble ſcene. You command the river both ways, preſenting ſeveral fine ſheets of water, and falling four times over the rocks. To the left, the ſhore is hanging woods, reaching down to the very water's edge. At the top of the rocks, and quite ſurrounded with woods, two ſmall graſs incloſures are ſeen, divided by ſtraggling trees. Nothing can be more beautiful. The oppoſite ſide of the vale is formed by many hanging incloſures; and the higher boundary, a great variety of hills cut into fields. To the right, the ſcene is different; the edging of the water is a thick ſtripe of wood, ſo cloſe, that the trees ſeem to grow from the water; they form a dark ſhade, under which the river is ſmooth; above this wood, appear ſome houſes ſurrounded by ſeveral graſs fields, beautifully ſhelving down among wild ground of wood and rock. Above the whole, a very noble hill, bare, but broken by rocky ſpots.

"Advancing, you come to a projecting point, edged with ſmall aſh trees, from which you have a ſmooth reach of the river through a thick dark wood; a moſt pleaſing variation from the preceding ſcene. And above it to the right, a vaſt perpendicular rock, an hundred and fifty feet high, riſing out of a dark wood; itſelf quite crowned with wood, the whole magnificent; and turning another wave in the edge of the precipice, an opening in the ſhrubby wood preſents a reach of the river, with a very noble ſhore of hanging wood; the rock partly bare, but all in a dark ſhade of wood. A houſe or two, and a few encloſures enliven the ſpot, where the river is loſt; all cloſely bounded by the great hill. This view is a complete picture.

"Proceeding farther, the woody edging of the rocks is ſo thick as to prevent any views, the river falling over ſome rocks beneath, the roar of it renders

ders this circumſtance advantageous. It is the keeping of the general picture. It leads to a point of rock higher than any of the preceding; and being open, preſents a full view of all the wonders of the valley. To the left, the river flows under a noble ſhore of hanging wood; and above the whole a vaſt range of incloſures, which riſe one above another in a very beautiful manner. This point of view is high enough to command likewiſe a new vale behind the precipice: this ridge of rocky hill, ſhelving gently down, is loſt in a fine waving vale of cultivated fields of pleaſing verdure; and bounded by the ſide of an extended bare hill. This double view renders the ſpot amazingly fine.

"A few yards farther, we turned on to a point of a very bold projection of the rock, which opens to new ſcenes; the river is ſeen both to the right and the left, glorioufly environed with thick woods; on the oppoſite hill four graſs incloſures of fine verdure, are ſkirted with trees, through the branches of which you ſee freſh ſhades of green; a pleaſing contraſt to the rocky wonders of the precipice.

"From hence the wood excludes the view for ſome diſtance, till you turn on to a point with a ſeat, called *Adam's Bench*; and as the rock projects here very much into the dale, it conſequently gives a full command of all the woody ſteeps you have paſſed; and a very noble ſcene it is; the range of hanging wood, almoſt perpendiculatly from the lofty rocky points down to the very water, is ſtriking: the bare rocks in ſome places bulge out, but never without a ſkirting of open wood; the light through branches, ſo growing from ſuch lofty cliffs, has an effect truly pictureſque. The immediate ſhore on the other ſide is wood, and higher up varied incloſures. In the whole, a nobler union of wood and water is ſcarcely to be imagined.

Leaving

"Leaving the precipice, a walk cut in the rock leads to the bottom, where is another made along the banks of the river, but parted from it by a thick edging of wood, and quite arched with trees; it is waved in gentle bends in as true taſte as I remember any where to have ſeen, where the wood is ſo thick as to be quite impervious. The roar in the falls of the river is fine; in other ſpots the grove to the water is thin enough to let in the glittering of the ſun-beams on the river, which in ſuch a dark ſequeſtered walk has a very pleaſing effect. But are not theſe things wonderful, when you are told, that theſe walks and the ſteps of the rock, and the bench at the top, are all the work of the *boot-ketch* at the bath, who has likewiſe built a pleaſure-boat on the river; ſuch induſtry, and at the ſame time ſo much taſte, are highly commendable, and entitle the poor fellow to the encouragement he juſtly deſerves, and it is to hoped he meets with. He is the only embelliſher Matlock has had. This ſhaded walk leads to a bench in view of a ſmall caſcade on the oppoſite ſide of the river."

There is another agreeable walk to the high rocks, at a ſmall diſtance, which gives ſeveral views. The rock is four hundred and fifty feet perpendicular; the river directly below, a fine ſmooth ſtream, giving a noble bend, oppoſite a vaſt ſweep of hills, which riſes in a very bold manner, with a picturesque knot of incloſures in the middle of it: on one ſide, a ſteep ridge of rocks, on the other a varied precipice of rock and wood; you look down on the old bath with a fine front of wood, many varied waves of incloſures, bounded by hills.

Further on, on the ſame eminence, you come to a point of bare rock, from which you look down a precipice of five hundred feet, abſolutely perpendicular; the river breaking over fragments of the rocks,

rocks, roars in a manner that adds ſublimity to the ſcene. The ſhore of wood is very noble.

From hence following the edge of the precipice, you come to another point, from whence you have a double view of the river beneath, as it were in another region; to the left, the great rock riſes from the boſom of a vaſt wood, in the boldeſt ſtile imaginable. Sinking a little to the right, you have a noble view of the river, which gives a fine bend through a meadow of beautiful verdure; the boundaries of the vale, woods hanging perpendicularly with frightful rocks. In the centre, a round hill riſing out of wood, in the midſt of a vaſt ſweep of incloſures, which hang to the eye in the moſt picturesque manner, has an effect aſtoniſhingly fine. In one place a ſteeple riſes from a knot of wood; and a variety of ſcattered villages in others, unite to render this ſcene truly glorious.

From Derby a road ſtrikes off to the north-eaſt, through

Alfreton, a ſmall market town, an hundred and thirty-nine miles from London. Its name is by ſome derived from *Alfred's Town*. It has a good market, yet it is chiefly famed for its fine ale, very ſtrong, and of a very curious flavour.

Cheſterfield, eight miles diſtant from Alfreton, is an incorporated town, pleaſantly ſituated between two rivulets, on the ſouth ſide of an hill. It was made a free borough by King John. His ſucceſſor, Henry III. defeated the Barons here. It is governed by a mayor and aldermen; and formerly had a monaſtery, according to *Speed*. The town is well built and well inhabited. The church is fair, but the ſpire of its ſteeple, which is timber, covered with lead, ſeems to be warped all awry,* and not

* This appearance is a mere *Deceptio Viſus*, owing to the ſpiral form of the junctions of the ſheets of lead; for if you change your ſituation, it appears to be bent a different way than what it ſeemed before.

according to a modern author, erected in that form at firſt, by the architect, whom, he ironically ſays, thought no form ſo properly in taſte for a ſpire as that of a crooked billet.

Here is a free-ſchool, reckoned one of the moſt conſiderable in the north of England, and ſends numbers of ſtudents to the Univerſities, particularly to Cambridge. Higher up is

Dronfield, an hundred and fifty-three miles from London. It is a ſmall market town, noted only for its high ſituation, juſt on the edge of the peak.

On the left of Cheſterfield, is the magnificent ſeat of the Duke of Devonſhire, called *Chatſworth Houſe*, one of the five wonders of the peak.

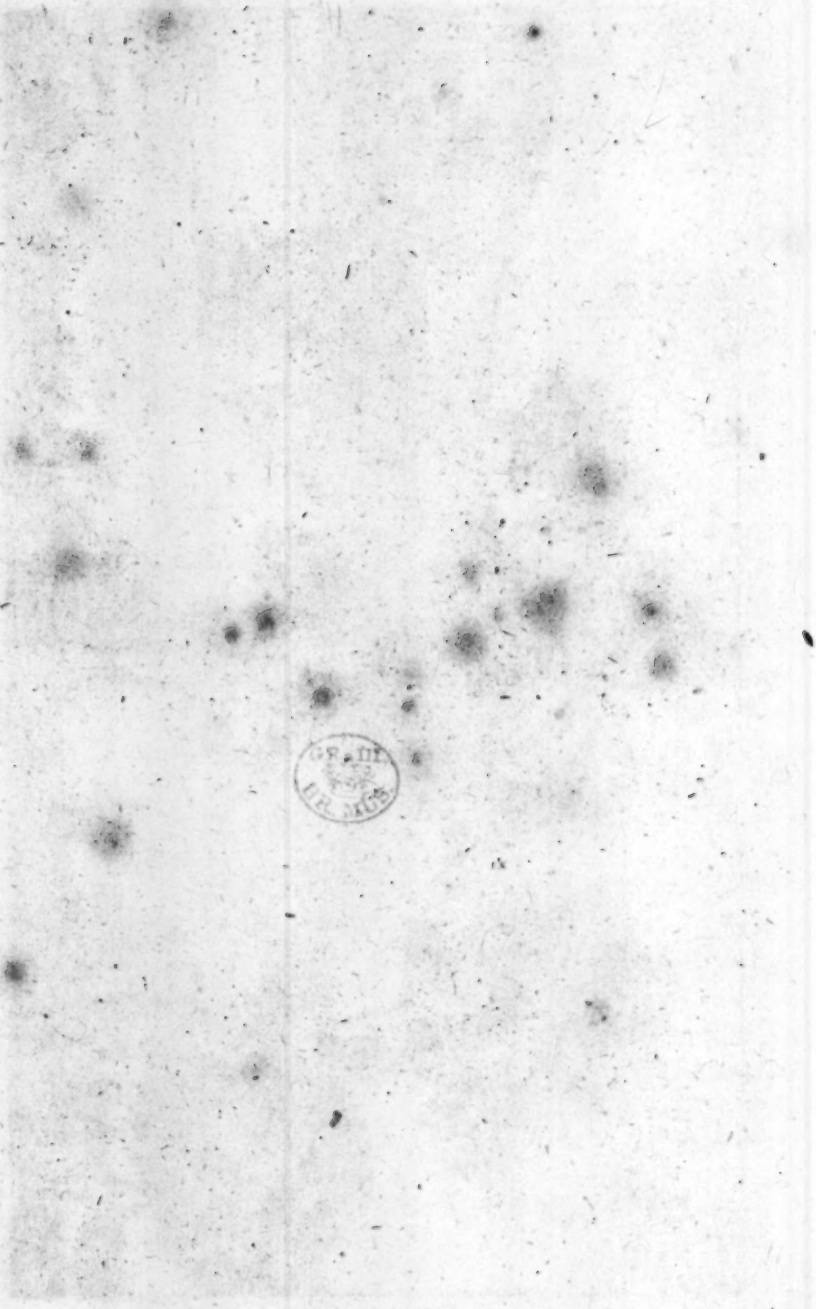
This glorious fabric may be ſaid to have had two or three different founders, who have all improved upon one another, in the completion of their deſign.

The houſe was begun on a much narrower plan than it now takes up, by Sir William Cavendiſh of Cavendiſh in Suffolk, who, by marriage with Elizabeth Hardwick, relict of Robert Barley, Eſq. became entitled to a noble fortune in this county. This lady, after the death of Sir William married Sir William St. Loe, Captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth, and, fourthly, George Talbot, Earl of Shrewſbury.

Sir William died, after having done little more than building one end of the fabric, and laying out the plan of the whole. But his lady finiſhed it in the magnificent manner in which it appeared, when it was firſt ranked among the wonders of the peak. And, if it then deſerved to be ſo ranked, how much more does it now, with the additional improvements made by the firſt Duke of Devonſhire.

One thing is obſervable, that the very diſadvantages of ſituation contribute to the beauty of the place,

Chatsworth in Derbyshire.



place, and, by the moſt exquiſite management, are made ſubſervient to the builder's deſign. On the eaſt ſide, not far diſtant, riſes a prodigious high mountain, which is ſo thick planted with beautiful trees, that you only ſee a riſing wood gradually aſcending, as if the trees crouded one above the other to admire the ſtately pile before them.

Upon the top of this mountain they dig mill-ſtones; and here begins a vaſt extended moor, which, for fifteen or ſixteen miles together due north, has neither hedge, houſe, or tree, but a waſte and howling wilderneſs, over which, when ſtrangers travel, it is impoſſible to find their way without a guide.

Nothing can be more ſurprizing of its kind to a traveller, who comes from the north, when, after a tedious progreſs through ſuch a diſmal deſert, on a ſudden the guide brings him to this precipice, where he looks down from a comfortleſs, barren, and, as he thought, endleſs moor, into the moſt delightful valley, and ſees a beautiful palace, adorned with fine gardens. If contraries illuſtrate each other, here they are ſeen in the ſtrongeſt oppoſition.

It is really ſurprizing to think what a genius it muſt be, that ſhould lay out ſo great a deſign in ſuch a place, where the mountains intercept the clouds, and threaten, were earthquakes frequent here, to bury whole towns, and, what ſeems equal to a town, this houſe, in their ruins.

On the plain, which extends from the top of this mountain, is a large body of water, which takes up near thirty acres, and, from the aſcents round it, receives, as into a ciſtern, all the water that falls; which, through pipes, ſupplies the caſcades, water-works, ponds, and canals, in the gardens.

Before the weſt front of the houſe, which is the moſt beautiful, and where the firſt foundreſs built a very auguſt portal, runs the river Derwent, which, though

though not many miles here from its ſource, yet is a rapid river, when, by haſty rains, or the melting of ſnows, the hills pour down their waters into its channel; for the current, by reaſon of its many contracted paſſages among the rocks (pieces of which, of an incredible bulk, come ſometimes rolling down its ſtream) on the leaſt motion of its waters above their ordinary height, roars like the breaches on the ſhores of the ſea.

Over this river is a ſtately ſtone bridge, with an antient tower upon it, and in an iſland in the river an antient fabric all of ſtone, and built like a caſtle; which are the works of the aforeſaid foundreſs, and ſhew the greatneſs of the original deſign; but are all, except the bridge, eclipſed, as it were, by the modern glories of the edifice.

The front to the garden is a regular piece of architecture. The frize under the cornice has the motto of the family under it in gilt letters, ſo large as to take up the whole front, though the words are only two, *Cavendo Tutus*; which is no leſs applicable to the ſituation of the houſe than to the name and creſt of the family.

The ſaſhes of the ſecond ſtory, we are told, are ſeventeen feet high, of poliſhed looking-glaſs, each glaſs two feet wide; and the wood-work double-gilt.

Under this front lie the gardens exquiſitely fine; and, to make a clear viſta or proſpect beyond into the flat country, towards Hardwick, another ſeat of the ſame owner; the Duke (to whom thoſe things, which others thought impoſſible, were practicable) removed a great mountain that ſtood in the way, and which interrupted the proſpect.

In the uſual approach to this noble fabric, it preſents itſelf thus: Firſt, the river, which, in calm weather, glides gently by; then a venerable walk of trees, where the famous Hobbes uſed often to contemplate;

contemplate; a noble piece of iron-work gates and baluſters, expoſe the front of the houſe and court, terminated at the corners next the road with two large ſtone pedeſtals of Attic work, curiouſly adorned with trophies of war, and utenſils of all the ſciences in baſſo relievo. This part of the building is Ionic, the whole being a ſquare of a ſingle order, but every ſide of a different model: a court in the middle, with a piazza of Doric columns of one ſtone each, overlaid with prodigious architraves. The ſtone is of an excellent ſort, veined like marble, hewn out of the neighbouring quarries, and tumbled down the adjacent hill. In the anti-room to the hall are flat ſtones of fourteen feet ſquare, laid upon the heads of four pillars, and ſo throughout. In the hall-ſtairs, the landing-ſteps are of the ſame dimenſions; the doors, chimnies, window-caſes, ſtairs, &c. all of marble; the cielings and walls of all the apartments charged with rare paintings of Varrio, and other famous hands; the bath-room all of marble, curiouſly wrought.

The chapel is a moſt raviſhing place; the altar-end and floor, marble; the ſeats and gallery, cedar; the reſt of the wall and cieling, painted.

The gardens abound with green-houſes, ſummer-houſes, walks, wilderneſſes, orangeries, with all the proper furniture of ſtatues, urns, greens, &c. with canals, baſons, and waterworks, of various forms and contrivances; as ſea-horſes, drakes, dolphins, and other fountains, that throw up the water. An artificial willow-tree of copper ſpouts dropping water from every leaf. A wonderful caſcade, where from a neat houſe of ſtone, like a temple, out of the mouths of beaſts, pipes, urns, &c. a whole river deſcends, the ſlope of an hill a quarter of a mile in length, over ſteps, with a terrible noiſe, and broken appearance, till it is loſt under-ground. Beyond the garden, upon the hill, is a park, and that

overlooked

overlooked by a very high and rocky mountain. Here are ſome ſtatues, and other antiquities.

We ſhould never have done, were we to ſay all that might be ſaid of this auguſt palace. But two hiſtorical circumſtances in its honour muſt not be forgotten, viz. That Mary Queen of Scots, whom we ſhall have occaſion to mention as a viſitant of the peak, was for ſome time in cuſtody in this houſe, under the care of the celebrated foundreſs of it. In memory of this royal captive, the new lodgings that are built inſtead of the old, are ſtill called the Queen of Scot's apartment. Happy for her could ſhe have been allowed to have paid the ſame fine compliment to the owner of it, which the Count de Tallard did, and is our other hiſtorical circumſtance, when he had been entertained for a few days by the then Duke of Devonſhire: "When I return (ſaid he) into my own country, and reckon up the days of my captivity, I ſhall leave out thoſe I ſpent at Chatſworth."

A little on the other ſide of Wirkſworth, begins a long plain called *Braſſington Moor*, which reaches from Braſſington to Buxton, near twelve miles: from Wirkſworth The Peak people, who delight in raiſing admiration, take particular care to tell ſtrangers of another high mountain, called the Giant's Tomb; under which they credulouſly believe a giant was buried.

In theſe parts are ſeveral lead mines, to which the miners deſcend through ſmall *grooves*, (as they term the ſhaff, or pit); theſe grooves are exceedingly ſmall and narrow, and go down to a great depth in the earth, ſome working at ſixty fathoms deep, others at fifteen, and others at eleven. Acroſs the angles of theſe grooves are fixed pieces of wood, like the ſteps of a ladder, on which, as they aſcend and deſcend, they ſet their feet and elbows, and draw up with them the ore in a baſket, to the weight

of

of three quarters of an hundred at a time. To ſtrangers theſe men appear very uncouth, and like inhabitants of another world; they are cloathed all in leather, with a cap of the ſame, without brims; the buſineſs they follow gives them deadly pale complexions, and their bodies are lean as ſkeletons, their fleſh lank, and their hair and beard of a black or rather leaden colour; theſe people talk a language of their own, difficult for a ſtranger to underſtand. Their pay is ſaid to be no more than five pence a day per man, to which the wife, by her induſtry may add another three pence; yet with all theſe appearing inconveniences, the family lives happy and contented, enjoying a guileleſs happineſs, unknown under a gilded roof or ſplendid manſion.

From hence it is exceedingly pleaſant riding to Buxton, over a fine ſmooth green. The Bath here is called one of the wonders of the peak, compriſed in that noted verſe of Mr. *Hobbes*.

" Ædes, mons, barathrum, binus fons, antaque bina.

" Houſe, mountain, depth, two fountains, and two caves."

The water of the hot-well is nothing near ſo hot at the waters of Bath. There are ſeveral hot ſprings hereabouts, and ſome cold ones near them; though not any ſo near each other, that you may put your thumb into one and your finger into another at the ſame time, as has been idly reported. Underneath the earth is nothing but lime-ſtone. Here is a well called St. Anne's of Buxton, a warm ſpring, which drank off, is fancied to be a ſpecific for all diſeaſes. The principal medicinal virtues of theſe

theſe waters, are in ſcorbutic, rheumatic, or nervous caſes.

Theſe baths are ſaid by Dr. *Leigh*, to have been in repute in the time of the Romans, in ſtrong evidence of which, he quotes *Lucan* and others; and eſpecially a Roman wall, cemented with Roman plaiſter, cloſe to St. Ann's well: the high road, called the Roman Bath-gate, is mentioned by *Camden*, as a ſtronger confirmation of it.

The ſprings here are numerous, riſing unregarded in the banks of the incloſures, and on the ſides of the hill, though the village where the principal ſprings are, is called Buxton.

The Duke of Devonſhire, lord of the village, has built a large and convenient houſe for the reception of ſtrangers.

The Bath-room is arched over-head, and the whole made handſome, convenient, and delightful. This collection of tepid waters exceeding clear, will receive twenty people at a time to walk and ſwim in. The temper of the water is equal to new milk, or blood-warm, procuring a moderate perſpiration. Its effect is remarkable for giving that gentle relaxation of the ſolids, which takes off the wearineſs and fatigue of a journey, and refreſhes inſtantly. It is phyſically uſeful in many caſes, and may be indulged in more than the hot-baths of Somerſetſhire, which frequently do harm through imprudent uſe. Such a one as this naturally is, was aimed at by the ſumptuous Bagnios of the Roman Emperors.

Sir Thomas Delves, who received a cure here, gave the pump and a pretty ſtone alcove over the drinking ſpring in the yard. The water may be raiſed at pleaſure to any height. We found in one of the rooms theſe verſes written upon the wall by a phyſician who formerly frequented the place:

" Corpore

" Corpore debilior Grani ſe proluit undis:
Quærit aquas Aponi, quem febris atra necat:
Ut penitus renem purget; cur Pſaulia tanti,
Vel, quæ Lucinæ gaudia, Calderiæ?
Sola mihi Buxtona placet; Buxtona Britannis
Undæ Grani, Aponus, Pſaulia, Calderæ.
Thus tranſlated,
In Gran's fam'd Baths the feeble patient laves,
Whom diſmal fevers ſeize, in Apon's waves
At Pſaulia ſhall a purge ſo dear be bought?
For teeming throes Calderiæ far be ſought?
When here at Buxton, Britain's choice appear,
Gran, Apon, Pſaulia, and Calderiæ near."

Mary Queen of Scots, who reſided here for a time, took her leave of this place, with a diſtich of Julius Cæſar's, ſomewhat varied, which is ſtill ſhewn, written with a diamond on a pane of glaſs;

" Buxtonæ, que calidæ celebrabere nomine lymphæ
Forte mihi poſthac non ad eunda, vale.
That is,
Buxton, whoſe fame thy baths ſhall ever tell,
Whom I perhaps ſhall ſee no more, farewell."

Poole's Hole, is deemed the ſecond wonder of the peak, it is a ſtupendous cavern, ſituate at the foot of a great mountain, about half a mile from Buxton. The entrance is ſo low and narrow, that a perſon muſt ſtoop to get in; but it ſoon dilates into a wide and lofty concavity, which reaches above a quarter of a mile endways, and farther as they ſay. The guides in this dark way are old women, with lighted candles. The water which drops from all parts of the roof, encruſts all the ſtones with long chryſtals and flowers, whence the eye forms a thouſand imaginary figures, as lions, fonts, lanthorns, organs, flitches of bacon, &c.

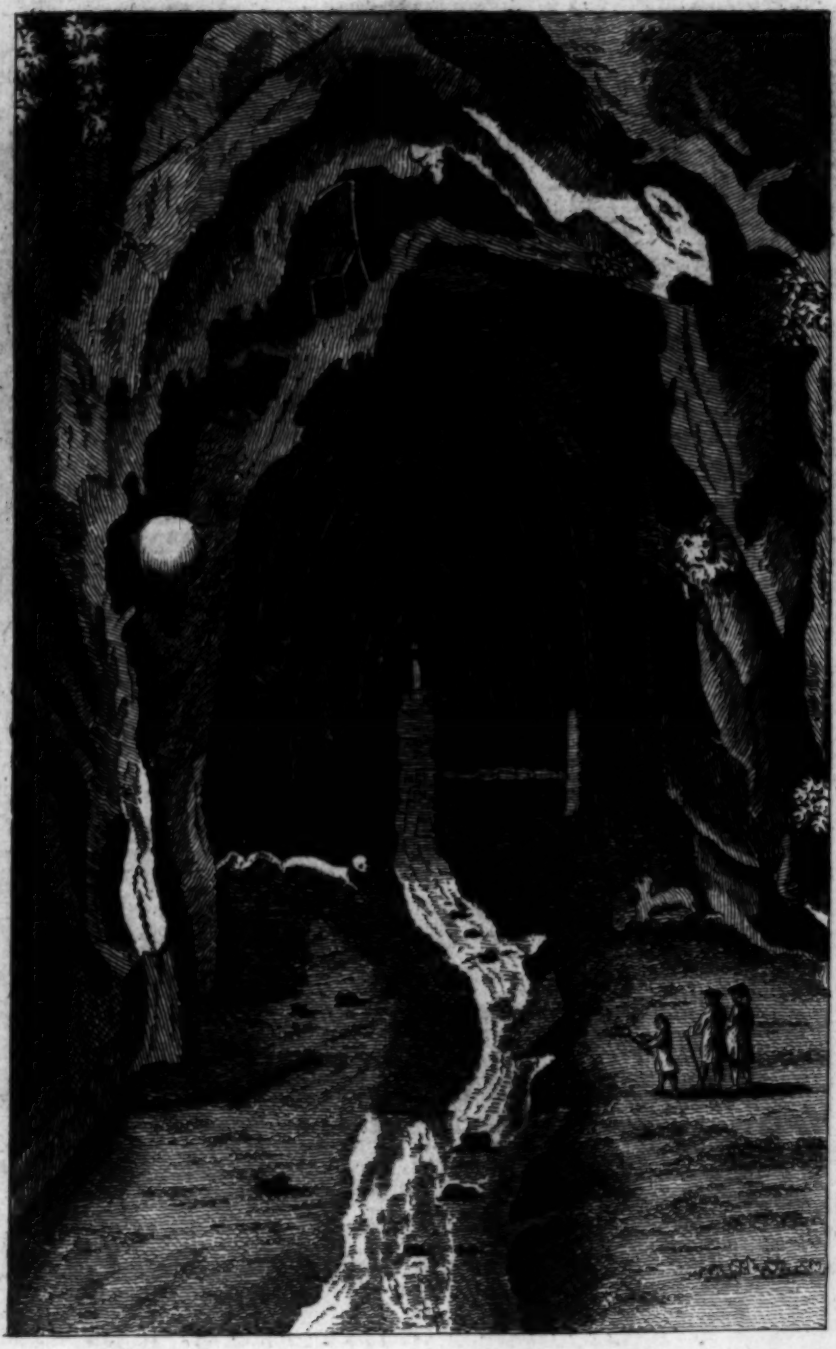
At the end of your ſearch is a column as clear as alabaſter, called the Queen of Scots Pillar, from that unhappy princeſs, when ſhe viſited this place. If a piſtol be fired near this pillar, it makes a report near as loud as a cannon.

The arch is of an extraordinary height. The ſpangled roof is greatly admired by Dr. *Leigh*, *Cotton*, and *Habbes*, who have exercised their wit upon it. Dr. *Leigh* calls it fret-work, organ and chair work. The whole matter is this, the rock being every where moiſt and dropping, ſome of the drops falling and others pendent upon the roof, and the guides before you and behind, carrying every one a candle, the light of which, reflected by the globular drops of water, dazzles your eyes like the dew in a ſun ſhine morning; whereas, were any part of this arch to be ſeen by a clear light, all this beauty would diſappear.

To certify this experiment, take a long pole, tie a cloth to the end of it, and wipe the drops of water all away, it will then be found, that all theſe ſpangled luſtres are extinguiſhed, for a ſhort time, when other drops emerge, and appear as reſplendent as before.

A ſtream of water runs along the middle of the cavern, among the falling rocks, with an hideous noiſe, re-echoed from all ſides of the horrid concave. On the left-hand is a ſort of chamber, where they ſay *Poole*, a famous robber, lived, and whoſe kitchen, as well as bed-chamber, they pretend to ſhew; but the ſight of this coſts the curious ſpectator the trouble of creeping on all fours for ſome yards.

In ſhort, thoſe who are fond of indulging an imaginative faculty, will here find a ſufficient ſcope, and he may in a few minutes fancy himſelf ſurrounded with all ſorts of animals, monſters, trees, pyramids,



Pool's Hole Derbyshire.

pyramids, &c. The name of the mountain where this great natural curioſity is ſituated, is *Coitmoſs.*

Mam Tor, is reckoned the third wonder of the peak; the name is Britiſh, ſignifying the mother rock, upon a ſuggeſtion, that the ſoft crumbling earth which falls from its ſummit produces ſeveral other mountains below, without being in the leaſt diminiſhed itſelf. The whole of the wonder is this: On the ſouth ſide of this hill is a precipice, very ſteep from the top to the bottom; and the ſubſtance being of a crumbling looſe earth, mingled with little ſtones, is continually falling down in ſmall quantities, as the heavy rains looſen and waſh it off, or as froſts and thaws operate upon it. Now the great hill, which is thick, as well as high, parts with this looſe ſtuff, without being ſenſibly diminiſhed; though the bottom into which it falls, being narrow, is more eaſily perceived to ſwell. Here then is the pretended wonder, that the little heap below ſhould grow up into an hill, without any decreaſe of the great hill, as it ſhould ſeem, notwithſtanding ſo much has fallen from it. But the fact is certainly otherwiſe, though not perceivable.

It is reported that on the top of this mountain is an ancient Roman camp, encompaſſed with a double trench; whereabouts are ſometimes found Roman medals.

This hill lies on the north ſide of the road from Buxton to Caſtleton, at which place you come to the fourth much famed wonder, ſtiled *The Devil's Arſe in the Peak.* The ſhort account of it is this: On the ſteep ſide of a mountain is a large opening, almoſt in the form of an old Gothic arch. It is upwards of thirty feet perpendicular, and twice as much broad at the bottom at leaſt, and wider it is ſaid, than any artificial arch now to be ſeen.

It continnes thus wide but a little way, yet far enough to have ſeveral ſmall cottages built on either ſide of it within the entrance, like a little town in a vault. On the left ſide, as it were, of the ſtreet, is a running ſtream of water.

As you go on, the roof deſcends gradually, and is then ſo far from having houſes, that a man cannot ſtand upright in it, though in the water; but ſtooping for a little way, and paſſing over (in a kind of bathing-tub, wherein you lie extended) the ſame ſtream of water which croſſes the cave, you find more room over your head. But, going a little farther, you come to a third water, which croſſes your way; and the rock ſtooping as it were, down almoſt to the ſurface of the water, puts an end to the traveller's ſearch.

But when we read in ſcripture, that the caves of Adullum and Macpelah, received David and his troop of four hundred men, and what travellers relate of a cave in the Appennine mountains near Florence, large enough to contain any army; and when we know that there are many others in the Alps, and the hills of Dauphiné and Savoy, and other parts of the world; this ſurely can be thought no wonder, unleſs we credit *Gervaiſe* of *Tilbury*, who tells us of a ſhepherd that ventured into the third river in this ſpecus or cave, and being either carried over it, or down the ſtream, he knew not whither, ſaw a beautiful heavenly country beyond it, with a ſpacious plain, watered with many clear rivers, pleaſant brooks, and ſeveral lakes of ſtanding water. On the ſummit of this ſtupendous hill is an excellent paſture.

Caſtleton takes its name from the caſtle near it, which is a very ancient building, and ſo ſituated as to be only one way acceſſible, being erected on a high ſteep rock; and the way that goes to it is ſo full

of

of twinings and turnings, that it is two miles from the bottom to the top.

Tideſwell, or *Weederwell*, an hundred and fifty-eight miles from London, is remarkable for the fifth wonder of the peak, which is a ſpring at the bottom of a hill near this place, which is ſaid conſtantly ebbs and flows as the ſea does. The baſon, or receiver, for the water, is about three feet ſquare; the water ſeems to have ſome other receiver within the rock, which, when it fills with the force of the original ſtream, the air being contracted, or pent in, forces the water out with a bubbling noiſe, and ſo fills the receiver without; but when the force is ſpent within, then it ſtops till the place is filled again; and in the mean time, the water without runs off, till the quantity within ſwells again, and then the ſame cauſe produces the ſame effect. So that this *oceanet*, as Mr. *Cotton* calls it, which has been the ſubject of ſeveral philoſophic enquiries, is owing wholly to the figure of the place, and is only a mere accident in nature, and if any perſon were to dig in the narrow cavities, and give vent to the air, which is pent up within, they would ſoon ſee Tideſwell turned into an ordinary ſtream.

The road from Caſtleton, towards Tideſwell, is beautiful, over a high and ſteep hill, from whence is almoſt a perpendicular view of a valley cut into incloſures, finely ſcattered with trees, and ſprinkled with villages and ſingle houſes, and bounded on every ſide by extreme bold hanging hills.

Elden-Hole, between Tideſwell and Kindercout Mountain, is reckoned another wonder of the peak; it is a dreadful chaſm in a rocky hill; its mouth is about ſeven yards in breadth and nine in length, looking perpendicularly down among clefts of rocks; though you cannot ſee above ſixty or ſeventy

ſeventy feet deep, yet it is ſaid that its depth never yet could be diſcovered, notwithſtanding ſeveral attempts have been made to find its bottom. Mr. *Cotton* ſays, he let down eight hundred fathoms of line, which is ſixteen hundred yards, near a mile perpendicular.

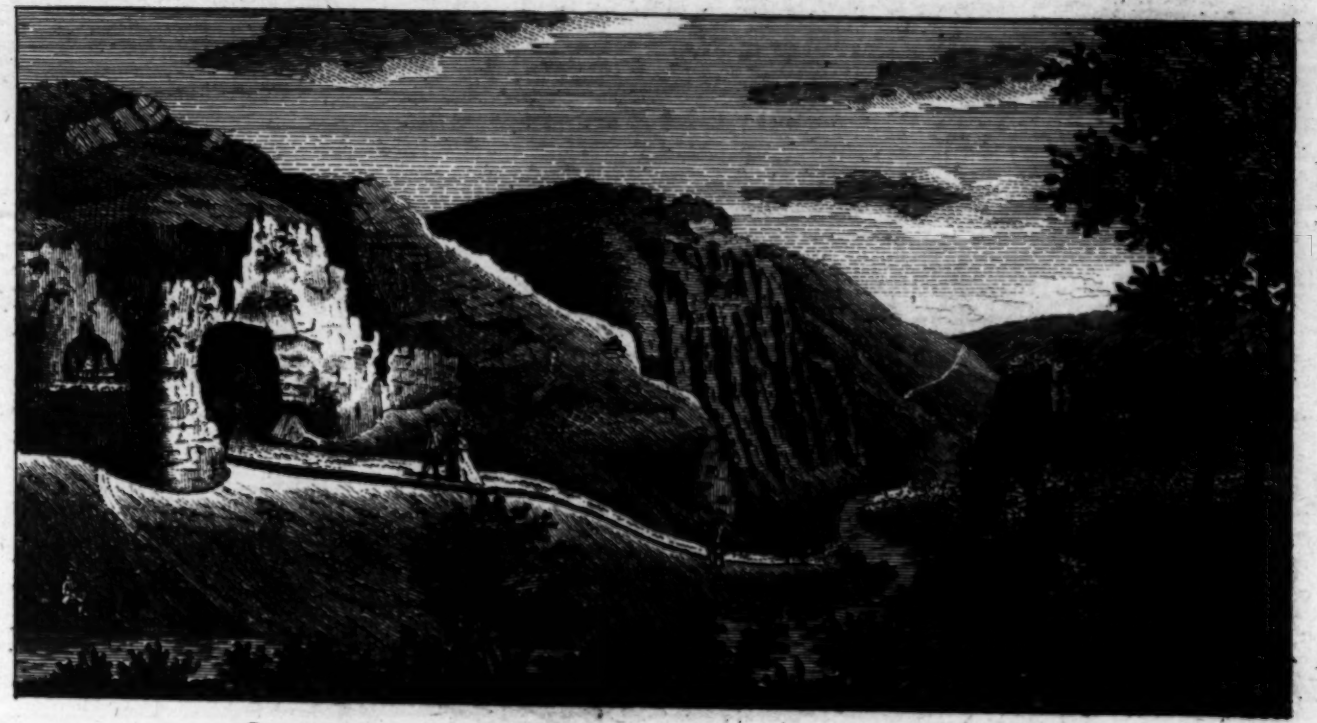
Stones thrown into this pit make a noiſe like thunder, in rebounding from ſide to ſide. This has occaſioned Mr. *Young* to believe its depth is not ſo great as is imagined. His words are, "A large ſtone thrown down, ſounds for exactly half a minute; the meaſure by ſound, and the noiſe not gradually dying away, proves very clear, that the common tales of its being immenſely deep, are meer vulgar errors; or at leaſt but ideal.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it is ſaid, the Earl of Leiceſter hired a poor wretch to venture down in a baſket, who, after he had been let down two hundred ells, was drawn up again, but with the loſs of his ſenſes; and in a few days after, he died of a phrenzy.

A diſmal ſtory is told here of a traveller, who inquiring his way to Caſtleton, or Buxton, in a dark night, two villains offered to guide him; but, intending to rob him, led him to the edge of this gulph, and either thruſt him in, or made him believe there was a little gull of water, and bade him take a large ſtep, which he did into this abyſs, and into that of eternity at the ſame time. One of the villains being hanged at Derby ſome years after for another roguery, confeſſed this diabolical action at the gallows.

Bakewell, an hundred and fifty-one miles and an half from London, is reckoned the beſt town in the north-weſt ſide of the peak; it lies on the banks of the Wye, and has a good market. It was made a borough by Edward the Elder; and altars have been dug up near it, in the gounds contiguous to

Haddon



Reynards Hall, near Ashbourn Derbyshire.

Haddon Houſe, formerly a palace houſe belonging to the Duke of Rutland.

The town is large, but conſiſts only of one pariſh, yet has ſeveral chapels, and is a peculiar exempt from epiſcopal juriſdiction. Sir George Vernon, who was in poſſeſſion of Haddon-houſe in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was ſtiled *King of the Peak.*

About three miles north-weſt of Durnfield, are the remains of *Beanchief* or *Beechieff Priory*, founded in 1183, by Robert Fitz Renulp, Lord of Alfreton, for promonſtratenſian or white canons. He was one of the Knights who ſlew Thomas à Becket, in expiation of which crime he erected this monaſtery, and dedicated it to him after his canonization, by the title of St. Thomas the Martyr. Very little of this monaſtery is at preſent remaining, except the church, wherein divine ſervice is performed.

About ten miles from Uttoxeter is Aſhborn, ſeated between the rivers Dove and Compton, over which there is a ſtone bridge. It ſtands in a rich ſoil, and is a pretty good market town. Near it is Reynard's Hall, a great curioſity worthy the notice of travellers.

End of the Third Volume.

Reynards Hall, near Ashbourn Derbyshire.

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